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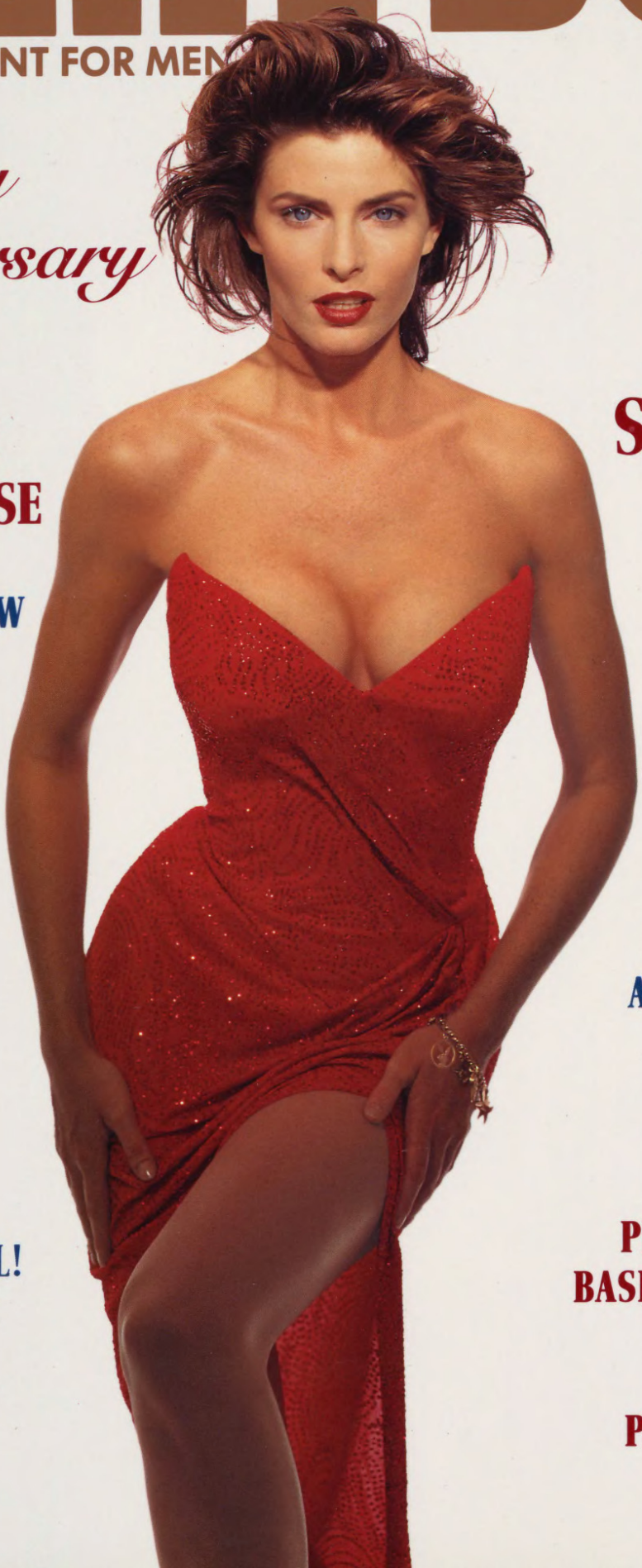

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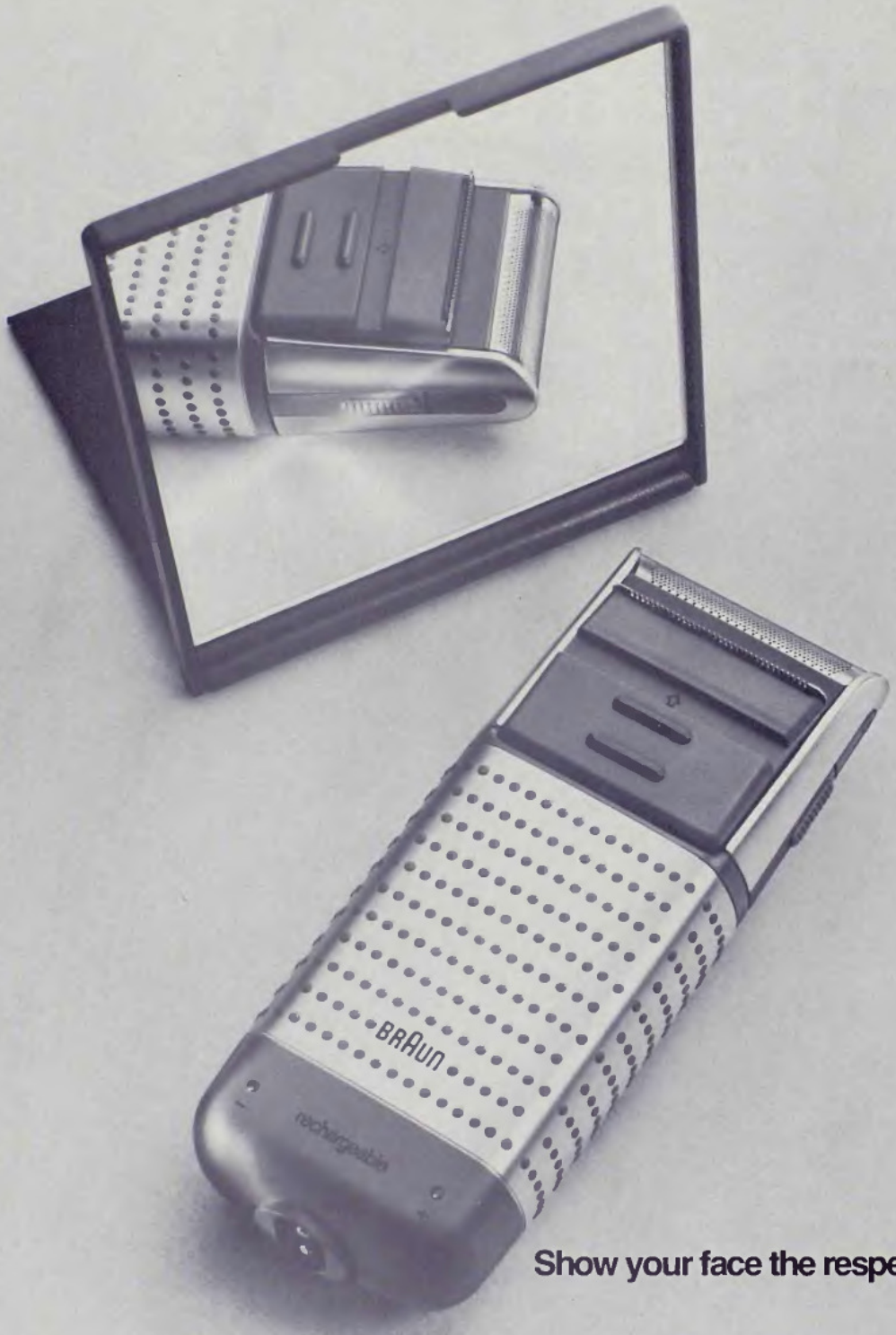

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WHEW! SAY GOODBYE to the Eighties. So long, Reaganomics. *Adios* to the sleaze factor. Catch you later, supply-side economics. Bye-bye, Bakkers, and *ciao*, Yuppies. We're bidding adieu with a sigh of relief. Our fond farewell, *Decade Mania*, is an over-the-shoulder look at the people and the stuff that helped us survive the past ten years. Optimists that we are, we're also saying hello to the Nineties with expert opinion on just what awaits us during the next ten—which, by the way, haven't yet earned a designer label. Figure one out and you'll win valuable prizes in our very own Name the Nineties Contest.

Lest we forget, the Eighties were a time for healing wounds left open by the Vietnam war, and *Playboy* has always walked point on the issues that arose from that conflict. *On the Rainy River* (from the book to be published by Houghton Mifflin), a story of one man's thoughts of escape from that battleground through defection to Canada, is from National Book Award winner **Tim O'Brien.** The illustration is by imagist painter **Roger Brown.** Our next fiction offering this month, *The Phantom Blooper*, written by **Gustav Hasford,** is about a Marine in Vietnam who's fighting battles on two fronts: one against the enemy and the other within himself. It's an excerpt from the forthcoming Bantam book. Hasford's earlier work, *The Short Timers*, became the film *Full Metal Jacket*. The horror that was 'Nam is relived, in part, by actor **Tom Cruise** in his latest film, *Born on the Fourth of July*, based on **Ron Kovic's** painful memoir first published in *Playboy* in July 1976. If you thought Cruise was just another pretty face from the Eighties, think again. In this month's *Playboy Interview*, conducted by **Robert Scheer,** Cruise has something to say on topics ranging from finetuning his craft to the rain forests of Brazil. Scheer himself has something to say on another troubling topic—*Drugs: Another Wrong War*. Smart money has Cruise emerging as a megastar during the Nineties, and we love to go with the smart money.

Also in the fiction department is *Deep in This Land* (illustrated by **Bruce Wolfe**), a previously unpublished story from the pen of the late prolific Western writer **Ernest Haycox,** upon whose yarns were based such film classics as *Stagecoach* and *Union Pacific*.

Our profiles in this issue are of two men who typify much that was good and bad about the Eighties. **Ted Turner** is the subject of *Triumphant Ted*, by **Joshua Hammer;** and junk-bond pioneer **Michael Milken** comes under the sharp eye of **Mark Hosenball** in *Money-Mad Mike*. **Andy Warhol** is remembered in *Playboy's Warhols*, by **Charles Stuckey,** curator of 20th Century painting and sculpture at the Art Institute of Chicago. His piece highlights Warhol's special association with this magazine. Yet another prominent figure, sports prognosticator **Gary Cole,** is out on his annual limb with *Playboy's College Basketball Preview*.

Much darker predictions—of top-secret weaponry that can incapacitate entire armies with lethal rays—are examined by **Larry Collins** in *Mind Control* (illustrated by **John Craig**). While we're on the subject of shock, comedian **Andrew Dice Clay,** who has been shaking things up on comedy's Richter scale, talked dirty with Contributing Editor **David Rensin** in an outrageous *20 Questions*.

Clay's colorful speech, luckily, is protected by the First Amendment of the Constitution. That document is under attack again, and its latest assailants are unfrocked by **Nat Hentoff** in *Flexing Muzzles* (illustrated by **Carter Goodrich**).

Each new year, not to mention each new decade, calls for resolutions. On top of our list this year is taking time to enjoy the beauty of actress **Joan Severance. Mark Abrahams** photographed former *Wiseguy* psychosiren Susan Profitt, who this year made the giant leap to the big screen. From Italy comes pop singer **Angela Cavagna,** to whom photographer **Mimmo Cattarinich** pays a spicy pictorial tribute in *Avanti, Angela!* A visual visit with January Playmate **Peggy McIntaggart,** the pride of Penetanguishene, will add more fuel to your fire. Finally, *Resorting to Fun*—a cool fashion assessment (photographed by **Douglas Keeve**)—rounds out a spectacular start to a new decade. Here's to the Nineties!

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COLE

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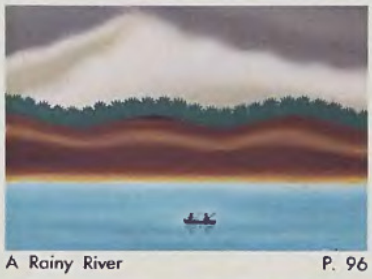

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COVER STORY

Playboy rings in the new year by paying reverence to the sultry, seductive Joan Severance. Our cover was produced by George Newell, styled by Daryl Binder and shot by photographer Mark Abrahams. Credit for Joan's well-coifed hair goes to Peter Savic for Cloutier; for her make-up, to Ken Powell for George Newell, Inc., Los Angeles. Inside sources tell us the Rabbit is utterly charmed by Joan's beauty, and we can't blame him one bit!

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DEAR PLAYBOY

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COLLEGE WOMEN ON CAMPUS SEX

I was very disappointed by the confusion, casualness and lack of common sense expressed by the six coeds interviewed by Janet Lever in *College Women Talk About Campus Sex* (*Playboy*, October). Their inability to put sex into perspective with love and commitment is compounded by their mixing with immature men under circumstances where judgments are impaired by peer pressure and alcohol.

I hope for my sake as a single man, and for the sake of the future of wholesome values in this country, that your search for an accurate cross section of young women was unsuccessful.

Bruce Culp
New Hartford, New York

I guess women haven't come as far as I'd like to think. The interview with college coeds Gail, Lynn, Emily, Debbie, Nicki and Carolyn depressed the heck out of me. Women: Get a clue and, while you're at it, some birth control. It's not as bad as Cynthia Heimel says!

Teresa Fasola Tocher
Pioneer, California

I was very impressed with *College Women Talk About Campus Sex*. I'm a college coed and I know that everything those girls have to say is true. Even though I'm at a college 1000 miles away, the story is the same. That article should be handed out to all freshman girls during orientation as a guide to what they are about to endure.

Julie Jones
Huntsville, Texas

KEITH RICHARDS

Although I enjoyed the *Playboy Interview* with Keith Richards in the October issue, I think it is incorrect to state that *The Last Time* was the first Jagger/Richards song released as an A side of a single record.

I believe the seldom-heard *Tell Me*, released in June of 1964, has that distinction. *The Last Time* was neither recorded nor released until early 1965, and it was the first big-selling A side.

In addition, the small hit the Stones had with an old Chuck Berry song was *Come On* (not released in the U.S.). The bigger hit mentioned, which was written by the Beatles (Lennon/McCartney), was *I Wanna Be Your Man* (also later performed by the Fab Four themselves).

I hope this correction and elaboration prevents your readers from losing any rock-history trivia contests.

Jim Kenney
Cockeysville, Maryland

GEENA DAVIS

In your October *20 Questions*, Geena Davis comes across as a very nice person and a real lady—something she has always seemed to be since appearing as Wendy on that classic television show *Buffalo Bill*. Miss Davis goes through your entire interview without using any obscenities. Other people whom you've interviewed in the past should take note that it can be done: people such as Cher, who seemed to be trying to set a record for being vulgar.

John Putnam
Moravia, New York

MORGANNA MEMORIES

Your Morganna pictorial (*Ode to Morganna*, *Playboy*, September) brought back memories of her virgin ventures onto the baseball field. When she made big news in Cincinnati long ago, Charles Finley of the Athletics (Arthur Allyn, then owner of the White Sox, called Finley and me The Katzenjammer Kids) asked if I'd dress in drag and run onto the field to kiss one of the Oakland players during a game with the White Sox. We had to outfit my 230 pounds at Lane Bryant's shop for large women; my brassiere was filled with two 16-inch softballs. We bought a long blonde fall and I wore women's slacks instead of a skirt. We picked an afternoon when the game would not be televised, because we were not after publicity. During the seventh inning, I emerged from the Sox dugout and chased the A's Joe Rudi

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around the field until I caught him at second base and planted a few kisses. Chicagoan John Rice was the head umpire that day and he chased me to the dugout,

Condon (right), with stogie and bra.

threatening imprisonment, electrocution, etc., for desecrating the national pastime. I then pulled a giant cigar from my bra and said, "John, have a stogie." John said, "You s.o.b., I should have known it was you." The pictures made the national newspapers and *Esquire*'s year-end roundup. Oh, yes, and a small-town minister wrote to me and asked for the two softballs from the bra for his youth program.

David Condon
Chicago, Illinois

Condon, a columnist for the Chicago Tribune *for many years, is now retired and is writing his memoirs. Sounds as if we're in for an entertaining read.*

BEACH SAVAGED?

In the *Sex in Cinema* feature of your November issue, you mistakenly describe our film *Savage Beach* as having "landed on video-store shelves." In fact, *Savage Beach* had its theatrical premiere in New York City on October 13 and will be released regionally over the next nine to 12 months, just as were the two previous films in the series, *Hard Ticket to Hawaii* and *Picasso Trigger*.

The stature of a film as a theatrical motion picture has an effect on its value in the video, pay-TV, free-TV and international market places. The careless placement of *Savage Beach* in a category that ignores its theatrical release can easily be read as its epitaph.

Arlene Sidaris
Malibu Bay Films
Los Angeles, California

We stand corrected. Fans of Andy and Arlene Sidaris' fun-filled film series should catch "Savage Beach" at a local theater; it won't reach video stores before this fall.

KAREN FOSTER

I was intrigued with your October centerfold, Karen Foster, because I'm a 1986 graduate of Lufkin High School.

During my school years, my next-door neighbor, a 1983 graduate himself, was crazy about Miss Foster. He would always talk about her and her sister Lisa and it got to the point that I tired of hearing him say she was gorgeous (though it was the truth). My neighbor has gotten over her, as far as I know, and if not, I expect that he is satisfied now. He has seen more of her than he ever expected to.

Oreal Williams
U.S.S. Constellation
FPO San Francisco, California

OCTOBER COVER

You describe your October cover model, Pamela Anderson Ilicic, as "breath-taking" and, although I cannot provide a more suitable adjective, I find your description understated. A vision such as Pamela is beguiling. I think I speak for men wherever *Playboy* is sold when I say that we want to see more of her.

Dennis R. Conrad
Virginia Beach, Virginia

You will, you will.

WORKING GIRL

Your new pictorial series *Working Girl* is outstanding. Barber Bravina Trovato (*Playboy*, October) is a knockout, a real ten! If every one of your working girls looks like Bravina, *Playboy* will be worth every penny spent for my subscription!

I noticed that Bravina wears no wedding ring. Man, I wish I lived in Cleveland so she could cut my hair every month.

Loren Bunte
Valdosta, Georgia

SOUTHEASTERN CONFERENCE GIRLS

I haven't missed an issue of *Playboy* in more than 25 years. You have given me much for my price of admission, but I have to ask for an additional indulgence. Elizabeth Tucker, who appears in *Girls of the Southeastern Conference* (October), pushes my button. Please try your damnedest to persuade her to be a centerfold.

Bill Anderson
Dover, Delaware

Melissa Evridge, the beautiful Kentuckian in *Girls of the Southeastern Conference*, is a knockout!

Jonathan Delano
Cranford, New Jersey

A salute to the array of Southern pulchritude in the October *Playboy*. Having been born and raised in the South and having attended the University of Georgia after World War Two, I was especially smitten by Wendy Christine. She's the champagne of loveliness.

Oliver C. Moyer
Portland, Oregon

COLLEGE FOOTBALL FORECAST

I always look forward to the issue that highlights your college football prognostications.

I enjoyed this year's analysis and comments, though, being a Miami alumnus, I would have rearranged the first- and second-place rankings of the top 20 teams in *Playboy's Pigskin Preview* in the October issue. I wouldn't trade Dennis Erickson's prospects this year for those of Lou Holtz to add a third championship this decade.

Roger Greiner
Stamford, Connecticut

I, too, agree with Gary Cole that the Miami Hurricanes are unquestionably the dominant college football team of the Eighties. There's no arguing that Miami's accumulation of wins and two national championships this decade is impressive. However, I can argue that one of the two national championships mentioned by Cole belongs to Howard Schnellenberger, not to Jimmy Johnson. Who can forget an ecstatic Schnellenberger on the side lines when top-ranked Nebraska's two-point conversion in the waning moments of the Orange Bowl fell short, sealing the Hurricanes' victory and the 1983 national championship?

Jim McMaken
Marietta, Georgia

Says Cole, "Thanks for straightening us out."

JULIE MC CULLOUGH

Julie, you spellbinding, beautiful dolly! You're the girl of my dreams. I've decided to be an actor, go to Hollywood, become successful, get acquainted with you and conquer your heart.

Maciej Marczak
San Francisco, California

I'd like to say something to Julie regarding those "elf ears" that she was so disparaging about.

Julie, when I think of anything elfin, I think of J. R. R. Tolkien. He made elvish women so very beautiful—heartbreakingly beautiful is the best way I can put it—that to see them was (sooner or later) painful to lesser mortals.

This I say with all sincerity: With or without clothes, you fit that description

perfectly. I should know. I think I just heard my heart fracture.

Rick Yunker
Walbridge, Ohio

Spruce up their Holiday.
Give Tanqueray.

To give Tanqueray as a gift, visit your local retailer or call 1-800-243-3787. Void where prohibited.
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REMEMBER: DRINKING AND DRIVING DON'T MIX.

The Sony Trinitron XBR. Your Typical Over-Achiever.

To the acknowledged brilliance of the Trinitron XBR picture, Sony now adds SRS—a sound advancement.

When is good just not good enough? When you're Trinitron® XBR™ TV, and over-achieving runs in the family. That's why this year's brilliant color is even more brilliant. The sharper resolution even sharper. And that's just the beginning. Because this year also brings you an advancement that revolutionizes TV sound—SRS®—Sound Retrieval System. With circuitry so advanced it delivers richer, fuller stereo sound. The sound promised by ordinary TVs but never delivered. The new family of Trinitron XBR TVs also gives you new ways to watch television. Choose from a host of sophisticated new conveniences like advanced digital picture-in-picture and A/V window on-screen displays. Just what you'd expect from people for whom setting the standard is standard procedure.

SONY.

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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

SAVING SEX

Where can you go to watch an overweight stripper, an S/M comic and a group of lesbian strippers read from their personal erotica collections, then for three dollars have a Polaroid taken with post-porn modernist Annie Sprinkle's breasts splayed on your head? Dominique's Harmony Burlesque Theater for the Outrageous and Erotic Arts on Church Street in New York City has hosted several Smut Fests, where these and other tasteless acts have been staged in an avowed effort to save sex from an AIDS-triggered backlash.

Started by ex–punk star, author (*Modern English: A Slang Dictionary*) and scene queen Jennifer Blowdryer, who has been called the Goddess of Strange by *S.F. Weekly*, Smut Fests are fun forums for a dizzying blend of erotica and art. The first event, held at ABC No Rio, a dilapidated Rivington Street art studio, was dedicated to the late Marco Vassi, cult porn artist. The second Smut Fest was billed as "an invocation of Lenny Bruce." One of the evenings was called "Lust or Bust," because ex–porn scribbler Veronica Vera, billed as a sexual evolutionary, thought the word smut had a negative connotation. Vera's contribution to the evening was a reading from her testimony before the Meese Commission on Pornography, in which she argued, tongue in cheek, for a ban on *The Lives of the Saints*, because it was the book that inspired her to seek a career in porn.

In August, the Goddess of Strange exported Smut Fest to San Francisco, albeit without the inimitable Annie Sprinkle's public cervix announcement—the highlight of a New York evening at which she spread herself with the aid of a speculum and invited the audience to marvel at her cervix with a flashlight. Oh, well, you've seen one opening, you've seen them all.

3-D OR NOT 3-D

Words cannot describe the effect of the first three-dimensional computer game, Beyond the Black Hole, from The Software Toolworks. But we'll try, anyway. Wow! Incredible! Far out! The animated images not only have the depth of a 3-D picture but appear to be projected in *front* of the monitor and recede *into* it. As you pilot your "orb" through space, you must contend with bizarre inhabitants and strange situations resulting from contact with the black hole. With 35 random levels of play, the game would seem to be a more sophisticated form of Pong—nothing to write home about, right? But stick it in your face in mind-boggling 3-D and—whoa, look out, Vern—you get some kind of fun.

WOOF-WOLF

With pit bulls now discreetly leashed by their lawsuit-fearing owners, what is the preferred tough-guy canine of the moment? The hybrid wolf-dog.

Often crossed with breeds such as malamutes and German shepherds to create animals that are as much as seven eighths or, in some cases, nearly pure wolf, these hybrids are attracting customers willing to pay as much as $2000 for a *macho* hound.

Many hybrid owners swear to their pets' loyalty and good nature. Some purchase them as guard dogs; others, after watching a wildlife special, decide that owning a wolf-dog would be a fun way to take a bit of wilderness home.

The pets, however, have their shortcomings. It is not uncommon to hear of a wolf-dog, locked in a garage for 15 minutes, ripping up a set of snow tires or eating through the wooden steps of a house trailer while trying to check out a particularly interesting smell. Worse, in New York last spring, a hybrid tore off the ear and part of the scalp of a three-year-old boy.

"Hybrids are unpredictable," explains Kent Weber of Mission: Wolf, a Colorado sanctuary. "The dog part is not afraid of people, and the wolf part is incredibly strong, uninhibited and independent."

Wolf-dogs are victims, too.

"Every month, someone tells us a story about his wolf or wolf-dog that he has turned loose in the wild, as if he were doing it a favor," says Weber. "These animals cannot be used for reintroduction. They look to humans for food and companionship; they don't know how to hunt. They probably either starve to death or get shot." Mission: Wolf, which houses 15 hybrids and ten full domestically raised wolves, says it has to deny two or three requests each week to rescue such pets who are no longer wanted by their owners.

Ironically, says Weber, owners of hybrids are ruining the endangered wild wolf's reputation. "If a wolf gets out and does anything that a dog would do, the media jump right on it, and this influences what people think of wolves. You'll see 'wolf' in the paper, but it's usually a wolf-dog doing things a wolf just wouldn't do."

In the long run, Weber suspects, most people don't actually want a pet wolf. "What they really want is a dog that *looks* like a wolf."

WOMEN ON WHEELS

We're not often taken for a ride, but when the invitation to hop on with the editors of a motorcycling magazine for women arrived, we couldn't say no. As we assumed the buddy seat aboard Linda "Jo" Felts's 1340-c.c. hog, she duly noted that, motorcycle-wise, a woman's place is no longer necessarily over the rear wheel. Felts and her associate Cris Sommer write, edit and publish the bimonthly *Harley Women*, which in its fourth year has already

RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

QUOTE

"And I wonder how many people have ever given much thought to the little Middle East country of Lebanon, where I think more and more trouble will be showing up in years to come."—PRESIDENT HARRY S. TRUMAN (1884–1972) in *Where the Buck Stops: The Personal and Private Writings of Harry S. Truman*

GOT A LIGHT?

Number of cigarettes smoked in the world in 1988: 5.2 trillion.

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Nation where the most cigarettes are smoked: China. Number of cigarettes smoked there in 1988: 1.6 trillion.

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Nation where the most cigarettes were smoked per person in 1988: Poland (2615).

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Number of cigarettes smoked per American in 1988: 2285.

POPPING THE BUBBLY

Longest flight of a cork from a champagne bottle: 105 feet, nine inches.

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Pressure in a champagne bottle compared with that in an automobile tire: three times more.

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Pounds of pressure in a typical bottle of champagne: 90.

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Amount of sodium in a four-ounce glass of champagne: four milligrams.

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Best age for a cork tree to produce good champagne corks: 12 to 15 years.

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Best temperature for a champagne cellar: 40 degrees Fahrenheit.

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Number of bottles of champagne now aging in the cellars of Champagne, France: 700,000,000.

FACT OF THE MONTH

Alaska has the highest percentage (42) of United States interstate-highway miles that are deficient due to potholes.

LOOSE CHANGE

Number of U.S. pennies in circulation: 129 billion.

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Average number of pennies held by each American: 524.

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Age of the design of the Lincoln penny, 80 years; of the Washington quarter, 57 years; of the Jefferson nickel, 51 years; of the Roosevelt dime, 43 years; of the Kennedy half dollar, 25 years.

WHEN I GROW UP . . . NAH

Percentage of Americans who think they are smarter than Vice-President Quayle, 16; who think they are just as smart, 35; who think the Vice-President is smarter than they are, 40.

•

Percentage of college graduates who think they are smarter than Vice-President Quayle, 30; who think the Vice-President is smarter than they are, 18.

BANG FOR YOUR BUCK

Odds of winning a "pick six" lottery on a one-dollar ticket in California, one in 14,000,000; in Illinois and New York, one in 13,000,000; in Massachusetts, one in 9,400,000; in Michigan and Ohio, one in 7,100,000; in Delaware, one in 700,000; in Kansas, one in 600,000.

THE GOOD LIFE

Products most likely to be purchased by an upscale person: imported beer, wine, 35mm cameras and film, video cassettes and dishwasher detergent.

•

Products least likely to be bought by such a person: buttermilk, flavored milk, candy bars, disposable diapers and denture cleaners.

attracted 15,000 readers. It's a homey mix of snapshots, accounts of life on two wheels and reviews of products such as saddlebags that hold curling irons.

"We don't particularly want to come across as feminists," Felts told us as we tooled along the smooth roads near the mag's headquarters in Addison, Illinois. "We're just women who enjoy riding."

Indeed, not all of their supporters are women, or even bikers. "We get more mail from prison than any other magazine in America," claimed Felts, pulling up in front of the magazine's offices. "They all want to marry us," said Sommer.

Aw, Cris, maybe they just want to be considered for the magazine's regular Harley Men feature.

TANK TOP

The Army is considering a synthetic rubber bladder that holds 80 gallons of fuel and is strapped to the outside of its gas-guzzling M-1 tank as a way to extend the vehicle's limited range. In the Army's lexicon of acronyms, it would be known as the BRA (battlefield refueling apparatus). Kind of gives new meaning to the expression "built like a tank."

SEEING SPOTS

Remember CBS-TV's ubiquitous ads hyping the $20,000,000 epic miniseries *Lonesome Dove*? Or those splashy spots, aired at what seemed like five-minute intervals, for Fox-TV's *A Current Affair*? We wondered why suddenly we've been bombarded by those nettling clippets and whose idea they were, anyhow.

It turns out that those campaigns—among many others—were conceived and produced in one week by John Larkin, a hot ad guy who's famous for turning out commercials faster than a network exec can say, "I need it by next Wednesday."

Larkin, a former news producer for PBS, can't help it—he has to work fast because, he says, "television never sleeps." It devours material. When a made-for-TV production wraps, it has to hit the airwaves fast. Its ad campaign has to get on even faster and, alas, at saturation levels.

That's where Larkin, who calls himself a "guerrilla creative," figures in. His New York–based Larkin Productions is a "one-stop shop," where clients can get campaigns conceptualized, written and filmed and have music added, recorded and edited all under one roof.

The funny thing is that the comparatively plodding conventional ad industry, with its tiers of departments and contracted services, is taking note of the way Larkin works. While his is the number-one one-stop commercial plant in the country, Larkin says he sees a lot of competition. So what does that mean to us, the unsuspecting TV-watching public? Most likely, a diet of ever-changing quickie teasers broadcast at ever-shortening intervals. Gee, cable just started looking real good.

MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

HALF A DOZEN star-caliber scene stealers compete for attention in ***Steel Magnolias*** (Tri-Star), almost certain to be the heart-tugging hit of this holiday season. Adapted by Robert Harling from his own hugely successful play about some Southern women facing life head-on in a small-town beauty salon, *Magnolias* on screen has soap-opera sentimentality squeezed out of it shamelessly by director Herbert Ross. But these are designer suds—make no mistake—with a cast headed by Dolly Parton as the beauty-parlor boss lady, plus Sally Field, Olympia Dukakis, Shirley MacLaine and Julia Roberts jerking tears and laughter under the driers. Some absent male friends and husbands—never seen in the play—materialize here (among them Sam Shepard, Tom Skerritt, Bill McCutcheon and Dylan McDermott) but only as foils for the womenfolk. My vote for feistiest performance goes to MacLaine as the local crank, with Dukakis ranked second, while Roberts takes the *Terms of Endearment* prize for smiling through and soaring toward stardom as the brave diabetic young bride who risks her life to have a child. Field plays her anguished mom, choking back sobs, but there's welcome comic relief by Daryl Hannah, of all people, doing her best work since *Splash* as a dim-bulb beautician who finds God. Moviegoers in search of emotional meltdown will find everything they need here for crying out loud. ¥¥¥½

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Just like its sound track, ***The Fabulous Baker Boys*** (Fox) is a low and bluesy love story set to music—the sort of piano-bar show ballads you hear in the lounge at the nearest airport Ramada Inn or TraveLodge. The boys of the title are played by brothers Beau and Jeff Bridges, both excellent, though Jeff's usual zing is held down to a hum by writer-director Steve Kloves. The movie sags in the middle and drags to a conventional finale, but there's startling compensation provided by Michelle Pfeiffer as the street-wise, gum-chewing torch singer named Susie Diamond, who transforms their tired lounge act into a hot ticket. Pfeiffer does her own singing, raising whoopee with everything from *Makin' Whoopee* to *My Funny Valentine*. Her assured timing and sex appeal also suggest that moviedom may have found *the* glamourous comedienne to fill the silver slippers of the late, great Carole Lombard. ¥¥¥¥

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The news that a brazen young British actor, still in his 20s, has had the gall to adapt, direct and star in a movie based on Shakespeare's ***Henry V*** (Goldwyn) must come as a shock to admirers of the late, great Laurence Olivier, whose 1944 version was the first of his bold, brilliant film

Magnolias' Skerritt, Roberts.

Some tears, some laughs,
a bit of history and
a sense of outrage.

tributes to the Bard. Kenneth Branagh's updated, gutsy, engrossing portrait of the brash young soldier-king at war with France is a Henry cut down to size for contemporary audiences. As a screen presence, he seems closer to Cagney than to the classic tradition, but you can imagine him leading a company of grunts into harm's way in Vietnam. So some of the heroic sweep and splendor of the Olivier masterwork is traded for a knockout punch of timely relevance that adds layers to *Henry V*'s speeches about honor, ambition and love of country. The film's distinguished cast includes Derek Jacobi, Paul Scofield, Judi Dench, Ian Holm and Emma Thompson (Branagh's co-star in the *Masterpiece Theatre* series *The Fortunes of War*, now his wife—and delightful as the princess he woos with blunt British humor in fractured French). We'll be hearing more from Branagh, who obviously has the taste, talent and aesthetic derring-do to stake his claim to Olivier's coveted crown. ¥¥¥½

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The title of ***Fat Man and Little Boy*** (Paramount) refers to the nicknames for the bombs that destroyed Hiroshima and Nagasaki in 1945, ending World War Two. Director Roland (*The Killing Fields*) Joffé's movie about the Manhattan Project is essentially a guilt trip assembled from fact and so-so fiction concerning the Los Alamos atomic scientists whose diabolical invention changed the history of the world. Paul Newman dominates it with an authoritative star turn as General Leslie R. Groves, whose stubborn determination pushes the project along despite the qualms and personal quirks of physicist J. Robert Oppenheimer (nice work by Dwight Schultz). John Cusack and Laura Dern are cast to capture the youth market as young lovers whose future is blighted by radiation. A rather awkward dramatization derives greater benefits from Vilmos Zsigmond's eloquent cinematography. ¥¥¥

•

A drama so stoked with fuel for controversy that no major American distributor would touch it, French director Claude Chabrol's ***Story of Women*** (MK2/New Yorker) is likely to enrage religious zealots while heating up the debate between pro-life and pro-choice advocates. Abortion is the incendiary subject tackled by Chabrol in this fictionalized but essentially true story of a young woman guillotined during the German Occupation of France in 1943 after being convicted as an abortionist. Isabelle Huppert won the 1988 Venice Film Festival's best-actress award for her vivid portrayal of the unlucky Marie—who cheats on her soldier husband, brazenly brings her lover home, helps out girls "in trouble" and is anything but a model wife and mother. By the hour of her death, she's an embittered martyr who begins her blasphemous final confession like a curse, saying, "Hail Mary, full of shit. . . ." *Story of Women* is strong stuff, both shattering and timely. ¥¥¥½

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In writer-director Jim Jarmusch's ***Mystery Train*** (Orion Classics), the Elvis Presley legend forms a loose connection among three separate stories. Jarmusch, whose *Stranger than Paradise* and *Down by Law* were film-festival favorites, has a kind of subversive humor so understated that an average moviegoer may blink and miss the joke. *Mystery Train*'s locale is Memphis, Tennessee, with most of the action, or inaction, set in a sleazy hotel not far from Graceland. Each episode ends with a gunshot sound, which is explained in time for the fade-out. However, anyone not fully committed to Jarmusch's dogged minimalist style may have faded out an hour or so earlier. This original but meandering *Train* left me at the station. ¥¥

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Judging by some of his recent films, Woody Allen has a not-so-secret longing to be dour and Swedish rather than droll and Jewish. Allen's latest, ***Crimes and Misdemeanors*** (Orion), is partly a somber, melodramatic *film noir* about the indiscretions of a wealthy New York ophthalmologist (Martin Landau). The panicked doctor gets his gangster brother (Jerry Orbach) to hire a hit man to murder his mistress (Anjelica Huston), because *that* angry, vindictive lady has been threatening to confess everything to his wife (Claire Bloom) and blow his entire life sky-high. Linked to

No "Miz Scarlett" for Palcy.

OFF CAMERA

Being young, gifted, black, beautiful and showered with praise for your first major-studio release ought to give any film maker an emotional high. Lionized as the woman who lured Marlon Brando back to the screen for her stirring anti-apartheid drama, *A Dry White Season*, 32-year-old **Euzhan Palcy** denies published reports that she charmed Brando into acting for free. "He had to be paid union scale, about four thousand dollars." And he did it because he admired the project and her previous film, *Sugar Cane Alley*, set in her native Martinique. "Marlon was great," she recalls, "but the first day, in a courtroom scene, was very tense. He's a myth; everyone just stared at him. But when I said 'cut' after the first take, he looked around and said, 'Now I am going to go pee.' Which made everyone laugh and completely changed the mood." Palcy, who speaks four languages fluently, made *Season* in Zimbabwe but did some furtive research in South Africa. "Tourists were coming to Soweto, I learned, because the government organized tours to come see the black people, as if they were in a zoo. My movie will not be shown commercially in South Africa—never." Palcy's dedication to changing racial stereotypes goes way back. "Ever since I was a little girl, a film I have always hated—though it's a great work of art—is *Gone with the Wind*. I can't bear the way black people are portrayed." Still, Palcy doesn't want to be labeled as a political film maker. "Next, I'm planning to do a comedy and a love story, both with black characters. The American studios say you don't make money in a film with black leading actors, except for Eddie Murphy or Prince, so I'll probably do those movies in Europe. You kick me out one door, I come back through another. I simply do everything I can without losing my soul."

this, but very tenuously, is a seriocomic subplot starring Woody as a film maker with his own marital problems. He'd like to trade his shrewish wife (Joanna Gleason) for Mia Farrow, the pert divorcee assisting him on a movie about his famous, obnoxious brother-in-law (Alan Alda), a big wheel in television. Yet another brother-in-law (Sam Waterston) is a rabbi who's going blind and consulting Landau about his eyes. It is either God or justice that's blind, according to *Crimes and Misdemeanors*, which has some Allenesque one-liners ("The last time I was inside a woman was when I visited the Statue of Liberty") uneasily mixed—clearly for comic relief—with Ingmar Bergmanesque flashbacks and fantasies related to Landau's private ordeal. The message written large is that bad people get away with murder, or the girl, while good guys get the shaft, and that's life. Probably true. But Allen is better company when he doesn't take his nihilism quite so seriously. ¥¥½

•

Reasonably well restored, re-edited and seven minutes shorter than the 1963 Oscar-winning original, ***Tom Jones*** (Goldwyn) is back. Some of the dizzying camerawork that looked trendy then smacks of overkill now, but director Tony Richardson's rowdy, headlong version of the Henry Fielding classic (adapted by John Osborne) is still a joyous revel, with vibrant Tomfoolery by Albert Finney in the title role. Finney's famously lewd eating scene with Joyce Redman hasn't faded, and the rest of the supporting cast (Hugh Griffith, Dame Edith Evans, Diane Cilento, Susannah York) provides equally delicious and cruel 18th Century social comedy at a level seldom seen before or since. ¥¥¥¥½

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Because nearly everything about ***Dad*** (Universal) smacks of made-for-television, it comes as no surprise that director Gary David Goldberg is also the creator and executive producer of that hardy perennial TV hit *Family Ties*. Based on a novel by William Wharton, *Dad*—when it works at all—works only as a geriatric one-man showpiece for Jack Lemmon. Made up with a bald pate and wrinkles, and delivering most of the best lines, Lemmon plays an eccentric septuagenarian who comes to terms with senility, cancer, imminent death and life's inevitable disappointments along the way. Olympia Dukakis dilutes bitchery with wit as his embittered wife, with Ted Danson once more moonlighting from *Cheers* as their son, a divorced Wall Street executive who evidently takes a long sabbatical from take-overs to sort things out for his ailing parents. Kathy Baker, Kevin Spacey and Ethan Hawke complete the roster of Lemmon's loyal kin, the sort who dress up in funny costumes and entertain one another between anxious trips to the hospital. They've all got heart, ties that bind and lots of cornball sitcom sentimentality—everything but a laugh track to keep *Dad* going. ¥¥

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

The Bear (Reviewed 12/89) Real ones, in a hairy, compelling wildlife drama. ¥¥¥
Breaking In (11/89) Burt Reynolds in an offbeat Bill Forsyth comedy about an aging burglar and his apprentice. ¥¥¥
Casualties of War (10/89) Sean Penn and Michael J. Fox as GI grunts at odds over a captive Vietnamese girl. ¥¥¥
Crimes and Misdemeanors (See review) Woody in Swedish-modern mode. ¥¥½
Dad (See review) Lemmon loses one, but not for want of trying. ¥¥
Dealers (12/89) London gets the business from working girl De Mornay. ¥¥½
Drugstore Cowboy (11/89) Fine work by Matt Dillon as a junkie on the go. ¥¥½
A Dry White Season (12/89) Brando's back, with Donald Sutherland in an engrossing attack on apartheid. ¥¥¥¥
The Fabulous Baker Boys (See review) Upstaged by a feisty Pfeiffer. ¥¥¥¥
Fat Man and Little Boy (See review) Newman launches the atomic age. ¥¥¥
For All Mankind (12/89) The original moon walkers—Apollo's crewmen in an out-of-this-world documentary. ¥¥¥
The Gods Must Be Crazy II (11/89) Out of Africa again, just for laughs. ¥¥
Heavy Petting (10/89) Featherweight study of Fifties sexual mores. ¥¥¥
Henry V (See review) Back to the Bard with some new faces. ¥¥¥½
Johnny Handsome (11/89) Rourke and Barkin as thieves fallen out. ¥¥¥½
Look Who's Talking (12/89) Sad to say, another iffy career move for Travolta. ¥
My Left Foot (12/89) Upbeat film about a handicapped Irish genius, beautifully performed by Daniel Day-Lewis. ¥¥¥¥
Mystery Train (See review) In search of Elvis, but slightly off the rails. ¥¥
Old Gringo (11/89) Pancho Villa meets Jane Fonda, Greg Peck. Ho-hummm. ¥¥
Sea of Love (12/89) A serial killer causes a Pacino-Barkin collision. ¥¥¥
sex, lies, and videotape (9/89) The title says it, but there's lots more. ¥¥¥¥
Steel Magnolias (See review) Tears, laughter and a lot of hair spray. ¥¥¥½
Story of Women (See review) Judgment day for an abortionist in wartime France. ¥¥¥½
Tom Jones (See review) That rover reissued, and still a winsome lad. ¥¥¥¥½
True Love (11/89) Sharp satire about imminent nuptials in the Bronx. ¥¥¥
War Party (Listed only) Another raw deal for Indians. ¥

¥¥¥¥¥ Outstanding
¥¥¥¥ Don't miss ¥¥ Worth a look
¥¥¥ Good show ¥ Forget it

DANNY SULLIVAN ON WINNING

Solid sterling silver,
14 karat gold.

They say winning isn't everything ...but somehow you know... they're probably not the winners. I say—go for the best—in everything you do.

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GUEST SHOT

Actor Barry (*War and Remembrance, 'Til We Meet Again*) Bostwick has the kind of schedule that demands catch-as-catch-can vid viewing. "So I always take my small VCR with me on location and rent wherever I can." An off-the-cuff sampling? "Jimmy Stewart in *anything*—especially *It's a Wonderful Life* and *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington*. Also, Jack Lemmon comedies like *Some Like It Hot*—such idiosyncrasy, such energy! My idea of a fun midnight is *Attack of the Killer Tomatoes* or black comedies such as *Parents*. I rent an X every now and then, but I'm more interested in the sexuality of foreign films, where the sex scenes aren't *bracketed*." As for the cult classic *The Rocky Horror Picture Show* (the role of Brad was one of Bostwick's earlier acting gigs), it's not available on tape—still playing to late-night audiences around the U.S., Canada and England, thank you. —LAURA FISSINGER

THE HARDWARE CORNER

You're Surrounded: With TV sound getting better and better, Toshiba now adds a Carver Sonic Holography audio system to its 32-inch MTS console (CX3287J). Its 40 watts of power include ten for use with a Surround Sound speaker system, behind the set or across the room—$2799.

Disc Could Be the Start: Looks as if the video disc will make it after all. Now Mitsubishi (joining Pioneer, Sony, Magnavox and Sharp) is betting on it. The new M-V7010 plays all five formats of video disc, CDs and CD-Vs. It even has a flip-over laser that lets you play two-sided discs without a move. —MAURY LEVY

VIDEOSYNCRASIES

Olympic Bartending: Step-by-step how-to tape demonstrating the flips and spins of snazzy drink pouring. Features John "J.B." Bandy—the guy who taught Cruise his *Cocktail* tricks (Videotakes).

Dark Shadows: Remember that daytime soap—circa 1966–1971—featuring 175-year-old vampire Barnabus Collins? Now it's on vid—four tapes, five episodes each. Almost as much fun as *Batman* (MPI).

The Little House of Pleasure: Vid catalog from Come Again, Manhattan's "erotic emporium." Soft-X tape (about a honeymooning couple) is ridiculous, but lots of wild sex toys are shown—all of them easily obtained with enclosed order form ($22.95 to W.D. Distributors, Department 11P, P.O. Box 603, New York 10023. New York and New Jersey add tax).

Champions Forever: In 1988, five famous boxers got together and talked about their historic careers. Someone taped the bull session and then spliced in archival footage of the pugilists' best bouts. The final product: a solid KO starring George Foreman, Joe Frazier, Larry Holmes, Ken Norton and, oh, yeah, Muhammad Ali (J2).

The Mask: Supernatural horror flick about ancient evil mask that, when worn, creates "bizarre hallucinations of dream-like eroticism." Big plus: Vid is 3-D and comes with those silly glasses (Rhino).

When Mom & Dad Break Up: Comforting straight talk to kids caught up in a busted home; hosted by Alan Thicke. And ***How to Stop the One You Love from Drinking & Using Drugs:*** Intervention program for loved ones of substance abusers; Mariette Hartley hosts (both from Paramount's *Strong Families, Safe Families* series).

SHORT TAKES

Transfusion, anyone? Try *Blood and Guts, Blood and Guns, Blood and Black Lace, Blood Brothers, Blood Sisters, Bloody Mama, Blood Couple, Blood Bride, Blood Wedding, Blood Debts, Blood Diner, Blood Hunger, Blood Feast, Blood Freak, Blood Frenzy, Blood Hook, Blood of Dracula's Castle, Blood of Fu Manchu, The Blood of Others, Blood on the Moon, Blood on the Sun, Blood, Sweat and Cheers, Blood, Sweat and Gears, Blood, Sweat and Tears, Bloodsuckers, Bloodsuckers from Outer Space, Bloodsucking Freaks, Bloodthirsty Butchers, Bloody Birthday, Bloody New Year* and *Blood Orgy of the She-Devils*.

BRUCE ON VIDEO

our movie critic goes to the tape

Movies about movies are hardly new. Every TV-dial twister knows the classics—from *Sunset Boulevard* to *A Star Is Born*. Some others, less familiar except to bona fide film buffs, include both sleepers and also-rans with fringe benefits. To name a few:

The Bad and the Beautiful: Winner of five Oscars in 1953, with Kirk Douglas as a ruthless producer, Lana Turner as an alcoholic star, Gloria Grahame (Best Supporting Actress) as a writer's wife. All of them mean, witty and stylish.

Day for Night: Jacqueline Bisset shining with the late François Truffaut as the director directing her in a romantic trifle. Lots of inside jokes, and another Oscar winner (Best Foreign Language Film, 1973).

The Day of the Locust: John Schlesinger's dark, colorful film version of Nathanael West's classic about Hollywood losers in the Thirties. With Donald Sutherland, Karen Black and some very kinky company.

8½: Marcello Mastroianni stars in Fellini's semi-autobiographical 1963 Oscar winner (Best Foreign Language Film) as a film maker fantasizing about his work, his women, his life. Timeless cinema.

The Oscar: They seem to be kidding but were probably dead serious in this turkey stuffed with guest stars (Bob Hope, Milton Berle, Tony Bennett). Stephen Boyd goes for the prize in a movie so bad it's beautiful. —BRUCE WILLIAMSON

VIDEO MOOD METER

MOOD	MOVIE
FEELING OTHERWORLDLY	***Ghostbusters 2*** (into the night again with the specter-tracking quartet; best bit: the boogieing Statue of Liberty); ***The Fabulous Adventures of Baron Munchausen*** (Terry Gilliam's big-budget 18th Century fantasy; special F/X galore); ***Cosmos*** (phenom-astronomy in Carl Sagan's award-winning series; 14 tapes in all).
FEELING BEASTLY	***K-9*** (German shepherd assists loony narcotics cop in big-bucks drug bust; Jim Belushi and dog pit for scenery-chewing honors); ***Pet Sematary*** (gruesome rendition of Stephen King's chiller; definitely not for Morris fans).
FEELING FUNNY	Hat hat trick: ***Whoopi Goldberg: Fontaine . . . Why Am I Straight?*** (the world according to Whoopi's eloquent ex-junkie; brilliant); ***Bob Goldthwait: Is He Like That All the Time?*** (live from Bobcat's "Meat Bob '88" tour; bizarre, as usual); ***Louie Anderson: Mom! Louie's Looking at Me Again!*** (family laughs with the formidable funnyman).
FEELING INTENSE	***Lost Angels*** (Beastie Boy Adam Horowitz as troubled youth under care of doc Donald Sutherland; uplifting teen fare); ***Leviathan*** (deadly monster puts snag in underwater-mining expedition; Peter [RoboCop] Weller stars).

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Our strategy

Since then, we've continuously advanced the science of radar warning by encouraging our engineers to spend their time on only one thing: improving performance. Because of this program, ESCORT and PASSPORT have unequalled reputations for performance, winning test after test.

But we've never stopped striving for another quantum leap, a revolution in technology that could redefine radar detection again. And now we've done it. The key is a new technology: DSP.

Incredible technology

DSP is Digital Signal Processing, a technology virtually unheard of in personal electronics, but used in many exotic electronic devices.

DSP is used by NASA to create detailed space photos from blurry images. It's used by military radar to distinguish enemy aircraft from friendly aircraft. It's used to deliver sharp images of internal body tissue from medical scanners. And now we're using DSP to find radar signals too weak to be detected by conventional technology.

The heart of ESCORT's DSP circuitry is this custom 20 MHz 24 bit parallel HCMOS processor, capable of 10.25 million instructions per second.

How it works

Our new ESCORT's DSP circuitry samples incoming radar signals 50,000 times a second, slicing them into discrete bits of information. This information is then digitized and continuously analyzed by what is essentially an incredibly fast internal signal recognition computer.

Breakthrough performance

The new ESCORT's DSP circuitry was developed using everything we've learned about advanced radar detection. The end result is incredible.

The new ESCORT's advanced signal processing provides an incredible increase in sensitivity on both bands. Quite simply, this means that the new ESCORT picks up radar signals much further away than was ever before possible.

In fact, not since we introduced the first ESCORT has there been a performance improvement like this. But there's more.

Complete warning system

The new ESCORT keeps you fully informed with a variable audible warning with adjustable volume, and different tones for X and K bands. And both a Mute and a new Auto-Mute function.

For visual warning, there's an alert lamp and ten-segment signal strength meter, both dimmed to suit ambient lighting. There's also a Dark mode for more discrete operation.

ESCORT is housed in a heat treated aluminum housing, finished in low-glare black, and is incredibly compact, only ⅞" high and 3¼" wide. And everything you need is included.

The new ESCORT is only a fraction of the size of the original.

Everything included

The new ESCORT comes complete with visor clip and adjustable windshield mount, and power cords to suit any installation (both a coiled and a straight cord that plug into your lighter, and a cord for direct wiring into your car's electrical system, if you prefer).

There's also a leather carrying case, and a comprehensive owner's handbook. ESCORT also incorporates our revolutionary Digital Key security system (see sidebar for the full story).

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We only sell ESCORT direct from our factory to you, and we guarantee your satisfaction. To order, just call us toll-free. After you receive ESCORT, if you're not completely satisfied within 30 days, just return it. We'll refund all of your money and your return shipping costs, no questions asked. There are no hidden charges.

The new ESCORT outperforms any other radar detector in the world. But don't take our word for it. Order today and see for yourself.

Bad news for thieves:

A new security system in new ESCORT and SOLO makes them of little use to anyone but the rightful owner. Here's how it works:

The system is fully automatic, and easy to use. Included with your new radar detector is a tiny electronic "Digital Key"™ to put on your key ring (see the main photo above and the cutaway at right).

About every two months, your detector's circuitry will prompt you to insert your Digital Key into a small jack on your detector, and turn your detector on. After confirming that you used the right Key, your detector will reset its lock and will be ready for two more months of use. That's all there is to it.

May we help you? ESCORT and SOLO bring totally new technologies to radar warning. But there's one thing we didn't change: Our system of selling direct from our factory to you.

Just call us toll-free. One of our radar experts will be glad to answer your questions or take your order. And remember, our 30 day trial lets you try new ESCORT or SOLO at no risk. Call today.

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A new kind of radar detector— No power cord

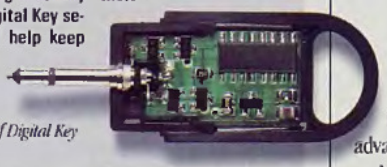
If you're a business traveler, always switching between cars and using rentals in distant cities, you need the most convenient radar detector possible. But radar detectors have always been less than ideal for traveling. Until now.

First things first

After years of development, we're introducing self-powered SOLO. It has the same long-range warning as our test-winning PASSPORT, and it's even smaller (only ¾" high and 2⅛" wide). But incredible performance isn't the breakthrough.

However, for someone who doesn't have the right key (and there are thousands of different Digital Keys), the radar detector simply won't work. And there's little economic incentive for a thief to steal your radar detector if he can't sell it. And if a stolen ESCORT or SOLO is ever returned to us for service, we'll immediately contact you (if you have reported the theft to us).

Although nothing is totally "theft-proof," our new Digital Key security system will help keep your new ESCORT or SOLO yours.

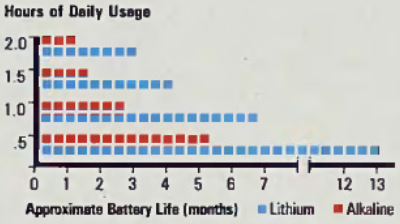


Actual size cutaway of Digital Key

Revolutionary convenience

SOLO is the first self-powered superheterodyne radar detector. You just mount it on your visor or windshield and turn it on. It's that simple.

SOLO doesn't need a power cord, recharger, or add-on battery pack. Its remarkable design operates about 200 hours on a single 9 Volt lithium battery (or 80 hours on a standard alkaline). For most drivers, that's several months of use.



For most drivers, a single battery will last several months.

Total performance

Unlike most battery powered devices, SOLO maintains full performance over its full battery life. And when you finally need to replace the battery, SOLO tells you five hours in advance so you have plenty of time to plan ahead.

Needless to say, there was only one way to make self-powered SOLO a reality. Starting with a clean sheet of paper, our engineers have designed the most efficient superheterodyne radar detector in the world. SOLO uses only 2% of the power of a conventional radar detector.

Incredible technology

The advances that made SOLO possible would fill this page, but here's a brief outline: A varactor-tuned GaAs FET microwave oscillator, four custom CMOS integrated circuits, seven circuit boards, and hundreds of SMD components controlled by a CMOS microprocessor and powered by a digital power supply. All contained in a thin wall magnesium housing for incredible strength and lightness (just 5½ ounces complete with battery).

Standard equipment

SOLO has all of the advanced features we pioneered with ESCORT and PASSPORT. Variable rate audio warning, with adjustable volume and different tones for X and K bands. An alert lamp and ten-segment LED signal strength meter, both automatically dimmed to suit ambient lighting. And a Dark mode for even more discrete operation.

In addition, SOLO has both a Mute switch and a new Auto-Mute function that automatically reduces the audio to a lower level after the initial alert. There's even a special battery-saver circuit that turns SOLO off if you forget to.

And our new Digital Key security system means your SOLO will be of little use to anyone but you (see sidebar for the full story).

Instead of a conventional meter, SOLO uses ten Hewlett Packard AlGaAs LEDs bonded directly to a tiny circuit board.

The complete package

SOLO comes complete with everything you need. An articulated visor clip that opens wide for padded visors, but folds flat for convenient handling. A windshield mount that easily adjusts for different windshield angles. A leather pouch for everyday use, and a travel case for taking SOLO with you on trips. And of course, we include two batteries, both a lithium and an alkaline, to get you started.

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We only sell SOLO direct from our factory to you. Just call us toll-free to order, or for more information. And we guarantee your satisfaction. If you're not completely satisfied in 30 days, just return SOLO for a full refund. SOLO is also backed by our one year limited warranty.

Some people will see SOLO as a convenience breakthrough. But also consider the performance advantage of having a radar detector you'll use every time you get in your car.

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CHARLES M. YOUNG

WITTIER AND more musical than Kiss, Aerosmith was *the* American hard-rock/metal band in the mid-Seventies. Breaking up, getting off drugs and regrouping in the Eighties, its members achieved something fascinating: They started creating the best music of their careers, and their latest, ***Pump*** (Geffen), is state's evidence that they can reach the ecstatic realms of Dionysus without chemical aid.

Judging by his lyrics, I'd guess that Steven Tyler may have found that the greatest benefit of having a clear head is that he can find his dick again. Wherever it's pointing, that's what he wants to sing about. Who am I to argue with inspiration? Musically, this is a complete hard-rock album. The attention to detail in production and arrangement hooks you for all 48 minutes. Guitarists Joe Perry and Brad Whitford generate more crunch than General Mills, and Joey Kramer pulls off those slow-motion train-wreck drum fills better than anyone since John Bonham.

Turning 72 last August, John Lee Hooker is proof of my theory that age is bullshit. People can rock out at any age, and on ***The Healer*** (Chameleon), Hooker is rocking with bandmates much younger: Carlos Santana, George Thorogood, Bonnie Raitt, Robert Cray and Los Lobos. If that sounds like one of those blues "supersessions" from the Sixties, be not put off. This is an album of songs, not jams, and the musicians all have taste. Hooker remains *the* voice of authority in Delta blues, and the effect truly is healing: Makes you proud to be a man, the way Steven Tyler makes you proud to be an adolescent.

NELSON GEORGE

Maze featuring Frankie Beverly represents a part of the African-American aesthetic that's rarely acknowledged, much less appreciated, by music critics. Maze makes working-class black music, which isn't hard-edged like rap or glossy like Patti LaBelle. It's percolating groove music, cruising along under the direction of Beverly's silky soul vocals. The title of the band's first album in three years, ***Silky Soul*** (Warner Bros.), aptly sums up the elemental delights of this wildly popular group; and it fits that the title cut pays warm homage to Beverly's mentor, Marvin Gaye.

Silky Soul doesn't update Maze's trademark style—it doesn't need to. By remaining steady, Beverly has reaffirmed his outfit's musical identity in a market overwhelmed by faceless product.

Miki Howard and Regina Belle are the offspring of Anita Baker's success. Both singers combine jazzy phrasing and husky timbres that recall Baker. With ***Miki Howard*** (Atlantic) and Belle's ***Stay with Me*** (Columbia), these powerhouse voices seek the key to transcending the Baker comparisons and find hits that will distinguish them.

Hooker: Delta blues authority.

Bad boys, good ol' boys and hot new girls.

Several of Howard's songs attempt to fit her into the funky "new jack swing" style that has dominated R&B lately, but overall, it's the mid-tempo and ballad material that gives this project distinction. On the ballad *Love Under New Management*, Howard sings with a consistent conviction that suggests great vocal maturity. The cut is especially pleasing for both Howard's common-sense love talk midway through the song and the brilliantly arranged backing vocals.

Belle is equally accomplished but not as soulful. While her voice suggests Baker (and has an older antecedent in Nancy Wilson), her best material is in her Whitney Houston–style crossovers: *Make It Like It Was* and *It Doesn't Hurt Anymore*.

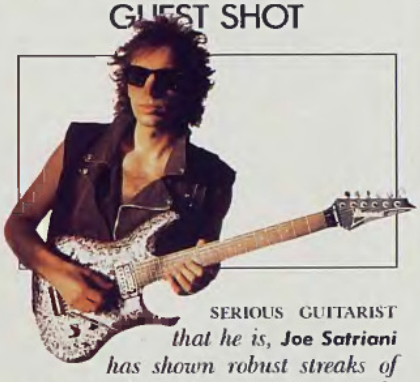
ROBERT CHRISTGAU

Now that it isn't raining horseshit anymore, even us naysayers can admit that country music's neotraditionalist revolt has toned up a permanently obsolescent subgenre. The key factor isn't so much the power of honky-tonk principle—it's the fresh faces any coup makes room for.

The neotrad tide, for instance, has made Randy Travis the Jim Reeves of his generation—an honest matinee idol who lives to sink his strong voice into a good song. He's too safe by half, but his craft approaches inspiration, and if ***No Holdin' Back*** (Warner Bros.) isn't as absolutely felicitous as last year's *Old 8x10*, it's solid, for damn sure.

And the face parade continues. Proud Texan ***Jimmie Dale Gilmore's*** eponymous second album on the Hightone label may be purist neotrad, but at least he recorded it in Nashville, where they know how to extract beauty from nasality. Keith Whitley's fourth album, ***I Wonder Do You Think of Me*** (RCA), is the only one he got right, even though he could have outsung anybody on this page. One suspects that fear of success had something to do with his drinking himself to death while finishing this album last May—as do doom-drenched tunes such as *Tennessee Courage* and *Between an Old Memory and Me*. I hope his widow, singer Lorrie Morgan, honors Whitley's memory by testing the follow-up to her ***Leave the Light On*** (RCA) against her proudly independent standards on *Five Minutes* and *He Talks to Me*. A postfeminist Tammy Wynette is just what neotrad Nashville can

GUEST SHOT



SERIOUS GUITARIST *that he is,* ***Joe Satriani*** *has shown robust streaks of humor and rebellion in his jazzy rock. Heck, anyone who played lead guitar on Mick Jagger's solo tour can't be too sedate. Satriani paused while cutting his new LP, "Flying in a Blue Dream," to assay the latest from Jeff Beck, a Satriani hero.*

"Jeff Beck's Guitar Shop is a 'power trio' record but definitely of the Nineties. It has almost a dance-sonic quality, yet the tracks all seem blues-influenced. My favorite track, *Where Were You*, is the most beautiful guitar playing I've heard in years. Beck's sounds come right from the heart, unblocked by intellect. That's what has made him a great guitarist all these years—this optimum mix of his technique, his unique personality and the song itself. And Beck's decisions about when to play a note, chord or riff and when not to play have intense consequences on every track here. You get nearly his whole amazing vocabulary of sounds. I don't mean to be lightweight—but this LP is sonic candy."

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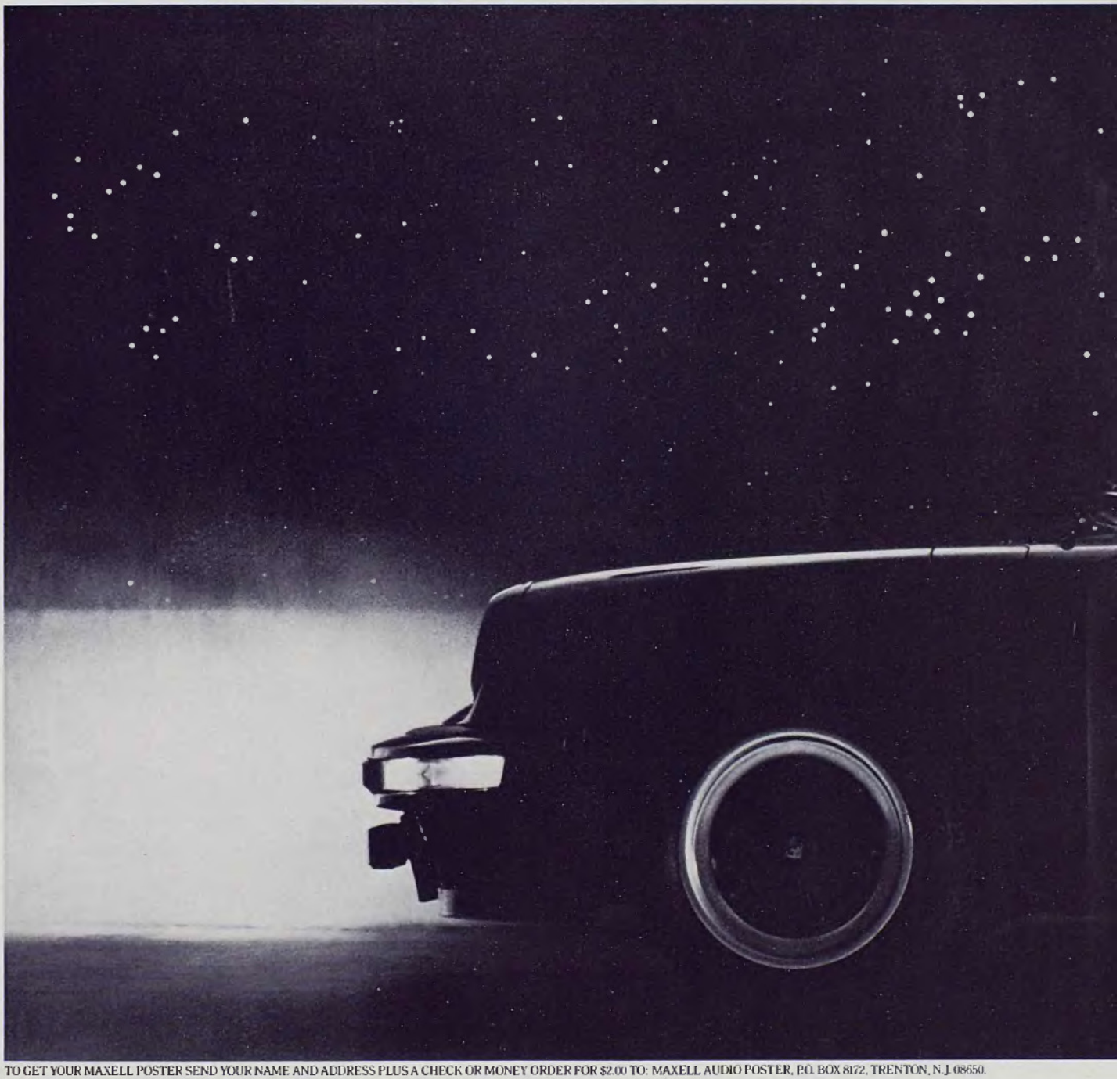

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use. She can have all the violin effects she wants—purist details aren't the point.

VIC GARBARINI

The debut album by ***The Innocence Mission*** (A&M) marks this band as one to watch in the Nineties. It also prompts such hybridized descriptions as "Joni Mitchell meets 10,000 Maniacs." Hell, Joni's husband, Larry Klein, even produced the album, agreeably balancing the ethereal and the earthly within the unique synthesis of singer Karen Peris and her band. Klein nicely frames the ebb, flow and occasional swell of I.M.'s fluid melodies, but the Joni comparisons are most apt in the lyrics department. As a writer, Peris, like Mitchell, has access to a deeper level of perception than your average singer-songwriter.

If it's big hooks and muscular playing you're after, try L.A.'s the Graces. And if you think their debut, ***Perfect View*** (A&M), sounds like *The Go-Go's Grow Up* (and wear lots of make-up), you're right. Former Go-Go's chief songwriter Charlotte Caffey and bandmates Gia Ciambotti and Meredith Brooks churn out at least one resounding anthem about resolving the war between the sexes, *Lay Down Your Arms*, and spend the rest of their time reflecting seriously, but inconclusively, about women who love too much and men who can't. A chat with Karen Peris might be helpful.

DAVE MARSH

Songwriting remains the most overvalued commodity in popular music. The evidence is everywhere. For instance, which would you rather hear, Bob Dylan's dour new song cycle, ***Oh Mercy*** (Columbia), or the recent CD reissue of his debut album, ***Bob Dylan*** (Columbia)? Dylan wrote all ten songs on *Oh Mercy*, and there are even a couple of half-decent ones (*Man in the Long Black Coat*, *Most of the Time*), but Daniel Lanois' production is heartless and cold and the instrumental support by a variety of demi-all-stars is all that, plus sloppy. The debut, on the other hand, has only two songs written by Dylan, but it overflows with passion and enthusiasm.

It's especially hard to get a line on a songwriter if he's basically a bandleader. Latest in this line is Paul Kelly, an Australian who owes more to Springsteen than to Dylan. But Kelly hasn't found an audience yet and ***So Much Water So Close to Home*** (A&M) isn't likely to get him one. The Michelle Schocked crowd will find him too raucous; Mellencamp fans will find his music a bit too sketchy. That's a shame, though, because Kelly right now is speaking in a tough, original voice reminiscent of the early Graham Parker. He even wrote three songs from a woman's point of view, a first among male rock writers. If you've a mind to spend your music dollars for writing, Kelly is the best investment around.

FAST TRACKS

ROCKMETER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
Aerosmith *Pump*	7	8	8	3	8
Bob Dylan *Oh Mercy*	6	8	5	4	7
John Lee Hooker *The Healer*	7	8	7	9	8
Maze featuring Frankie Beverly *Silky Soul*	6	5	9	4	5
Randy Travis *No Holdin' Back*	7	8	6	7	7

PLAY THAT FUNKY MUSIC DEPARTMENT: Still have holiday gifts to buy? Need a good idea for the would-be musician in your life? Call 1-800-33 TAPES or write to Homespun Tapes, Box 694, Woodstock, NY 12498. **Happy Traum,** folk guitarist and owner of Homespun, says that every self-taught musician gets to the point where he or she needs more input. You can get audio and video tapes that range from *Dr. John Teaches New Orleans Piano* to *Country Guitar Styles*, by **Merle Watson.**

REELING AND ROCKING: **New Kids on the Block** are talking to Disney about a movie and to Hanna-Barbera about a Saturday-morning cartoon show. . . . If the movie version of *Evita* ever gets off the ground, there is talk that **Fine Young Cannibals' Roland Gift** is being considered for the role of **Ché Guevara.** . . . **Robert Palmer** is working on a musical called *Don't Explain*. It's a romantic comedy and Palmer hopes to get it made once his greatest-hits album is assembled. . . . Twentieth Century Fox is trying to develop a script for **Phil Collins, Danny DeVito** and **Bob Hoskins** to do together. . . . *The Twist* is a documentary of the Sixties dance craze, with filmed segments of **Chubby Checker, Joey Dee, Gary "U.S." Bonds** and **Dee Dee Sharp.** . . . **Debbie Gibson** is filming *Skirts*, a musical drama. . . . Director **William Friedkin** is working on a film bio of songwriters **Jerry Leiber** and **Mike Stoller** (responsible for *Hound Dog*, *Stand by Me* and *Jailhouse Rock*, among others). Friedkin is writing the screenplay with Leiber and Stoller. . . . The **Kris Kristofferson** movie about **Augusto César Sandino** (the Nicaraguan revolutionary) is due to be released this summer. . . . **Marshall Crenshaw,** who played **Buddy Holly** in *La Bamba*, would like to do a movie bio of another Texas rocker, **Bobby Fuller.**

NEWSBREAKS: Entertainer and novelist **Kinky Friedman** has returned to performing and his mystery *Greenwich Killing Time* has been purchased for a Showtime feature by **Ron Howard's** company. . . . **Tina Turner** would rather make movies than tour, but she says of her recent album, "I really don't want to travel anymore, but . . . if the album is an enormous success, I might be tempted . . . just for the sake of the fans." . . . **Peter Wolf** described his third solo album as a record with "more meat and potatoes to it." He does plan to tour. . . . The individual members of **Genesis**—Phil Collins, **Mike Rutherford** and **Tony Banks**—are too busy with solo projects to reconvene the group before early 1991. . . . **Sandra Bernhard** duets with **John Doe** (formerly of **X**) on *I'm So Lonesome I Could Cry* in her movie *Without You I'm Nothing*, due out any day now. . . . Rock and Roll Fantasy Camp was a huge success (we know this for a fact, because we sent our music critic Chuck Young to be a part of it for a future *Playboy* piece). The promoters are now thinking about setting up camp facilities in five cities this summer to make it easier for campers who couldn't make it to San Francisco. . . . HBO is doing *Out of the Sixties*, a series of half-hour dramas to be directed by well-known film directors about events and attitudes that shaped the decade. . . . **Al Jarreau** is seriously considering doing a one-man Broadway show about **Nat "King" Cole.** . . . **Willie Nelson** says there will be a fourth Farm Aid in March. . . . Finally, you could order Rhino Records' *Billboard Greatest Christmas Hits (1955–Present)* and you would get **Elmo 'n Patsy's** *Grandma Got Run Over by a Reindeer*, but wouldn't you really rather have **James Brown's** Christmas album *Santa's Got a Brand New Bag* for that special someone? Happy holidays!

—BARBARA NELLIS

BOOKS

By DIGBY DIEHL

RARELY DOES one title stand out in the dazzling seasonal avalanche of oversized holiday gift books. But this year, the book to buy for anyone who loves rock and roll is ***Rolling Stone: The Photographs*** (Simon & Schuster), with a preface by Tom Wolfe. From the raw sexual energy of Steven Meisel's cover shot of Tina Turner to the poignancy of Annie Leibovitz' last portrait of John Lennon, this is a stunning visual record of the past 22 years. *Rolling Stone* creator Jann Wenner writes that his magazine set out "to document the rise of American youth culture," and it also captured the changing spirit of our times in pictures.

In contrast, ***Images of America*** (Smithsonian) reaches back over a century and a half for photographic treasures, most from the Smithsonian archives, including Jefferson's Treasury Secretary, Albert Gallatin, slaves in 1850 and Mark Twain at the age of 15. A more analytical look at Americana is offered by ***Passing Parade*** (Oxford University), edited by Richard Maltby, subtitled "A History of Popular Culture in the Twentieth Century," with era-by-era time lines, jazzy layout and thoughtful text. Two new collections out of the files of *Life* magazine, ***The Joy of Life*** (Little, Brown) and ***Life: The '60s*** (Bulfinch), are filled with expressive human drama.

History-making photojournalism leaps off the pages of ***In Our Time*** (Norton), by William Manchester, a huge (456 pages) pictorial compendium of world events from the founding of Magnum Photos in 1947 to the present. ***Photographs That Changed the World*** (Doubleday), by Lorraine Monk, is a tough title to live up to, but the 51 images reproduced are reminders of a significant moment in history.

The courageous British aviators who fought the Battle of Britain 50 years ago receive a magnificent pictorial tribute in ***Their Finest Hour*** (Abbeville), by Philip Kaplan and Richard Collier. This handsomely designed book is a must for World War Two and aviation buffs.

Traditionally, the most beautiful and lavish gift books are in the field of travel, and this year is no exception. ***A Day in the Life of China*** (Collins), the ninth book in this series, records the extraordinary scenes witnessed by 90 photographers spread throughout the People's Republic on April 15, 1989. A similar scope of Chinese life is presented in ***Exploring the Yangtze: China's Longest River*** (China Books & Periodicals), by How Man Wong. The story of his 18-month search for the source of the river is recorded in a lively text with 190 photographs.

Another adventurer, Jacques-Yves Cousteau, continues his oceanic expeditions with ***Cousteau's Papua New Guinea Journey*** (Abrams), written by his son, Jean-Michel, and Mose Richards, in a volume rich with anthropological lore. The sport Cousteau made possible almost 50 years ago with the development of scuba is celebrated in ***Underwater Paradise*** (Abrams), by Robert Boye, both a guidebook to the world's best diving sites and a splendid collection of vividly colorful underwater photos.

Spectacular visual books for the finicky.

Gift books for oenophiles, art lovers, travelers, rock-and-rollers, jocks and nerds.

Barnaby Conrad evokes the Hispanophile spirit with *élan* in ***Hemingway's Spain*** (Chronicle), and as we see in Loomis Dean's magnificent photographs, Hemingway's Spain was dominated—no surprise—by the bull ring. Over on the Adriatic Sea, the magnificent city built on water is eulogized by every writer who visited there, from Lord Byron to Gore Vidal, in ***Venice*** (Salem House), compiled by Michael Marqusee, with an introduction by Anthony Burgess.

Following the impressive *Georgia O'Keeffe: One Hundred Flowers* collection, ***Georgia O'Keeffe in the West*** (Knopf), edited by Nicholas Callaway and Doris Bry, is the classiest publishing package of the year, featuring 94 exquisitely reproduced prints from her Western work. David Bourdon offers a personal account of the world's most famous pop artist in ***Warhol*** (Abrams), which features 325 illustrations (at least a dozen of which are Campbell's soup cans). Of course, if you prefer just an elegant guidebook to the world of art, you cannot do much better than John Updike's generously illustrated collection of essays on art, ***Just Looking*** (Knopf).

Photography as art is well represented in its 150th year, beginning with the gritty realism of ***Walker Evans: Havana 1933*** (Pantheon), with text by Gilles Mora. At the age of 29, Evans had an intuitive sense of design and a strong social conscience that make these 88 duotone images as powerful now as when they were new. At the age of 81, the undisputed master of portraiture is celebrated in ***Karsh: The Art of the Portrait*** (National Gallery of Canada), with essays by James Borcoman and others. Along with his brilliant portraits of Hemingway, Casals and Churchill are many less famous but equally revealing studies. What Yousuf Karsh elicits from the face, Victor Skrebneski summons from the body, and in ***Skrebneski*** (Bulfinch), he flaunts it. This volume has luscious fashion shots and stylish portraits, but the nudes are awesome artistry. By comparison, the photographs of Robert Mapplethorpe in ***Some Women*** (Bulfinch), with an introduction by Joan Didion, have an austere, icy beauty.

In this era of ecological damage and disappearing species, nature photography takes on a special significance. One of the most remarkably intimate and dramatic of these books is ***Images of Nature*** (Hugh Lauter Levin), the photographs of Thomas D. Mangelsen, with text by Charles Craighead, which features an astonishing shot of a sockeye salmon in midleap as it enters the waiting mouth of an Alaskan brown bear. ***Lords of the Air*** (Orion), by Jake Page and Dr. Eugene S. Morton, is an opulently illustrated layman's guide to ornithology, with particular attention to the relationship between humans and birds. Even more ambitious is David Attenborough's ***The Atlas of the Living World*** (Houghton Mifflin), a survey of the entire globe that charts patterns of life in maps, diagrams and photographs.

It is appropriate that the premiere photographer/wilderness adventurer Galen Rowell should have two books this season. ***The Yosemite*** (Sierra Club) commemorates the 100th anniversary of the founding of the national park with lovely photographs to illustrate the classic 1912 text by the club's founder, John Muir. ***The Art of Adventure*** (Collins) is Rowell's magnum opus, a collection of stunning nature photographs culled from 20 years of adventures around the world. His pictures of a 285-mile ski trek through the remote Karakoram Himalaya in Pakistan stir your wildest instincts to toss it all away and head for the mountain of your dreams.

If eating is becoming one of the trendy sacraments of the Nineties, ***The Renaissance of Italian Cooking*** (Fawcett Columbine), by Lorenza de' Medici, will become a religious text. Written by a descendant of Lorenzo de' Medici, this visual feast is also a culinary cultural history of Italy that's a must for anyone who wants to know his

malloreddus from his *agrodolce*. Equally impressive for knowledge of a national cuisine is Diana Kennedy's ***The Art of Mexican Cooking*** (Bantam). Although presented in the traditional cookbook format, with 200 recipes, this is a gift book to gladden the heart of any serious chef. ***Shrimp*** (Chronicle), by Jay Harlow, is everything you ever wanted to know about those tasty wigglers, including more than 60 recipes with photographs in living color.

To accompany your literary banquet, you might consider ***Vintage: The Story of Wine*** (Simon & Schuster), by Hugh Johnson. This exhaustive 480-page international survey of the pedigree and lore of wine is, of course, Western Civilization 101 as seen through the bottom of a wineglass. It is also the most fascinating and readable 8000 years of history you'll ever imbibe. Less ambitious oenologists may prefer Justin Meyer's ***Plain Talk About Fine Wine*** (Capra). Meyer calls himself a winegrower, because wine maker sounds like a manufacturer, and this down-to-earth attitude happily pervades his modest book of advice, as he explains the winegrowing process—from planting to aging—in California, with plenty of diagrams and simple language.

Finally, we like ***Jocks and Nerds*** (Rizzoli), by Richard Martin and Harold Koda, an entertaining and often delicious survey of men's fashions in the 20th Century. If you're hinting around for a great gift for yourself, check off the pages with the Dior tux, the Armani jacket and the Ralph Lauren country-look ensembles or your best woman might end up getting you a Pee-wee nerd suit, for laughs, of course.

BOOK BAG

Wicked Words (Crown), by Hugh Rawson: Pound for pound, this 400-page-plus reference for the rude has some word, phrase or expression to insult just about everybody—race, creed and color notwithstanding.

Chili Dawgs Always Bark at Night (Villard), by Lewis Grizzard: Grizzard wags his witty finger at George Bush, Mike Tyson and people named Bubba in this collection of his nationally syndicated columns.

The People and Other Uncollected Fiction (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), by Bernard Malamud: A posthumous unfinished novel and 14 short stories give us a touching last read of a true original.

The Heart of Rock & Soul (Plume), by Dave Marsh: A *Playboy* music maven has created a historical tome built on his choices of the 1001 greatest singles ever made. Each lyric listed reads like a mini-biographical sketch of the composer who wrote the song, the group that performed it and the era in which it was created.

The Still Point (University of Arkansas), by Laurence Gonzales: Twelve visceral essays—two from *Playboy*—together in one collection. You'll feel what Gonzales sees.

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SPORTS

By DAN JENKINS

I don't mind admitting that I had bitten off all my nails and my heart had developed an alarming palpitation over the past several months as I waited for the first issue of *The Monumental, America's Daily Sports Paper,* an exciting new, forward-looking publication devoted to providing the complete results of iceboating and quoits, plus good writing.

That's what made me a charter subscriber, the promise of good writing.

As for results, I knew I could always pick up a copy of *USA Today* and catch up on iceboating and quoits, along with freshwater angling, birling, duck calling, wood sawing, finger-hook wrestling, fox hunting and spelunking; but all my life I had yearned for good writing on sports.

Like many others, I was aware that good writing had never appeared in the sports sections of newspapers, or in other sports journals, even when John Lardner and Red Smith did it, or when it was done by Grantland Rice, Ring Lardner, Damon Runyon, W. O. McGeehan, Westbrook Pegler, Bob Considine, Henry McLemore, Bill Corum, Walter Stewart, Doc Greene, Jim Murray, Furman Bisher and Blackie Sherrod, or anyone else.

What a wonderful world it will be, I thought, when I can read *The Monumental* every day and not only get the late results from cornhusking, ballooning, pigeon racing, sculling, dog sledding and jujitsu but enjoy good writing along with it.

Everybody in the business knew how rich *The Monumental* was. It was backed by Cliché Aldente, a foreign conglomerate with holdings in Mazatlán, the Sea of Okhotsk, Raipur, Santiago, the Mascarene Islands and Mindanao.

Wuhan Mango, the chairman of the board at Cliché Aldente, had said, "We have five hundred million dollars to hire the best sportswriters from the best newspapers, so, as you can see, we are committed to good writing."

Thus, the raid was on. And almost immediately, many of the best sportswriters left their families, their homes and the security of their old jobs to join the staff of *The Monumental*, where they could practice good writing.

Knowing that *The Monumental* had lured away Chip Typer from the *Daily News*, Grantland Finklestein from *The Post*, Biff Backspace from *The Globe* and Crew Slammer from *The Bugle*, I dreamed

A MONUMENTAL MISTAKE

of the great leads I would be reading after I finished browsing through the latest results in badminton, fencing, skijoring, roller polo, curling and surf casting.

BY CHIP TYPER

"In a town called New York, there's a team called the Yankees and they play a game called baseball, and you know how it is there in the early morning in the stadium with Jimmy Breslin still asleep and you've got to write a column on your own."

BY GRANTLAND FINKLESTEIN

"He lay flat on the brown hardwood floor of the basketball court, his chin on his folded arms, and miles away, Bobby Knight's vocabulary was still at the dry cleaner's."

BY BIFF BACKSPACE

"He was an old man who birled alone on a log in an Idaho forest, only 1200 miles from the sea."

BY CREW SLAMMER

"Kilimanjaro is a snow-covered mountain 19,565 feet high, and it is said to be the highest rim in the N.B.A."

Was it too good to be true? Did *The Monumental* have enough money for satellite and laser-beam publishing to last more than three issues?

In a prepublication press release, Frank DeAward, the managing editor of *The Monumental*, put me at ease.

"We have eight hundred billion dollars," he said. "As long as there's quoit pitching and a need for software and good writing, we'll be around. *The Monumental* is an idea whose time has come."

When the first issue of this forward-looking publication finally came out, I was delighted to discover that sound would be part of its charm.

I accidentally held the paper up to my ear and heard:

"Please keep your arms and legs inside the tram while moving from the basketball to the football coverage."

It was a nice, friendly voice, not unlike that of the lady who gives you telephone numbers.

I rolled up in a ball and listened to the paper again.

"Grantland Finklestein's column will be appearing on the red concourse."

Unfortunately, the first issue was disappointing in all other ways. Every story or column began with the same sentence: "Navy won the toss and elected to receive."

Angry, I called DeAward, the managing editor.

"You promised good writing," I said. "What happened?"

"We made a mistake," he explained. "We hired a group of editors away from *Sports Illustrated* and they went a little overboard."

"Will there be another issue?" I asked.

He said, "Yes, absolutely. All of our surveys show there's an incredible demand for the complete results of gliding, cycling, snowshoeing, squash, rope skipping and darts, as well as good writing."

I said, "Look, I'm just a simple subscriber—no expert on such matters—but you've got to find a way to get the reader into your stories. I have some suggestions."

I then sent him three leads that would keep me reading.

1. "Naked, clutching a rosary in his hand. . . ."

2. "Despite the abominable handling of press luggage at the Zurich airport. . . ."

3. "Adolf Eichmann was convicted today for his part in the murder of 6,000,000 Jews. They were:"

Confident that the next issue of *The Monumental* would be better, I haven't canceled my subscription.

By ASA BABER

THE DECADE OF THE DAD

The Nineties are upon us. Whatever else happens in the years ahead, this will be the decade in which fathers claim and take their rights. We will organize, lobby, endorse and demand. We will be a force.

In our culture, the father has *always* been seen as a dispensable item. Portrayed as either a tyrant or a wimp, prejudiced against in divorce and child-custody actions, viewed in the media as an unnecessary appendage, considered unqualified to be included in the enormous question of abortion, available to be sent to war but rarely honored and accepted in times of peace, the father in America has been toyed with and excluded, endured and banished, mocked and misinterpreted.

We hereby announce an official end to all discrimination against fathers. We simply refuse to take that crap any longer. The Nineties are hereby designated as The Decade of the Dad. As fathers, we know that we are vital to the healthy growth of our children and our society, and we will be trivialized and deported no longer.

The Decade of the Dad Club has certain rules and procedures. To join, you must be a father who loves his children. Contrary to popular perception, that includes almost all fathers. We really are a loving bunch. Our motto: "*Semper fidelis.*" Our pledge: Come hell or high water, we will always be faithful to our children. Our mascot: the bulldog. Our symbol: the profile of a father and child, hand in hand. Our colors: blue (for our loyalty), red (for our love and energy) and gold (for the light we bring to our children).

Listed below is what I call The Father's Bill of Rights. I do not say it is complete, but it is a start. Read it, amend it, add to it or subtract from it. But whatever you do, my fellow fathers, bulldogs and friends, help us stake our claim as honorable men who deserve constant access to our kids. This is *our* decade. Let us grab it before it slips by.

THE FATHER'S BILL OF RIGHTS

Our children are our children; they are not objects for barter, ransom or withholding. By definition, this means that joint custody will be the law of the land. It means that there is no legal presumption that mother love is superior to father love. And it means that for the first time in our history, fathers will be as likely to receive child custody as mothers in divorce actions. Fathers stand for equal-opportunity parenting, nothing less. Let the courts now truly enforce that idea.

Our children are our children from conception onward. This throws a wrench into the abortion debate that has been the exclusive property of the feminists and the fundamentalists in this country, but that is as it should be. Until now, a father's rights in this thorny area have been ignored. The controversy has focused on the divine right of motherhood (and the subsequent disenfranchisement of fatherhood). "It's my body," many women say, as if the issue were thereby closed and the male who is the father had no function or rights after impregnation. It is one of the most pompous positions women take in the current sexual debate. "But there's another body inside your body," fathers want to reply, "and I have a right to at least be consulted about the fate of that body. It is mine as much as yours, and I decline to be so easily dispensed with."

We have the right to generous time with our children, and the business community had better adjust to that fact. The common corporate assumption? That a man with children should not plan to see them if he wishes to be paid and promoted. But that is a tyrannical and shortsighted view that is helping ruin the American family. Businesses should give fathers in the workplace more free time (including paternity leave, without prejudice toward those who take it) to spend with their kids. Why? Because every successful parent knows the secret of that parenting: Being there is all that is needed. Give them tough love, give them gentle love, be a saint, be an asshole, offend them, delight them; it doesn't really matter. For your children's sake, *be there* on a consistent basis. That is what they yearn for, that is what they deserve, and in this Decade of the Dad, you have the right to insist on unfettered time to do that.

If we do lose custody of our children, we still have a right to unimpeded visitation with them. The greatest story never told in this culture involves the cruelty and manipulation that some mothers engage in after divorce, behavior that is almost never treated with appropriate legal admonishment. If a father withholds child support, his wages may be garnished and he may go to jail. But if a mother plays games with visitation? Rarely will anything concrete be done about it. In the Nineties, we are going to get equal treatment under the law.

We are people who believe that the role of the father in the child's life is vital, and we are going to band together, organize and do the work necessary to guarantee our rights. If you had done nothing but listen to TV morning talk shows over the past 25 years, you would have assumed that (A) fathers were expendable and (B) women could do it all anyway. But we know that neither of those points is true. We know that the fast lane to trouble is often taken by the fatherless child, that children without fathers tend to do more poorly in school and carry deep psychological scars into their later years, and we are going to do something about that. For starters, we are going to support and participate in fathers'-rights, divorce-reform and joint-custody organizations. We are going to make the effort to find out which groups are doing this kind of work in our area (most divorce lawyers can tell you, especially if they are sympathetic to the male in divorce proceedings) and we are going to join up. We will attend meetings and conferences, send money, write letters, get out the vote, help monitor courtrooms and legislatures and just generally do the dirty work that democracy expects of its concerned citizens. It is going to be a great decade.

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WOMEN

By CYNTHIA HEIMEL

I have noticed that my past few columns have been typed from the depths. I have written about the horror of rejection, about the hideousness of romantic confusion, about flailing around in sexual limbo.

But have I said anything constructive? Have I counseled? Come up with any answers? No.

OK, now I will. I'll tell you how to tell whether or not a woman is interested in you. Here is the most important rule:

All you really need to know you learned in high school.

Because even if you're 84, it always is and always will be high school. It's true that people grow older, more sophisticated, but nobody ever matures past the age of 18. The same feelings persist. The way we acted then is the way we act now, even though our braces no longer lock when we kiss.

OK, so what does a teenaged girl do when she's crazy for a guy? She ignores him and talks about him incessantly with her friends. She looks at him only when she's positive he's not looking at her. She fidgets, she stammers, she's tongue-tied and stumbles over nothing when he's around. She draws curly hearts with his initials in them on her desk. She memorizes his phone number, calls him frequently, always hangs up when he answers.

She acts as if she doesn't care whether he lives or dies, yet she's always around. Somehow she's wandering mindlessly through the gym during basketball practice. She's suddenly secretary of the debating club. She's tooling her bike, no hands, down his street. She has dropped her books all over his corner.

We're still the same. Ever wonder why Paige in accounting always needs a drink of water when you do? Why every night she's in the same elevator when you go home? Paige wants you.

So why won't she flirt with you? She can't. A woman can start out all giggly and flirty, but at some point, consciousness sets in: "Oh, my God, I like this guy. I want to sleep with this guy. This could be the guy for me."

And crowding the heels of consciousness is self-consciousness. "My God, what if this guy knows I like him? He'd just laugh and laugh. He must have noticed that I'm a dork and that this dress I'm wearing is just hideous. I can't smile. If I smile, he'll see my teeth. I probably have spinach in my

HERE'S HOW WE OPERATE

goddamned horrible, ugly teeth. I know I have two half-moons of mascara under my eyes. I have to go to the bathroom, right now."

That's why the girl you thought you were doing great with runs away. And won't come back. She'll go to the other side of the room and not look at you at all, and you're supposed to know she wants you to come after her.

Unfortunately, this is also the way a woman acts when she really isn't interested. So you're screwed. The only way to get around this other-side-of-the-room business is to go halfway across the room, as if you're on your way over but haven't quite made it. This will drive her insane and she'll have to come to *you*.

Now is the best time to ask her to dinner. Don't just ask for her phone number.

If you ask for her phone number, she will immediately and automatically envision herself sitting day after day on her sofa, bleary-eyed and twitching, waiting for you to call. And right then and there, she will hate you; she will never want to see you again.

All of us, even 14-year-olds, have wasted a large percentage of our lives waiting by the phone. (I myself, by recent calculation, have spent four years, three months and 12 days biting my nails and staring. Now, instead, I ask the guy for *his* number, which doesn't help at all, since it takes me approximately five hours to work up my nerve to call, by which time, it's invariably two A.M.)

So ask her to dinner. If she accepts, she's interested.

And this is major: If, when you go out to dinner, she doesn't look really dressed up or anything, but somehow she looks thinner, she's madly in love with you.

When a woman is excited about a date, she goes immediately on a diet, because, like all women, she knows she is hideously obese. Even if the diet doesn't work, even if she loses only four ounces, she will relentlessly try on everything in her wardrobe to find the outfit that makes her most strandlike. Then she'll go shopping and repeat the process. But she won't get all gussied up, because she thinks that if she did, you'd know she cared and you'd drop her flat.

If she touches you a lot for no reason, she's interested. If you move closer to her and she doesn't move away, she's interested. If every time you look at her she quickly looks away, she's interested. If you see her grocery shopping in your neighborhood, she's interested.

If she sleeps with you on the first date, she's foolish but interested. If she doesn't sleep with you after the fifth date, she's actually still in high school, born again or not interested, no matter what she says.

And that brings me to the painful part. Sometimes women really *aren't* interested. And many guys, caught up with their own enthusiasm, refuse to notice. So they pursue and persist, and then they get furious and use the word bitch too often in a sentence.

Sometimes women are not as sensitive as they should be. Sometimes they're too sensitive; they make the mistake of leading you on so they won't disappoint you.

Please, for your own mental health, look for these early warning signs:

1. If she flirts with you incessantly and seems supremely self-confident but is never available for dates, leave her alone; she's only kidding.

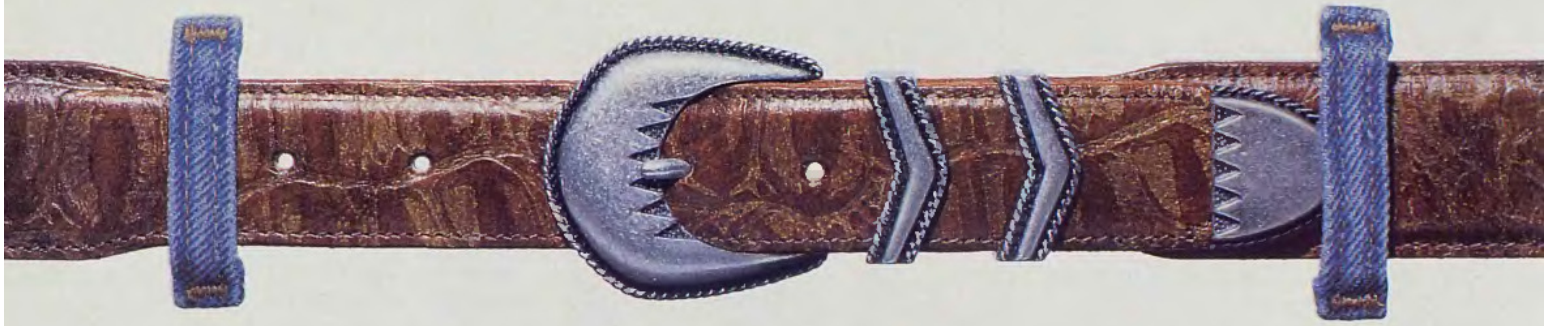
2. If you both leave somewhere at the same time and she says, "See ya!" waves and disappears, you bore her.

3. If you ask her out twice and she can't go, don't ask her again.

4. If she doesn't return your phone calls, she means it.

Now, what shall we do about *my* life?

Look out below



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Are you over 18 years of age? ☐ Yes ☐ No

PLA

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

The gal behind the check-out counter bends down to write your telephone number on your check and, while doing so, gives you the most wonderful view of the valley between her breasts. You see a lovely wearing a swimming suit with a crotch that barely covers her labia and pubic hair and doesn't cover much of her rear cheeks. Her nipples are erect and protruding through the material. At the mall, you see a very beautiful gal in short shorts and no bra; as she walks, her breasts are bouncing like small basketballs. The woman ahead of you in the grocer's check-out line is braless, and as she removes her grocery items from her cart, you catch several glimpses of her breasts—including the nipples. A lovely in a miniskirt is sitting with her legs crossed, and as your eyes travel up her shapely legs, they stop about one half inch from the down of her *mons*. My question is, How does one observe all these fine views and let the gals know of your appreciation of what you see—without appearing to be a dirty old man? (I'm 34.) Any suggestions?—R. D., North Platte, Nebraska.

North Platte, Nebraska, eh? Throwing yourself to your knees and screaming "Thank you, Lord, thank you" probably won't work. The women we talked with said this was a situation in which there was a lot you shouldn't do: Don't drool. Don't touch. Don't blush. Don't assume it's for you. If you try to compliment the specific blouse or the bathing suit, you'll only draw attention to the view, which may be accidental. Our advice: Smile. Take in the whole person. If you are interested, act in a natural, intelligent manner. A simple "You look great!" should suffice.

Can you tell me the different ways of tinting auto glass? Surprisingly, I never see ads for this type of service in newspapers and marketeer publications, and would have thought it a popular one. If the process is easy to learn, maybe I'll start my own service.—J. M. B., Brooklyn, New York.

Tinting requires some practice and unless you don't mind experimenting on a major investment, it may be wise to leave it in the hands of a reputable servicer. There are two ways to tint a window. The more common is to apply a dark film to the inside of auto windows for about $180 to $230. The other, more expensive method, called flow-on, bonds a smoky liquid directly to the windows. Unlike film, flow-on requires that car windows be removed. While both provide similar results, the flow-on method is preferred for cars with back windows that are quite curved, as in a Camaro, since the film doesn't bond well to rounded surfaces. If you insist on tinting yourself, purchase a film kit from an auto-parts store. Place a piece of film over the window (making sure you have the glue side in the proper direction) and cut the film with a craft knife. Using water laced with a drop of dish soap, separate the film from its backing and apply to the inside with a squeegee. Tinting's a two-man, three-hour job. Make sure to check state laws, since many restrict what windows can be tinted. And aim for perfection—a bad tint job can ruin your chances with that blonde at the next red light.

What are the rules of an affair? Some guy at the office said he remembered reading a list of commandments about infidelity—the things you should and shouldn't do. Have you ever encountered such a list?—D. Q., Richmond, Virginia.

We assume you don't mean the rules that begin "Thou shalt not." We remember reading a novel in which a character devised a theory of affairs. Before you could even consider one, you had to create a fictional hobby—something like racquetball—that would take you out of the house every Thursday night, as well as account for the showers. You had to be able to make up games, scores, doubles partners, tournaments, etc. And when you had this other life completely under control, then you could get married. (Starting it afterward would only create suspicion.) Marcella Bakur Weiner and Bernard D. Starr, authors of "Stalemates: The Truth About Extra-Marital Affairs," came up with the following homebreakers' hints: "1. No picture taking or receiving. [Somehow they will be found.] 2. Nothing in writing. . . . Affairs are allergic to anything in writing. That goes double for diaries, strictly a no-no. 3. No souvenirs. Pack rats as we are, we want mementos of everything. Definitely not a good idea for those engaged in liaisons. 4. Not in the neighborhood or in public. Also, never display affection in public places, no matter how far away from the neighborhood. 5. No thoughtlessness. Just a moment of incaution can bring down the whole world of risk. You may throw a bra or a panty into the glove compartment of a car. 6. Never in the home. 7. Never forget to keep track. From males, particularly, comes the suggestion to check all pockets before going home after a tryst. This also includes briefcases. And check your jacket and shirt for stray hairs. Ask your lover not to wear perfumes or scented cosmetics that leave traces. Be careful of presents or phone calls that appear on credit cards or itemized phone bills. 8. Never change your style. For better or worse, each marriage has its own style. Your spouse knows how you act and respond. Don't change your style because you feel different."

Just what a man needs—more rules. And, frankly, the rules don't make it right.

I'm a caviar freak—really love the stuff. But it has to be the real thing—the eggs, or roe, of sturgeon, preferably from the Caspian Sea or the Volga River. None of those ersatz caviars made from whitefish, salmon or lumpfish—the so-called affordables. On the other hand, genuine caviar is outrageous—about $85 for a two-ounce container. A Russian friend told me about *payusnaya*—supposedly authentic caviar at a much lower price than regular. What is *payusnaya*? Is it the genuine article? Is it available in the U.S.—and at what price? How does one serve it?—R. G., Dallas, Texas.

Payusnaya *is the real thing—no doubt about it. It's fresh, unpasteurized caviar. Moreover, it's pressed or compressed and therefore has a much more intense flavor than whole-berry caviar. Here's what happens: When the roe is removed from the sturgeon, it is strained. During the process, a number of the eggs are crushed or broken. The liquid separates (cutting weight by a third), leaving only the essential caviar meat. Add the fact that* payusnaya *is roughly one third the price of whole-berry Beluga and you have a striking value.* Payusnaya *is difficult to process; therefore, it is not always easy to obtain. Arnold Hansen-Sturm of Hansen Caviar says that in a pinch, it can be special-ordered by a caviar shop. Appearance is a good indication of quality. Your* payusnaya *should look moist and be of a buttery consistency so it can be spread. Dry* payusnaya *is over the hill and may be bitter or excessively salty. Black bread is recommended as the base for your* payusnaya *canapés. First, spread lightly with unsalted butter, smear with* payusnaya, *top with chopped onion and sour cream, if you like. When entertaining, keep in mind that a little* payusnaya *goes a long way.*

Until two years ago, I thought I had a normal male sexual response. Between ten and 30 minutes after my first orgasm, I could have a second and, on special occasions, a third. Then, one day, I discovered

something. While masturbating, I remembered having intercourse with an old girlfriend and withdrawing to let her watch me ejaculate. I stayed erect and we continued to make love. Almost immediately, I had a second orgasm. At the time, I attributed it to having been abstinent for a while. But while masturbating, I decided to try it again and I stopped rubbing just before I climaxed. Sure enough, I stayed erect, easily had another orgasm and was able to repeat this process several times. Since then, when my wife and I have intercourse, I stop moving just before climax without withdrawing. I am usually able to have between five and ten orgasms. Needless to say, this has been a wonderful discovery. I know women's multiple orgasms occur when they remain on a plateau of excitement between orgasms, rather than returning to a state of release. This is what my experience feels like to me. What's very nice is that my orgasms increase in intensity, so that the last one is much more deeply satisfying than those I felt at first. Does everyone else already know about this, or is it just me? Should I write a book?—B. E., Athens, Georgia.

No. We think you've said everything in the letter. Playboy *published an article on multiple male orgasm about 13 years ago. As we recall, most guys didn't go to the trouble of re-educating themselves (as one guy said, "Would you rather get to the green in one shot or five?"). You've obviously found a way to extend your pleasure. More power to you.*

Expecting a wine punch, I ordered *sangrita* in a Mexican restaurant. What I got was a tangy, fruity drink. When I complained, the waiter said I didn't know what *sangrita* was. So what is it?—E. G., Providence, Rhode Island.

You're confusing sangrita *with* sangria—*not difficult to do.* Sangria *is the popular Spanish wine-and-fruit punch.* Sangrita *is a nonalcoholic Mexican mixture served alongside straight tequila. Some imbibers take it as a chaser, some as a companion—alternating sips of tequila and of* sangrita. *There are many* sangrita *recipes. A fairly standard one combines 1 pint orange juice, 1 oz. lime juice, ½ oz. grenadine, a pinch each of pepper, salt and celery salt and a dash or two of hot sauce. The distinctive* sangrita *served at Rosa Mexicano, a Mexican restaurant in Manhattan, combines 1 cup bitter (Seville) orange juice, 4 cups pomegranate juice, 1 tablespoon lemon juice and salt and cayenne pepper to taste.*

I've heard it said that the width of a woman's mouth is proportional to the length of her vulva. Since people with the same size mouth have smiles of varying widths, I assume it's the width of the smile that is used for the comparison. Is there any truth to this belief, and is a woman with a long vulva especially passionate? I personally have not seen enough women to make an honest evaluation, but the subject does intrigue me.—C. W., San Antonio, Texas.

This is a new one on us. We suggest you do some research on your own and let us know what you come up with. It sounds as though you need a hobby.

You have stated several times in your magazine that oral sex is a safe (or safer) procedure to avoid AIDS. It seems to me that I read somewhere that the confluence of bleeding gums, cracked or lacerated lips and semen presents a hazard if one's partner is infected. Is this true?—R. L., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

We categorize oral sex as a form of safer sex. While some doctors stress the theoretical (infected cells entering the body through flossing cuts, etc.), we look at real-life research. The few studies of heterosexuals do not isolate oral sex from intercourse (since most of the couples studied did both). To examine oral sex alone, you have to turn to studies of gay men. Three of these suggest that oral sex does not transmit the virus. An ongoing study of more than 700 gay men in Vancouver has indicated that oral sex does not transmit HIV. The authors have concluded: "Even swallowing semen did not appear to confer any increased risk." Another study followed 99 gay men who engaged in receptive anal intercourse. Thirty-five percent became infected in less than two years, while of 21 men whose main outlet was oral sex, only one became infected (and that was attributed to an episode of anal intercourse). The most persuasive study to date is the Multi-Center AIDS Collaborative Study, which has followed almost 5000 men since 1984. The first report from the study found that of 213 men who refrained from anal sex but who practiced oral sex, not one became infected. (In contrast, 12 percent of the men who had anal sex with most or all of their partners became infected in the same time period.) In the three years since the report has been released, one man out of the 213 oral-sex practitioners has acquired the virus—but again, it is not known if some other route was responsible. Add to these facts the finding that saliva seems to neutralize the virus while stomach acid destroys it, and you have grounds for a guarded optimism. Most of the known cases can be traced to unprotected intercourse (vaginal or anal) or sharing needles. For heterosexuals, the single most important criterion is choosing a partner who does not use I.V. drugs or who has not slept with someone who uses I.V. drugs. According to the American Medical Association, choosing a partner "who is not at high risk cuts the odds of HIV infection about 5000-fold." In addition, "The risk of infection through sex with a partner who is not at high risk is only about one in 5,000,000 for each sexual contact, even without a condom."

Before buying a new pair of sunglasses, I was told to look for a product that meets the ANSI standards for ultraviolet-ray blockage. What does that mean? Will it cost me more money to be better safe than sorry?—J. D., Beale AFB, California.

If you're lost in the blinding light of the hundreds of sunglass manufacturers with styles ranging in price from five dollars to $300, welcome to the club. We may be able to clear up some of the distortion for you. Voluntary standards for sunglass performance are set by the American National Standards Institute (ANSI). These standards apply to three classes of nonprescription sunglasses (cosmetic, general purpose and special purpose) and set the limits on filtering the two types of potentially damaging ultraviolet (UV) rays reaching the earth's surface—UVB, the shorter and more dangerous rays, and UVA, the longer and less damaging ones. Sunglasses that are purely cosmetic must filter 70 percent of the UVB striking the lens; general-purpose lenses must block up to 95 percent and special-purpose sunglasses—used for mountain climbing and skiing—must filter out at least 99 percent of the UVB. Recent studies have shown that the performance of a pair of sunglasses may have little or no relation to its cost. The buzz word is performance. Put that before style, read the label while you're shopping around and you'll begin to see the light.

I have a question of a physiological (or maybe psychological) nature. I've noticed occasionally that during extended lovemaking sessions, my girlfriend's vagina gets dry. This usually occurs after she has reached orgasm, and particularly when her climax has been long in coming. If we have no lubricating jelly on hand, this causes a great deal of wear and (gasp!) tear on the condoms we use for birth control. Are the vaginal resources for lubrication limited, or could her body be saying, in effect, "I'm not interested—I got mine, pal"?—R. S., Troy, New York.

Lubrication is one of the first signs of a woman's arousal. It is similar to a man's erection: Blood flows to the genitals in response to stimulation. The excess fluid pressure causes what we call lubrication. When a woman experiences orgasm, the contractions flush the blood out of the pelvic area, decreasing the lubrication. Go with the flow—the fact that your erection subsides after your first orgasm doesn't mean that you no longer desire your partner, right? Stress can also constrict blood vessels and reroute blood away from the genitals—if she is taking a long time to reach orgasm, fear of failure may cause the lubrication to disappear. We suggest that you combine condoms with spermicidal foam, which will act as extra lubricant and provide a backup in case you do tear the condom. Calling attention to the dryness will only exacerbate the condition.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating problems, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, Playboy, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.

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THE REVEREND DONALD WILDMON'S GUIDE TO TV

how, according to one bozo, the boob tube brainwashes america

Don Wildmon, executive editor of the *AFA* [American Family Association] *Journal*, founder of CLeaR-TV and self-appointed keeper of the moral flame, stirs up his readers each month by documenting what he sees as the continued decay of American television. His staff scrutinizes hours of prime-time TV and painstakingly notes every passing reference to sex and religion. What it concludes will tell you something about the mentality of would-be censors—and will make you wonder if Wildmon and his minions' TVs aren't getting better reception than yours. According to Wildmon's watchdogs, the following shows have promoted:

UNFAVORABLE CHRISTIAN STEREOTYPING

Highway to Heaven
Wiseguy
Sonny Spoon
Cheers
Miami Vice
Night Court
L.A. Law
Growing Pains
The Golden Girls
Just the Ten of Us
The Smothers Brothers' Comedy Hour
Frank's Place
Murder, She Wrote
Houston Knights
Jake and the Fat Man
Amen
Heartbeat

HOMOSEXUALITY

Hooperman
thirtysomething
Heartbeat
Dynasty
St. Elsewhere
Hotel
West 57th
Cheers
Dear John
L.A. Law
The Golden Girls

BESTIALITY

Cheers
Night Court

USE OF BLOW-UP SEX DOLLS

Night Court

VOODOO

Frank's Place

SUICIDE

Hothouse

ILLICIT SEX

Heartbeat
thirtysomething
Frank's Place
Night Court
Designing Women
Miami Vice
The Golden Girls
Almost Grown
Moonlighting
The Facts of Life
L.A. Law
Dear John
The Slap Maxwell Story
Full House
St. Elsewhere
Tattinger's
Nightingales
Cheers
A Year in the Life
The Thorns
Hooperman

CHILD OR TEEN SEX

Kate and Allie
ALF
Heart of the City
Tattinger's
Cagney & Lacey
Who's the Boss?
Growing Pains
The Wonder Years
Family Ties
Mr. Belvedere
Silver Spoons
Cheers
Hooperman
My Two Dads

SEXUAL BONDAGE

Cheers
L.A. Law
St. Elsewhere

INCEST

The Golden Girls
Cheers
ALF

TRANSVESTISM

Night Court

BITCHINESS

Murphy Brown

ILLEGITIMATE CHILDREN AS ACCEPTABLE

thirtysomething
Moonlighting
Murphy Brown

ABORTION

thirtysomething
TV 101

UNACCEPTABLE FAMILY ARRANGEMENTS

Kate and Allie
My Two Dads
Mr. Belvedere

PROSTITUTION

Night Court

DRUG USE

Mighty Mouse
Miami Vice

FORUM

THE REVEREND DONALD WILDMON'S GUIDE TO SIN AND PERVERSION

forget family values—these are a few of his favorite obsessions

Favorite topics—thoroughly discussed in the *AFA Journal*:
Human sacrifice
Sexual molestation
Incest
Child pornography
Public masturbation
Child and teen suicide
Rape and/or murder following viewing of pornographic materials
Suicide caused by women's working outside the home
Suicide influenced by Ozzy Osbourne music
Men addicted to porn who commit crimes
Abortion's causing insanity
Abortion as cause of decline of Western civilization
Graphic descriptions of rape, violent crimes and suicides
Graphic descriptions of sexual acts and pornographic movies
Sexual bondage
Homosexuality
Transvestites
Transsexuals
Drunkenness
AIDS (as a curse to homosexuals)
Cohabitation
Drugs
Illegitimate children
Atheists

Other subjects (and the number of scathing articles written about them in an 18-month period)
Homosexuals (58)
The Last Temptation of Christ (58)
Playboy (57)
Pornography addicts (39)
AIDS (33)
Holiday Inns (30)
Planned Parenthood (16)
American Civil Liberties Union (15)
Federal Communications Commission (11)
National Gay and Lesbian Task Force (7)
MTV (6)
Sassy Magazine (6)
Madonna video Pepsi commercial (5)
People for the American Way (5)
Mighty Mouse cartoon (5)
Dial-a-Porn services (3)
Ozzy Osbourne (3)
Walt Disney (3)
Playboy Advisor (1)

FUN FACTS ABOUT WILDMON

Average number of hours of prime-time-TV programing per season—2250
Average number of hours protested by Wildmon—115

Number of times Wildmon saw *The Last Temptation of Christ* before protesting its content—0
Amount of money raised by Wildmon to protest *The Last Temptation of Christ*—$1,125,000
Amount of money raised by Universal by charging protesters three dollars for parking—$1400
Amount of money made by Universal from *The Last Temptation of Christ*—$8,200,000

Number of letters sent out by Wildmon requesting a boycott of Mennen and Clorox products—1,500,000
Percentage of change in sales of Mennen and Clorox products—0

Number of times the word penis was mentioned on the December 31, 1988, episode of *Saturday Night Live*—21
Number of times the word penis is mentioned in an *AFA Journal* article critical of the December 31st episode of *S.N.L.*—18
Number of American Family Association supporters who protested the use of the word penis on *S.N.L.*—30,000
Number of people estimated to have watched the penis episode of *S.N.L.*—26,000,000
Number of sponsors who pulled ads from *S.N.L.* as a result of the penis protest—2

Average number of sex acts decribed per *AFA Journal*—12
Average number of violent acts mentioned per *AFA Journal*—4

Number of organizations claimed by Wildmon as supporters of CBTV—300
Percentage of those supporters who in a random survey said they'd never heard of C8TV—30

Average number of soft-porn readers who commit violent crimes and are reported in the *AFA Journal* each month—3
Number of ministers currently facing sexual child-abuse charges in America—200
Number of ministers accused of sexual child abuse who are reported in the *AFA Journal* each month—0

NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

THE PRICE OF PRYING

HAYWARD, CALIFORNIA—*Employers, take note: A settlement of $12,100,000 will be distributed to about 8000 job applicants and employees of Federated retail electron-*

ics stores because Federated required applicants to take lie-detector tests. The court held that the requirement violates both the right to privacy and a California law forbidding private employers from mandating such tests.

REJECTED LESBIAN

MILWAUKEE—*The Army has won the latest round in its efforts to bar acknowledged homosexuals from military service. After years of lower-court rulings in her favor, a 41-year-old woman Army reservist has been denied the right to re-enlist by the U.S. Court of Appeals in Chicago, thereby upholding Army policy that the presence of homosexuals—practicing or not—"adversely affects the ability to maintain discipline, good order, morale . . . and the world-wide deployment of members, who frequently must live and work under close conditions." The woman will appeal.*

ADDICTIONOLOGY

LOS ANGELES—*Elevating yet another obsession to the status of addiction, insiders in the tanning-salon business now refer to charbroiled customers who can't say no to tanning beds as "tanorexics." Like those anorexics who believe they are fat no matter what they weigh, tanorexics are convinced that they are pale despite their burnished glow. Some people admit that they just can't drop the habit of relaxing on tanning beds. The next step will undoubtedly be a 12-step program to help kick the habit.*

COCAINE CURE?

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*Buprenorphine, a prescription pain reliever used in hospitals, has been found to have another use—it may help wean humans from cocaine and heroin. Researchers at Harvard Medical School discovered that laboratory monkeys who were addicted to cocaine lost interest in the drug—while suffering no withdrawal symptoms—after being injected with buprenorphine. They have hopes that the drug will enable human addicts to become drug free.*

OFF TRACK

CHICAGO—*The Chicago Transit Authority has been taken to court for censorship. The American Civil Liberties Union filed suit challenging the C.T.A.'s refusal to sell advertising space on buses and trains to a nonprofit corporation promoting AIDS prevention. The C.T.A. called the ads "inappropriate." "People are dying of AIDS every day, and yet the C.T.A. [has banned] an AIDS-prevention message that tells people how to avoid contracting the disease," said the A.C.L.U.*

ORAL TRADITION

DECATUR, GEORGIA—*After its 156-year-old sodomy law (enacted to prevent the practice of homosexuality) was upheld by the Supreme Court three years ago, Georgia found itself enforcing it in just the manner its opponents had predicted—by jailing a man who admitted he had had consensual oral sex with his wife. The man, sentenced to five years in jail, served 18 months of the sentence before a judge released him pending a possible reversal of the conviction.*

AFTER-DINNER MINT

CONCORD, CALIFORNIA—*One thousand mint-scented condoms ordered for distribution at Contra Costa county health clinics in an AIDS-prevention measure were sent back by an indignant county-health-department supervisor. Why? Because he feared they might promote oral sex. The condoms were originally ordered in the hope that they would be just fun enough to get people to try them. Unfortunately, Contra Costa religious conservatives, who are fighting AIDS ordinances, don't have a sense of humor.*

OVERVALUED COMPANIONSHIP

ROCKFORD, ILLINOIS—*A jury awarded $200,000 in "loss of consortium" money to a widow whose husband died in a county jail cell. But then the county went back to court, claiming that the dead man had been having affairs with other women. Since the $200,000 was to compensate for lack of companionship and since the husband's companionship had been less than exclusive, the county thought the award should be duly adjusted downward. The wife settled—for less—out of court.*

HOLY MARTYROOM

GRADY, ARKANSAS—*An inmate has filed suit claiming he's the victim of cruel and unusual punishment. "Essentially, for five hours a day, five days a week . . . [prisoners] have to watch this chapel channel," said his lawyer. "I can't imagine dealing with that kind of relentless programing." Meanwhile, the channel, which consists of video tapes of chapel services, has been suspended while the state considers its response to the suit.*

READER

FEARLESS FEMINIST

The Playboy Forum's response to Erica Jong ("A Formerly Fearless Feminist, Erica Jong, Shakes Her Finger at *Playboy*," October) hits the nail on the head. Women won't admit to the fact that the double standard lives in them.

Gerard A. Gregoire
Reno, Nevada

"But we can't even get them to teach sex education" concludes the article "A Formerly Fearless Feminist, Erica Jong, Shakes Her Finger at *Playboy*." How true. Parents don't feel qualified to teach their children about sex. And schools have fumbled their attempts at sex ed. I say it's time for the real authorities to step in. The ball is in *Playboy*'s court. Please produce and market a comprehensive sex-education home video.

Joseph Cowles
Garden Grove, California

ARTFUL COMPLAINT

In reference to "Congressional Graffiti" ("Newsfront," *The Playboy Forum*, October), politicians are becoming moralists and the guardians of good taste in order to divert attention from HUD scandals and the state of our economy.

Stephen Caldwell
Little Rock, Arkansas

CIGARETTE ADS

If the U.S. Government prevents cigarette companies from advertising ("Censoring Tobacco Ads," *The Playboy Forum*, September), kids will still sneak smokes and they'll still steal change from their parents to buy cigarettes. On the other hand, censoring tobacco ads will not open the door to communism.

David A. Lloyd
North Hollywood, California

You should stop discrediting the sponsors of legislation to censor tobacco ads. Those lawmakers are trying to help people. Your article sends a message that Americans have the right to be tempted to smoke.

Tom Austin
Houston, Texas

If we follow your logic, we should also ban ice-cream advertisements because some obese people will be tempted to eat ice cream. Be realistic.

FOR THE RECORD

GREAT MOMENTS IN DEMOCRACY

California Representative William Dannemeyer inserted a passage into the *Congressional Record* titled "What Homosexuals Do." Representative Andy Jacobs of Indiana protested to the House Ethics Committee, saying that the passage is hardly the stuff of parliamentary language and should be expurgated. Dannemeyer won; the statement stands—and is printed in part herewith for your edification.

"The average homosexual's favorite activities include: receiving oral sodomy, that is, putting one man's penis in another man's mouth; performing anal penetration; and participating in mutual oral sodomy."

"Other activities peculiar to homosexuality include: rimming, or one man using his tongue to lick the rectum of another man; golden showers, having one man or men urinate on another man or men; fisting or handballing, which has one man insert his hand and/or part of his arm into another man's rectum; and using what are euphemistically termed 'toys,' such as one man inserting dildos, certain vegetables or light bulbs up another man's rectum."

—*Congressional Record*,
Volume 135, Number 89

WILDMON EXPOSED

Bravo to *Playboy* for exposing the Reverend Donald Wildmon ("What Do Don Wildmon and Don Corleone Have in Common?" *The Playboy Forum*, October). To me, CLeaR-TV is offensive.

George Sidoti
East Northport, New York

I would have thought that by now, the Ted Bundy "Pornography made me do it" issue would have burned out. But people like Wildmon continue to pour gas on the flames. Bundy was not a psychiatrist, yet people are willing to give credence to his pre-execution statement attempting to absolve himself from guilt for his killing spree.

Richard Wokosin
Oshkosh, Wisconsin

DRINKING DRIVERS

Paul R. Hollrah points his finger in the wrong direction (*The Playboy Forum*, October). Granted, bad drivers cause untold grief on the highway, but educating *them* isn't MADD's function.

Christen David Klie
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

There is no way that I can agree with Hollrah's position that a bimonthly consumption of two or three cocktails, followed by his getting behind the wheel of his car, makes him a better driver than the "lousy, unsafe and unskilled" drivers he describes in his letter. The occasional intoxicated driver kills people, just as the chronic intoxicated driver does.

John A. Cassin
Spencerport, New York

WAR ON DRUGS

In the Sixties, being caught in Louisiana with one marijuana cigarette got the possessor a minimum sentence of five years of hard labor. Yet during the Sixties, more people tried marijuana for the first time than in any other period in our history.

At the end of the Sixties, President Nixon appointed a commission to study marijuana. It found that the most harm-

ful effect of the drug was that the user could be incarcerated. It recommended that marijuana be decriminalized. Nixon rejected the commission's recommendation and tried to stop marijuana smuggling. He failed.

In 1978, the Drug Enforcement Administration began a massive interdiction effort to stop drug smuggling. Huge quantities of marijuana were seized and many smugglers were jailed. The smugglers switched to a more profitable, and more destructive, product—cocaine.

Three years ago, a basketball player died from using cocaine and the next year, Nancy Reagan started her "Just say no" campaign. In 1989, we have a crack/cocaine epidemic that is a major American scandal.

Five Presidents have declared a war on drugs in the past 20 years. Each has called for increased law enforcement and longer sentences for pushers. For 20 years, the profits from the illegal-drug trade have risen steadily. The cost of the latest war has taken money away from treatment programs and individual rights away from Americans.

America's emphasis should not be on arming a corrupt army in a Third World jungle, nor on suspending all rights of privacy, nor on bankrupting our nation building prisons.

Our emphasis should be on providing drug education and treatment. We *can* discourage drug abuse.

We must also recognize that no society has ever been drug free. The only point in escalating this war is to make America a police state.

William E. Rittenberg
New Orleans, Louisiana

People who proclaim that the pros and cons of legalization are the same for cocaine as for marijuana have not given legalization much thought—or else they have another agenda.

(Name and address withheld by request)

Drug czar William Bennett must think the prisons are full of POWs from the war on drugs.

He's wrong. Prison beds at the Tallahassee Federal Penitentiary are filled with men who trespassed on a Federal reservation, made a false application for a credit card, sold a few grams of marijuana or sold swampland over the telephone.

When Chicken Little yelled, "The sky is falling," it was the wise who didn't believe her; when William Bennett yells, "We need more prisons," it is the wise who will examine the use of the ones we have.

Dennis L. Lehman
Tallahassee, Florida

FIRST AMENDMENT AWARDS

In 1989, the attention of America was focused on international issues of free speech. We praised the courage of the students in Tiananmen Square, applauded the outspoken politics of Boris Yeltsin and condemned Iranian death threats aimed at Salman Rushdie.

Yet the religious right, and some of our Government officials, still didn't—and don't—understand the meaning of the First Amendment.

In 1979, the Playboy Foundation established the Hugh M. Hefner First Amendment Awards to honor individuals who protect, enhance and elucidate First Amendment rights in the United States.

This year's winners receive our thanks and $3000.

LIFETIME ACHIEVEMENT: Anthony Lewis, throughout his 41-year journalism career, most recently in his *New York Times* column "Abroad at Home," has educated the public on the First Amendment.

INDIVIDUAL CONSCIENCE: John Henry Faulk, author and lecturer, successfully battled McCarthyism in the Fifties. Faulk continues to inform the public about First Amendment rights.

EDUCATION: Louis Ingelhart, professor emeritus of journalism at Ball State University and a founder of the First Amendment Congress, has consistently fought for a free student press.

GOVERNMENT: Thomas Michael Devine, legal director of the Government Accountability Project, protects Government and corporate whistle blowers against reprisals. He was leader of a coalition that fought for passage of the 1988 Whistleblower Protection Act, which provides 2,000,000 Federal employees with free-speech protection.

LAW: Joann Bell brought a Federal court case dealing with separation of church and state to trial. The case disputed the local school board's decision to hold prayer meetings at her son's Oklahoma grammar school. Bell, a litigation coordinator for the Oklahoma chapter of the American Civil Liberties Union, lectures on First Amendment and civil-liberties issues.

PRINT JOURNALISM: James Haught, associate editor of the *Charleston Gazette*, has dedicated the past ten years to educating the citizens of Charleston about the corruption of some evangelists and the attempts by religious pressure groups to use the Government to censor movies, impose state-led prayer in schools, prevent sex education, purge books from libraries and ban the teaching of evolution.

PRINT JOURNALISM: Eve Pell has devoted most of her journalism career to uncovering Government secrets, most recently on the Freedom of Information Project for the Center for Investigative Reporting.

DRUG

Drug War's Over; Guess Who Won

By MIKE ROYKO

Poor William Bennett, the nation's chief drug warrior. He's outgunned, outnumbered, underfinanced and overwhelmed. In other words, he can't win.

The other side—those who use drugs, make drugs, sell drugs and profit from drugs—has become too big and powerful.

As we've just seen in Colombia, one of the world's biggest drug suppliers, if a presidential candidate displeases the drug kings, they just kill him.

Sure, the Colombian authorities are putting on a big show, rounding up the usual suspects and all that. But for what? The judges there are afraid that if they send any of the biggies to jail, they'll be murdered, too. Which they will.

And as we've just seen in this country, if the price is right, almost anyone can be corrupted. One of the top Federal agents in the famous "French Connection" case was just nailed for being part of a big drug deal. Once he was a hero chasing the bad guys. Now he's one of the bad guys.

There really isn't any "drug war," because the war has long been lost for a number of reasons.

Reason one: popular demand. Many Americans choose to use drugs. Some are back-alley crackheads who will eventually die. Others are outwardly respectable coke sniffers who will slowly screw up their lives. And still others are pot smokers who won't hurt themselves any more than the guy who has two or three martinis after work. Drugs are used at every level of society, from the ghetto to the penthouse.

Reason two: The profits are staggering. The street pusher makes big money. His supplier makes bigger bucks. The smugglers make even more. The foreign suppliers make billions. Entire governments are corrupted or intimidated. Law-enforcement people, from the patrol cop up to and beyond judges, are bought off. And when bribe money doesn't talk, automatic weapons do.

Reason three: There just aren't enough cops to make a tiny dent in the drug industry. Chicago has about 3,000,000 people, give or take a few hundred thousand illegal aliens.

That gives us one cop for every 265 people. But not really. At any given moment, some are on vacation, some on sick leave, some shuffling papers. And they're working three shifts and on weekends. So, realistically, we probably don't have one working cop for every 1500 people.

And they're busy with other chores, chasing speeders and drunk drivers, breaking up family fights or tavern brawls, looking for muggers, porch climbers, rapists, flashers, killers and people who don't buy their auto stickers.

There are 135 cops assigned to full-time narcotics duty. That's one for every 22,222 Chicagoans. So if every dealer *and* cokehead did his or her selling and sniffing on a street corner in broad daylight, the local narcs couldn't keep up with them. And if they did—well, that leads to the next problem.

Reason four: Where would we put them? The local jails, the state prisons, the Federal prisons—just about every slammer in the country is overcrowded. Build more, you say? We are, and the taxpayers are already screaming that they pay too much. Hire more cops? That costs money. Build rehab centers? Drug detention camps? More money. We want it both ways—solve the problem, but don't send the bill to me.

Reason five: The local authorities say they can't cope with the drug industry, that the flow has to be stopped at the borders or at the sources. The problem is that there are thousands of ways and thousands of places to bring drugs in. And there aren't enough border patrols, Coast Guard boats and planes, Federal narcs or anything else to stop the flow. And we're not going to send troops into Colombia, Peru, Mexico or any of the other big exporting nations to shoot it out with the armies of the drug cartels. Those governments don't want us there. Even if they did, we'd have to become a permanent occupying military force, which is impossible. And once we left, they'd be back in business. Meanwhile, our importers would find other sources.

So what is the solution? Well, Mr. Bennett can keep making speeches and pleading for more Federal bucks, while knowing he won't get them. And we can keep telling our children to "Just say no," while a certain percentage of them will be saying yes.

Or we can say: Let's call off the war and make the best of the peace. We can view drugs the way we view liquor. If you want it, and are of legal age and have the price, you can have booze. If you want to become a lush, that's a problem for you, your liver and your family. Liquor can be a terrible curse for some people, but for most, it isn't. And at least we don't have gangs blasting each other and innocent bystanders for territorial rights. Plus, we collect a tax on every sip.

Yes, I'm saying that we might as well legalize the junk. Put taxes on it, license the distributors, establish age limits and treat it like hooch. If someone wants to sniff away his nose or addle his brain, so be it. He's doing it now, anyway, and at least we'd be rid of the gun battles, the corruption and the wasted money and effort trying to save the brains and noses of those who don't want them saved.

It is this society's position that if you choose to be a falling-down drunken bum and wind up in the gutter, that is your right.

So if you want to sniff or snort or puff your way into the gutter, that should be your right, too. Look at it this way: It's a lot easier to sweep up gutters than to fight a hopeless war.

Mike Royko is a columnist for the Chicago Tribune.

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WARS

BULLETINS FROM THE FRONT

THE DRUG OF THE NINETIES

Crank, or ice, is an inexpensive, American-made smokable version of methamphetamine. It is already used by an estimated 2,000,000 Americans and is expected to fill the gap created by cocaine interdiction. Crank causes a six-to-eight-hour high, as opposed to crack's 20-minute high.

With an investment of $500 in lab equipment and chemicals and a minimum of knowledge, a dealer can produce $20,000 worth of crank.

Also contenders: croak, a mixture of crank and cocaine, and moonrock, a mixture of heroin and crack.

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SPINNING OUR WHEELS

At home

Approximately $410,000,000 of the $604,000,000 President Bush proposed in budget cuts to fund the war on drugs will affect programs that help low-income families, a group that needs special assistance in overcoming the drug problem.

In spite of the billions of dollars in funds the Reagan Administration allocated for the drug war, only three to ten percent of the illegal drugs entering the U.S. in 1988 were interdicted, while the waiting list at drug-addiction treatment centers is nine to 12 months.

And abroad

"The total package [$65,000,000 of U.S. aid to Colombia] is more suitable for conventional warfare than the kind of struggle we are waging here against narcotics traffickers."

—MAJOR GENERAL MIGUEL GÓMEZ PADILLA, chief of the Colombian police force

VOICES CRYING IN THE WILDERNESS

"History has shown us that prohibition has not been the best way to control any kind of drug problem. This is a very delicate social and personal problem."

—ARNOLD TREBACH, professor of justice at American University

Prohibition makes drugs "more profitable. In legitimate commerce, their sale controlled, taxed and supervised, their dangers proclaimed on every packet, drugs would poison fewer customers, kill fewer dealers, bribe fewer policemen, raise more public revenue." —*The Economist*

(Eighty-eight percent of Americans polled oppose drug legalization.)

SO LONG, BILL OF RIGHTS

"The real victim [in the drug war] is going to be the constitutional rights of the majority of citizens."

—HARVEY GITTLER, American Civil Liberties Union, Ohio

Ninety-one percent of nearly 800 Americans polled believe that drug use in the U.S. is at a crisis level. And they are willing to take extraordinary measures—and give up a number of freedoms—to curtail it.

- **52** percent would allow police—without a search warrant—to search the houses of people suspected of selling drugs.
- **87** percent would allow schools to search student lockers for drugs, including the lockers of those not suspected of using drugs.
- **71** percent would outlaw showing the use of illegal drugs in movies other than documentaries.
- **83** percent would encourage reporting drug users—including family members—to the police.
- **82** percent favor using the military to control the illegal drug trade within the U.S.

MORAL JUDGMENTS, PUBLIC POLICY

"Drug use, we say, is wrong. There are lots of other things that are wrong, such as money laundering and crime and violence in the inner city, but drug use itself is wrong." —WILLIAM BENNETT, drug czar

THE PRISONS

According to the U.S. Bureau of Justice, the U.S. needs almost 1800 new prison beds a week to keep up with the incarceration of drug-related criminals.

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THE SECOND ANNUAL DRUG TEST FOR MEMBERS OF CONGRESS

The following drug test has been mailed to members of Congress. It is designed as an educational tool to dispel any false notions about our current war on drugs. The first Drug Test for Members of Congress was published in your November 1988 issue, and the feedback was universally positive.

I thought I'd provide you with a special copy of this year's effort. Perhaps through the continued involvement of *Playboy* readers, we can redirect, refine and improve our national narcotics policies.

Representative Pete Stark
U.S. House of Representatives
Washington, D.C.

1. Who said, "If you want to lose the war on drugs, leave it just to law enforcement"?

A. U.S. Attorney General Richard Thornburgh
B. Infamous convict Willie Horton
C. LSD advocate Timothy Leary
D. Drug kingpin Carlos Lehder

2. Under a $2,900,000 Federal drug-fighting grant, members of the Texas National Guard will:

A. Dress up as cactus plants at night along the Mexican border in order to gather data on drug trafficking
B. Invade Colombia to destroy cocaine-manufacturing plants
C. Patrol the Gulf of Mexico in search of drug smugglers
D. Be sent to Bolivia to train peasant farmers how to speak English

3. A 1987 U.S. Customs Service report stated that drug-treatment programs are more productive, dollar for dollar, than interdiction or eradication programs.

A. True B. False

4. The annual American market for illicit narcotics is:

A. Approximately equivalent to the Federal budget deficit
B. Twice what U.S. consumers spend for oil
C. About half of the value of all U.S. currency in circulation
D. All of the above

5. The U.S. Government spends more than one billion dollars per year to stop drugs at our borders. According to the U.S. Coast Guard, what percentage of heroin and cocaine targeted for the United States is stopped at the borders through interdiction efforts?

A. Approximately 37 percent
B. Roughly 50 percent
C. A little more than two percent
D. As little as five to seven percent

6. In 1988, the U.S. Navy and U.S. Coast Guard's cooperative interdiction

efforts, sailing for a combined 2347 ship days at a cost of more than $40,000,000, resulted in:

A. 436 ships seized and 4894 drug smugglers arrested
B. 312 ships seized and 2957 drug smugglers arrested
C. 145 ships seized and 950 drug smugglers arrested
D. 17 ships seized and 80 drug smugglers arrested

7. In 1987 and 1988, the U.S. Air Force spent more than $8,000,000 to fly sophisticated radar-equipped AWAC planes, for more than 9000 total hours, to assist our war on drugs. How many drug smugglers were arrested as a result of that effort?

8. The Surgeon General recently reported that tobacco is as addictive a habit as:

A. Heroin and cocaine
B. Microwave popcorn
C. *The Oprah Winfrey Show*

9. According to information from the U.S. AIDS Commission, a primary reason for the spread of the HIV virus, and thus AIDS, among the heterosexual population and newborn babies is the lack of affordable, available drug-treatment programs for heroin addicts.

A. True B. False

10. A 1988 special report for the Pentagon stated that "increased drug-interdiction efforts are not likely to greatly affect the availability of cocaine in the United States."

A. True B. False

11. The U.S. Attorney in Miami recently declined to prosecute a drug-smuggling case in which the Customs Service had confiscated a half ton of marijuana because the office is overworked and won't touch cases under a set two-and-a-half-ton minimum.

A. True B. False

12. Most cocaine and marijuana coming across the border from Mexico is brought in by automobile or on foot. Regardless, for the past two years, the U.S. Customs Service has spent more than $25,000,000 to manufacture and fly sophisticated radar balloons off the Mexican border. How many marijuana smugglers have been caught by these efforts?

A. Two C. 341
B. 49 D. 1682

13. Twenty-five percent of this group favors some form of decriminalization of marijuana:

A. The Moral Majority
B. The drug gangs known as the Bloods or the Crips
C. Colombian drug lords
D. The nation's top chief prosecutors

14. At a cost of almost $100,000 to the taxpayers, 3500 Customs Service employees were recently tested for illegal drugs. How many tested positive?

A. One C. 564
B. 158 D. 1682

ANSWERS:
1. A; 2. A; 3. A; 4. D; 5. D; 6. D; 7. 25; 8. A; 9. A; 10. A; 11. A; 12. A; 13. D; 14. A

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DRUGS: ANOTHER WRONG WAR

with bush dealing the rhetoric, we're more addicted to bad data than to dope

opinion **By ROBERT SCHEER**

Why has the President lied about the drug problem? I don't mean the little lie of holding up a bag of crack on national television and claiming it was on sale across the street from the White House when it wasn't. I mean this campaign of hysteria about the "drug epidemic" that, with the apparent end of the Cold War, substitutes drug lord for Communist as a Devil theory for all that ails us.

We don't have the Red scare anymore, you can almost hear Bush saying in one of those long conversations with media consultant Roger Ailes. No problem; we'll go with the crack scare. Why else the war cry in dealing with what is essentially a complex problem of public health? Hey, *that* will unite us.

"There is no match for a united America," Bush announced, squinting earnestly into the TelePrompTer. "Our outrage against drugs unites us, brings us together behind this one plan of action, an assault on every front."

And once again, we have a subversive alien enemy to get fired up over. After calling the drug problem "the toughest domestic challenge we've faced in decades," the President then set out to solve this domestic problem by waging war in—Colombia?

Much easier to get the colonels excited down in South America than to fight a *real* war on drugs. That would mean, among other things, spending huge sums on educating the young, treating addicts on demand and, most serious of all, providing alternatives—other than jail and the Army, our two main job-training programs—for kids in the ghetto who turn to drugs as recreation and vocation.

No, Bush is going to do it on the cheap. Cut through the rhetoric, and the hard budget figures show that his drug program boils down to a request for increased spending of a miserable $716,000,000. That doesn't even match the price tag of a single midrange-missile system in our real war budget. For example, Bush wants to spend a total of $149,000,000 this year in aiding all local law-enforcement authorities "to reclaim neighborhoods that have been rendered unsafe." A single Stealth bomber, by the way, costs $530,000,000. And here's how the new drug money will be obtained, according to Richard Darman, the President's Budget Director: by abolishing the Economic Development Administration, which was set up to get private business to hire the unemployed, by cutting juvenile justice programs and by cutting antidrug programs in public-housing projects.

Let's cut closer to the bone. The drug problem is a crack problem is a ghetto problem; and this Administration wants to do less, not more, for the ghetto.

Hey, there's no political mileage in a war on poverty as the breeding ground for drugs. That's Jesse Jackson country.

To be truly Presidential, there must be truly national problems. Hence, the wild claims about a drug epidemic sweeping across middle America. Epidemic? What of the Administration's own statistics that show a consistent decline in drug use in the U.S. over the past decade and, particularly, in the three years preceding the President's speech?

It's true that most Americans, responding naturally to the propaganda blitz, think drugs are the nation's biggest problem. One year ago, 20 percent of the public thought drugs were our biggest problem; now 64 percent do. The most recent National Household Survey on Drug Abuse shows that the number of current cocaine users has declined by 50 percent. The NIDA survey, released last July, whose optimistic conclusions were not widely publicized, revealed the following:

"Current use of illicit drugs continued a decreasing trend which began in 1979 and accelerated between 1985 and 1988. . . . Current drug use declined significantly in all age categories, among both men and women, and for blacks, whites and Hispanics. The decline also was seen in all regions of the United States and for all levels of educational attainment."

What has increased is the use of cocaine in the more potent form of crack, particularly in the poorer inner-city areas where a battle is being waged by drug dealers for the hearts, minds and bodies of the young. The battle is more violent than in the past because the profit margin is higher. And that's because of the phony war on drugs that focuses on drying up supplies rather than demand.

If the serious problem now is with crack in the ghetto, at a time when drug use in the rest of the country is down, why not call for increased resources to be concentrated on the economic and social needs of the ghetto? The answer clearly is that this Government is not nearly as interested as the drug pushers in winning the hearts, minds and bodies of ghetto youths.

And since the potency and addictive power of crack is of real concern, why the current antidrug crusade that lumps all drugs together—when clearly, and provably, some are far more dangerous and addictive than others?

The evidence is substantial that not all drugs are created equal. But most drug arrests are still for marijuana use, which is a kind of lunacy at a time when poorer communities are starved for police protection against more serious crimes. While crack is life-destroying to many people, smoking grass is, for the most part, a mild experience. Yet it's grass dealers who are arrested. When we read about the highly touted zero-tolerance approach, by which cops get to seize and keep cars and boats in which they find even a residue of drugs, it's most often marijuana that's found.

More than 65,000,000 Americans have used marijuana at some point in their lives, but fewer than 12,000,000 are current users. For those who raise the specter of a drug epidemic among the young, the NIDA report noted, "Prevalence rates for youth and young adults were the lowest measured since the survey was first done in 1972." A large number of people have tried marijuana without getting hooked, and there are no real statistics showing that it leads to harder drugs. If this were true, then wide-open Amsterdam would have experienced an explosion of hard-drug use, since marijuana is legally dispensed there in cafés. The opposite has occurred, as was recounted in a detailed report last September by Rone Tempest, an experienced foreign correspondent for the *Los Angeles Times*.

"In all the world, Amsterdam is one of the very few success stories in the struggle against hard drugs," Tempest wrote. "Ridiculed for years as being too permissive, the Dutch experiment is getting a second look from other European countries these days largely because of its impressive reduction of addiction rates and extremely low incidence of AIDS among intravenous drug users."

Tempest cited Dutch statistics showing a reduction of one third in heroin addiction

and even a decline in marijuana use. Crack seems to have had little impact in the Netherlands. The statistics of the Dutch government are far more reliable than those of most other countries, because heroin addicts are encouraged to surface into "tolerance zones" and are treated as a health problem rather than a criminal problem.

Nor has this permissiveness led to the destruction of a new generation of drug abusers. The Dutch government reports that drug overdoses result in an average of 64 deaths a year, as compared with the 2000 people who die from alcoholism and the far larger number of 18,000 killed by smoking tobacco.

The achievements of the Dutch program were cited in a U.S. embassy report quoted by Tempest in the *L.A. Times*. But amid the hysteria of Washington's gun-toting, chopper-thumping international war on drugs, it was ignored by the officials to whom it was addressed. That 24-page report is worth quoting in some detail, if for no reason other than that it describes what Amsterdam's mayor has called a "third way" approach to the drug problem—a "pragmatic policy" falling between full legalization and all-out war.

"The fundamental difference in Dutch drug policy," the U.S. embassy report noted, "is its demand-oriented approach to the problem as opposed to the supply-oriented approach favored by the United States and many other countries. The latter centers on substance eradication, law enforcement and punitive considerations. Dutch policy focuses on the drug abuser. It views him primarily as an unfortunate with health and social problems rather than primarily as a criminal. It attempts to keep him 'above ground' and it wants him within reach of medical authority. . . . The policy is often mistranslated and misinterpreted as 'indulgent' or 'permissive.' In fact, in this society, it acts as a powerful social control."

As the Dutch experience illustrates, the choice is not between outright legalization of all drug use or a total ban, as seems to be favored by the President. Why such a stark, simplistic choice? Drugs, including the ones now legally prescribed, obviously can be abused and their control is justified. We recognize that this is true of alcohol, so why not take the same approach with other addictive substances that can interfere with functions such as driving?

Alcohol is a highly regulated commodity and, certainly, similar standards prohibiting sales to children and excessive advertising claims and ensuring quality control should apply to the sale of drugs as well. We could also similarly use taxation and import duties as a means of curtailing demand and raising Government revenues. Those revenues could be used in massive educational campaigns that, along with label warnings, would remind people of the potentially harmful effects of substance abuse. And the current harsh rules that apply to drunk drivers could be turned against those who drive under the influence of whatever it is they smoke or pop.

Yes, television shows us the terrible stories of what happens to people and to neighborhoods when people get hooked on drugs—then breaks for a beer commercial. Yet the statistics compiled by the U.S. Department of Health and Human Services consistently attribute ten percent of work-related injuries, 40 percent of suicides and 40 percent of traffic deaths to alcohol consumption. Those are big numbers, so clearly there are many people also abusing alcohol. But we're grownups. We no longer—since Prohibition—go out on mad national hunts to punish the nonabusing majority who enjoy a drink or two.

The figures show that most users of drugs are, similarly, not abusers, nor do they become addicted. If cocaine is so addictive, how is it that according to the U.S. Government statistics, the number of current cocaine users dropped by fully 50 percent between 1985 and 1988? How addictive are illicit drugs, as a composite category, when 11,000,000 of the 23,000,000 who used one drug or another in 1985 managed to go cold turkey within the next three years? More than 21,000,000 have tried cocaine, but fewer than 3,000,000 are current users. And even among the 2,500,000 who have used crack, fewer than one fifth are currently smoking it.

So who is the President to tell the casual drug users—but not the social drinkers—that they must abstain? We're grownups. Decisions about adult drug use should be personal.

The real issue is not the legalization or the acceptance of drugs. It is a question of whether the emphasis should be on treating drug abuse as a health problem similar to alcohol abuse or as a criminal one. And should so much attention be paid to the interdiction of drug supplies? The cops-in-Cigarette-boats stuff only has the effect of raising prices by drying up supplies.

And, anyway, it doesn't work. The only thing that does is treatment on demand for those who want it, and education about the dangers of abuse. The Government has a right—no, an obligation—to educate us about the potential of such abuse and to restrict freedom of choice in such matters to consenting adults.

But education will prove ineffective if it consists of purveying shallow and inaccurate information. The effective anti-alcohol and drug-abuse programs that work are based on individual choice, not coercion, and ruthless honesty, rather than deception.

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: TOM CRUISE

a candid conversation with the hottest superstar of his generation about going from top gun to vietnam vet in the risky business of show business

This is the time of his life for Tom Cruise, the still-only-27-year-old who is about to complete a mid-air turn from teenage heartthrob with the bankable smile to respected actor with social concerns. Yes, Tom Cruise, the guy who turned his parents' home into a whorehouse in "Risky Business," treated war as a video game in "Top Gun" and played the consummate Yuppie in "Cocktail," may now demand major reappraisal.

Rejecting the jaunty and predictable success of his roles in comedies and action movies, Cruise seems on his way to becoming one of that rare breed—an actor's actor who is also a matinee idol. Dustin Hoffman, who co-starred with him in "Rain Man," calls him "the biggest star in the world" and cites his seriousness of purpose—which, coming from Hoffman, means serious. First with "Rain Man" and now in his new movie, "Born on the Fourth of July," Cruise seems on the verge of fulfilling Paul Newman's prediction that "this kid has the head and the balls to be one of the great ones . . . the next Hollywood legend." And Newman, who co-starred with him in "The Color of Money," should know about legends.

It has been hard for Cruise to make a movie that wasn't successful since breaking through in "Taps," in which, as a psychotic cadet, he stole scenes from the likes of Sean Penn and Timothy Hutton. Nevertheless, the question always was how much acting substance there was beyond those good looks. "Rain Man" answered that question. Cruise was so good in his performance as Charlie Babbitt, the wheeler-dealer brother to Hoffman's barely communicative Raymond, that some thought he, as well as Hoffman, should have gotten an Academy Award.

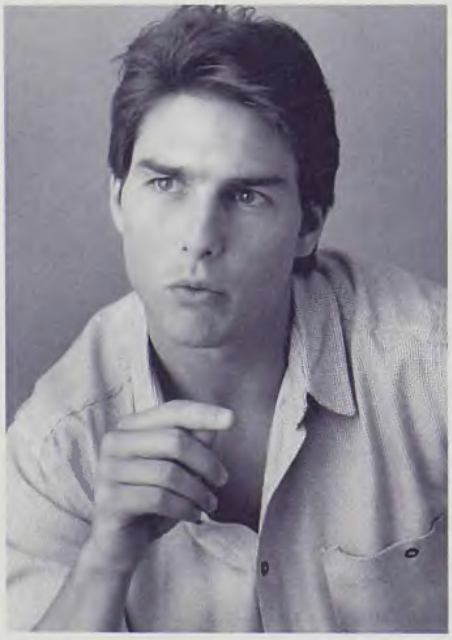
With "Born on the Fourth of July," Cruise takes on his most demanding role yet, a severely wounded Vietnam vet, and gives the performance of his young life. It was his participation that made possible the making of the film. "Born" had been a hot-potato script around Hollywood ever since Al Pacino got cold feet after accepting the part 11 years ago. As it is, Universal agreed to a relatively low-budget venture only when Cruise, like Academy Award–winning director Oliver ("Salvador," "Platoon") Stone, agreed to work for a year with no guarantee of pay.

Cruise could easily have gone an easier way. Even "Cocktail," a frothy sitcom of a movie he made while "Rain Man" was delayed, grossed an astounding $70,000,000. Cruise, the smiling Yuppie, is in great demand; Cruise in a wheelchair is more problematical. The studio heads said they would much have preferred "Top Gun II," "III" and "IV"—but Cruise wasn't playing. The script of "Born on the Fourth of July" did not show war as a game. Indeed, it is not so much about war as about manhood—and what it takes to be a man.

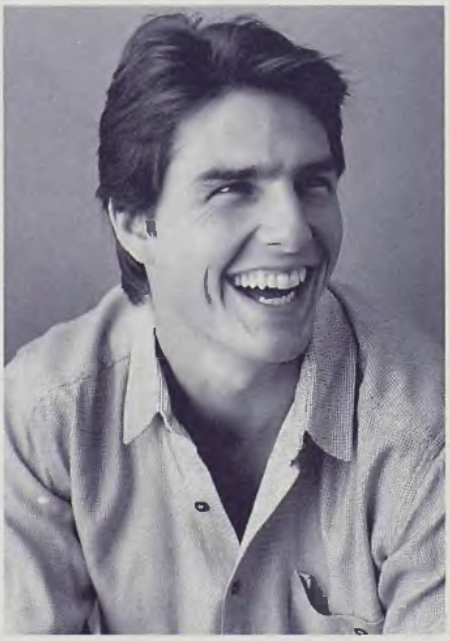
To play Ron Kovic, the Vietnam vet disabled after a bullet paralyzed the lower three quarters of his body, Cruise ended up rejecting his familiar props of casual sexuality and swagger. For the better part of a year, he studied Kovic, joining him for wheelchair excursions, visiting Veterans Administration hospitals and learning to see the war through Kovic's eyes. By all accounts, the experience had a critical impact on the actor—and won him new fans. "I predict a blazing, brilliant future for him," says Stone. "He could be another Paul Newman. He has those American good looks and a surprising agility and grace—a lot of what Redford and Newman have: I've met both of those guys and what amazes me about them is their physical dexterity, their litheness. Tom has that, too."

Cruise has also joined that band of Hollywood stars willing to speak out critically on the issues of their time; most recently, he journeyed to the threatened Brazilian rain forests. In real life, he is anything but the wiseacre Yuppie wannabe of "Cocktail" or "Risky Business."

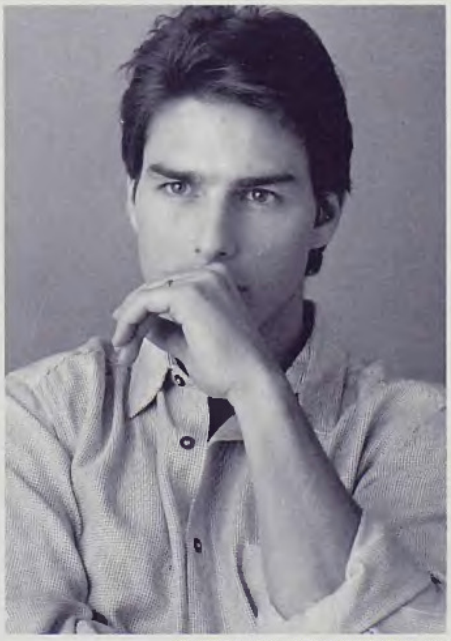
But Cruise argues that he was always serious about acting and about life. He traces his stubborn sense of purpose to his mother, who worked many miserable jobs to keep the family together after a divorce in which Thomas



"Some people felt that 'Top Gun' was a right-wing film to promote the Navy. And a lot of kids loved it. But I want the kids to know that that's not the way war is—that 'Top Gun' was just an amusement-park ride."



"I was in the third grade and my oldest sister was in the sixth or seventh grade. Her girlfriends were starting to go out with boys and would practice on me—put me on top of the sink and teach me how long to kiss. For hours."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN VAUGHAN

"Where do I get my seriousness? You can't help but grow up fast when your parents get divorced. You see your mother go to get food stamps and she's making fifty dollars too much to get them, with four kids to support."

Cruise Mapother III left her with the care of Thomas Cruise Mapother IV and his three sisters.

Born in Syracuse, New York, in 1962, Cruise learned to survive (and to flash his disarming smile) as the new kid in the dozen or so schools he attended as a result of his family's travels. He fell for acting in a high school production of "Guys and Dolls." After that, he couldn't get to New York City—and acting school—fast enough; he skipped his own graduation.

The breaks came fast. He was working as a building superintendent on the edges of Harlem, hauling trash, when he landed and expanded what was supposed to be a bit part in "Taps." That was 1980, Cruise was all of 18, and it brought him to the attention of Francis Ford Coppola, who cast him as the greaser Steve Randall in "The Outsiders." It was during that filming that Cruise was offered his breakthrough starring role in "Risky Business," which was the surprise hit of 1983.

Then in rapid order came "All the Right Moves" and "Legend" and, at the ripe old age of 24, the lead role in "Top Gun," 1986's top movie. He was hot, but as a popular rather than an artistic success, and lead roles in "The Color of Money" and "Cocktail" did not challenge that image. "Rain Man" began the change that "Born on the Fourth of July" may complete.

It seemed an interesting moment to send Playboy *interviewer* **Robert Scheer** *to talk with Cruise. Scheer is known to our readers for journalistic bouts with politicians over the years (including the "lust in my heart" "Playboy Interview" with Jimmy Carter and the* Los Angeles Times *"winnable nuclear war" interview with George Bush). Scheer's report:*

"It was clear to me from our first meeting that Cruise was a lot like the guy he played in 'All the Right Moves,' a movie about a steel-mill-town kid who can get out only by starring on the football team. The movie challenges the basic Yuppie value that winning is everything. I would be shocked if this guy ever sells out what I perceive as a strong sense of purpose about the craft of acting, about being true to certain personal values.

"Oddly enough, for a guy who never went to college, who was dyslexic and who carries a dictionary around to help improve his reading, Cruise is also articulate. He is in a continuous cram course to catch up, studying everything that crosses his path: the interviewer, the book he is carrying, the food being served.

"Cruise is now legendary for his attention to detail, challenging everything from a line in a script to the exact shading of make-up. Stone admitted that while Cruise always tried to be decent to the people he worked with, his drive for a controlling sense of excellence could get in the way. Temper tantrums were not unknown.

"The upside is that Cruise means well and his desire for control is tempered by a need to get it right. Like Kovic, he takes himself very seriously, and when guys like that get hot in a culture that's often frivolous or superficial, they can miss a beat. In Cruise's case, it can bog him down in his own intensity. But if the kid comes across as a bit serious, hey, life can be serious, too. As Cruise said, at least he could get up out of that wheelchair after each scene; Ron Kovic never can."

PLAYBOY: Your latest movie, in which you play Ron Kovic, an angry, paralyzed Vietnam veteran, may come as a shock to your fans. You've given up all of your props: your looks, your smile, your hair. There must have been people who cautioned you about doing this film.

CRUISE: I never felt that there was something to give up—I don't *want* to base my work on a smile or a grin.

PLAYBOY: But in this movie, you're not Tom Cruise. You are not someone teenagers are going to fall in love with. You are a guy who is sexually impotent, sometimes drunk, in a wheelchair——

CRUISE: I disagree with you. I think they *will* fall in love with him—and ride along with him.

PLAYBOY: Still, weren't you at all worried about giving up your looks for the film?

CRUISE: I was never worried about giving up my looks or my body. That's never been a concern of mine.

"People think of box-office appeal just like they do sex appeal. I don't. I think, If you make a good movie, people will go to see it."

PLAYBOY: Was it a concern of your agent?

CRUISE: No. My agent is the only person who understands what I really want. And my wife. Other people just don't get it.

PLAYBOY: Get what?

CRUISE: What I *want*, what I want to do, how I approach things, what I want for my life.

PLAYBOY: But here you are, after *Risky Business* and *Top Gun*, in a movie in which you give up your proven box-office appeal to become a sometimes enraged antiwar guy with a big sex scene in a Mexican whorehouse. Isn't *that* risky business?

CRUISE: You know, people think in terms of box-office appeal just like they do sex appeal. I don't think like that. I think, If you make a good movie, people will go to see it. I have never thought it was as simple as just smiling through a movie.

PLAYBOY: Why *did* you choose to do *Born on the Fourth of July*?

CRUISE: It's one of the most powerful scripts I have ever read. I knew I wanted to do it ten pages into it. Kovic and Oliver Stone, who directed *Platoon* as well as this movie, wrote the script. It's as true a story as ever told about the effects of the Vietnam war on America—and on the times America lived through.

But I don't want people thinking of this as just another Vietnam movie. It's a film that tells us we can't just blindly trust the leaders of this country, that we ourselves must search and find out where we stand and what we believe in. It's not easy finding the truth about *anything*.

PLAYBOY: It's also the flip side of *Top Gun*, which is essentially war by Nintendo game and a paean to blind patriotism.

CRUISE: OK, some people felt that *Top Gun* was a right-wing film to promote the Navy. And a lot of kids loved it. But I want the kids to know that that's not the way war is—that *Top Gun* was just an amusement-park ride, a fun film with a PG-13 rating that was not supposed to be reality.

That's why I didn't go on and make *Top Gun II* and *III* and *IV* and *V*. That *would* have been irresponsible.

PLAYBOY: Is *Born* a redemption of *Top Gun*?

CRUISE: They are two different things. *Top Gun* is a joy ride and shouldn't be looked at beyond that. *Born* is about real people and real events. *Top Gun* should be looked at as going on Space Mountain—it's like a simple fairy tale.

PLAYBOY: A lot of boys have gone off to war to that kind of drumbeat. That is the history of war—young, callow kids marching off to fairy-tale glory as in *Top Gun*.

CRUISE: Think of that: I am totally responsible for World War Three [*laughs*]! Come on. Let's look at the reality of what I am saying—where my beliefs lie. I didn't have anything riding on *Top Gun*. The fact is, I *really* want people to see *Born on the Fourth of July*—it's a movie that *had* to be made.

PLAYBOY: Why?

CRUISE: Because I felt Ron Kovic could have been me. I was interested in the fact that I didn't understand a lot of this—the whole thing of confusing the war with the soldier. It's innocence lost and true courage found. I was born on the third of July, Kovic was born on the fourth.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean by innocence lost?

CRUISE: Well, the look and feel of the picture gradually changes. Early on—in the Fifties, the early Sixties—the feel of the film is like *Leave It to Beaver*, when we used words like gosh. It was a time when we had killed the Nazis and we were good and we had overcome evil, the idea that we were the greatest nation in the world, that we could do anything. The suburb was formed, there was a sense of community, commitment, a real sense of the flag and country, the Pledge of Allegiance. It was a time of blind commitment to our Government. It was very innocent and naïve. It was easy to manipulate people into committing to something like Vietnam. You understand the commitment that Kovic was involved in.

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a period when the Vietnam veteran is honored, but there was a time—I talked to a lot of people who lived during that period—when these men thought they were fighting for something, for truth, and found contempt when they came home. Oliver went to Vietnam to be John Wayne. For whatever reasons—to piss off his mother and father, whatever—he was going to go and he was going to be a hero. Kovic was, too. I talked to these guys about this. That's what they were going for. It was a brutal, ugly, confusing experience. War was not *Top Gun*. It was none of that.

PLAYBOY: Since doing *Born on the Fourth of July*, what conclusions have you come to about the Vietnam vets?

CRUISE: I talked to some of those Marines who were willing to give their lives for their country—or for John Wayne. They would take a piece of real estate, then give it to the South Vietnamese, then have to take it again two weeks later, at the cost of their buddies' lives. How many times are you going to take this little fucking hill? We had no business being there! But then they came home and the whole country was turning their backs on the vets, saying, "You are killing babies!"

That's what really stuck in my mind about that time. There were charges that the vets had booby-trapped candy for babies. These guys would get accused of something like that without anyone's hearing their side of the story. They were put totally on the defensive.

PLAYBOY: In the film, we learn that Kovic's patriotic fervor—doing it for John Wayne and for glory—is what led to his being paralyzed. He stood up after being hit in the heel, guns blazing, and shouted, "Come on, you Commie bastards!" thinking, as he says in the movie, that he *was* John Wayne.

CRUISE: Right.

PLAYBOY: Doesn't that happen because of what we're taught to admire as boys?

CRUISE: Yeah. The dreams of being a hero, of being John Wayne. Listen, when I was a kid, I played with guns. If I'd watched *Top Gun*, I'd have played at war. I grew up with GI Joes. I look at Oliver's kid and he points a gun and—*krpow!*—in the face. You look at television and see death all the time. Vietnam was the first TV war. I remember watching combat scenes while we were sitting there eating dinner. You look over and it doesn't seem real. We used to play war, cowboys and Indians. If you want to get down to it, it is the whole sense of athletics: "Kill the enemy! Let's win the game and kill the enemy. You will be victorious." Taking pride in getting the enemy.

PLAYBOY: You're part of the post-Vietnam generation. How much knowledge of the Vietnam war did you have before you began filming?

CRUISE: I had been working on the film a year before we started shooting, so my knowledge of the Vietnam war had grown considerably. I lived in Canada in the late Sixties and early Seventies, and when I came back to the States in '73, I remember hearing Nixon on the radio saying, "The war is over." I remember people were cheering in the streets.

In '76, when I was back in the States, this girl in my class was wearing a copper band because her brother was missing in action. I didn't understand. I saw young kids arguing in the playground over who won the Vietnam war. Some kid saying, "You know, we got our asses whipped in Vietnam," another saying, "We *won* the Vietnam war, *we are America!*" and others saying, "What *is* a Vietnam?" Even in high school, we really were not educated about it. They did not talk about the Vietnam war in terms of what happened; it was not part of our curriculum.

From what I understand, very few people *were* truly aware of what was going on in Vietnam at that time. Even the press then—correct me if I am wrong—was pro-Vietnam. You know: "Let's go kick some Commie asses and prove our superiority." So that's the way I played it.

PLAYBOY: But you couldn't share Stone's and Kovic's intensity. They were the Vietnam vets; you're only twenty-seven and missed the war completely.

"Vietnam took away our power. The country became impotent and embarrassed. Hopefully, we're a greater nation looking back."

CRUISE: True. Any time we got stuck in a scene, I would just turn to Oliver and Ron and ask, "What was it like for you?" If there seemed to be something missing or not working, I lived it through their eyes. When this film was finished, I wanted Kovic and Stone to say, "Yeah, that's what it felt like." I didn't want a false beat.

PLAYBOY: Why?

CRUISE: Because it meant a lot to me.

PLAYBOY: As an actor?

CRUISE: As a human being. Because there's a message I wanted to get out. The film is about so many things. It's not just a guy coming back from the war. It's also a personal struggle with his body and his manhood, his penis and his balls. That's what Vietnam was. It took away our power. The country became impotent and embarrassed. Hopefully, we're a greater nation looking back and learning.

PLAYBOY: But you're saying that beyond the war and politics, the movie is really about a person's struggle with conventional notions of manhood.

CRUISE: Yeah. You look at what someone like Kovic went through, and he did have to re-evaluate what it is to be a man. I mean, "Am I a man if I can't get an erection? I don't have my penis anymore." The whole notion now is that a man is a man because of his penis or because of the size of his penis or how many girls he can lay. For any man, the thought of losing his penis is frightening on so many levels. Having children, having pleasures, having what it is that defines the male. In the film, Ron is able to satisfy a woman even though he himself can't get an erection.

What you learn when you talk to a lot of people is that the penis *isn't* the man. Ron's injury really made him a better person because he had to search for who he was. This movie's about searching for who you are. "Where do I fit in here? What am I going to do? Where is my mark?" You look at what Kovic accomplished as a result of his injury: He is a survivor. I want to make it clear that he has girlfriends and he's not isolated. I mean, I've seen lots of women around him.

PLAYBOY: You obviously feel passionate about this movie.

CRUISE: I could feel this script in my *balls*. It was painful once I began to research it. I met a lot of young people with injuries. I went to many hospitals and visited them and kept in contact with them. I remember I was going around with Kovic; we were going into some stores and I was in a wheelchair. It was very difficult getting up on curbs; it was exhausting. Every day that I was in the chair, I built up different muscles, but I was still tired. It was a big metal chair and it was uncomfortable going around in it. I went into a store and this girl comes up to me and says, "Excuse me, sir, I'm sorry, but could you please stop rolling around on our carpet or I'm going to have to ask you to leave." I said, "Why?" She said, "Your tires are ruining our rubber carpeting." I could not believe it.

There were nights I went home and I would have long talks with my wife, Mimi, and I just couldn't help but think that this could be me. The kind of courage that these people have makes you realize what the human soul is capable of in terms of surviving.

PLAYBOY: Do you think you would have gone to Vietnam if you'd been of age?

CRUISE: Yeah.

PLAYBOY: You would have believed in the war the way Kovic did?

CRUISE: At that time, with everything going on, yeah.

PLAYBOY: And do you think you would have made the transition he eventually made?

CRUISE: I would hope I would have. You don't know until you have to face something like that.

PLAYBOY: Is it true that Kovic gave you one of his medals?

CRUISE: Yeah.

PLAYBOY: How did that happen?

CRUISE: It was for my birthday. He felt that it was an acknowledgment of his feeling that. . . . I told him when we started the film that I didn't want to compromise at all

and that I was willing to give everything. And he'd been through tough times trying to get the film made. We shared a lot when we were making the film. He shared his soul with me. So at the end, he gave me a medal congratulating me on my courage throughout the film and my. . . [*shyly*] my uncompromising position toward playing the role.

PLAYBOY: Why did it require courage?

CRUISE: I remember I met Ron with Oliver. Oliver was nervous. He said, "Look, nobody wants to make the film." Ron was scared. He had been through this once before: He'd written the book *Born on the Fourth of July* twelve years earlier, and Oliver had tried to get the movie done. The project had been dropped. Ron said, "I don't know if I can go through this again." I remember saying, "Ron, I promise you—I *promise* you, this film will get made. I promise you that I will give every inch of my soul and my ability to try to make this come to life and be as great as I feel that it should be."

PLAYBOY: The film was given a very tight budget. Why?

CRUISE: Because people were *afraid* of the movie; they said it wasn't an easy sell.

PLAYBOY: Even with your box-office appeal?

CRUISE: We got sixteen million dollars. But considering the scope of the picture, that's not very much. Everyone who worked on it gave his heart and soul to it. Oliver really brings out that kind of commitment.

PLAYBOY: Did Stone defer payment on this film?

CRUISE: Yeah, we all did.

PLAYBOY: What does that mean, exactly?

CRUISE: It means you don't get paid.

PLAYBOY: You mean until the film makes money? No money has changed hands?

CRUISE: No, it's cost *me* plenty [*laughs*]. Listen, for me, it is not about money. We did the same thing on *Rain Man*. We never thought that film would do anything at the box office; we did it because we wanted to make the movie.

PLAYBOY: Are you saying that you don't pay much attention to the commercial aspects when you choose a film?

CRUISE: I can't predict what is going to be box office and what is not. I think anyone who says, "This is going to be a hit" before the thing is made really doesn't know. *Nobody* knows. So you'd better do something you believe in and you love, because if it's not financially successful, you'd better walk away with *something*.

PLAYBOY: It's interesting that this early in your career, you already have a sense of what you want to do and what to avoid—as an actor, as a celebrity. You seem to have a kind of maturity.

CRUISE: I have always worked at it. You come in young and don't really know a lot about business or how to protect yourself. But even early on, when I didn't have any leverage or power, I was very careful in making sure I couldn't be exploited—like getting hailed by the press when it wasn't deserved. I'd go beyond my ability and put myself in a situation where I could *learn*.

PLAYBOY: For a guy associated with light roles and a big smile, you're very serious.

CRUISE: Yeah. People say that. I remember the night I finished *Born on the Fourth of July*. The next day, I took a walk with Oliver and I said goodbye to him. Oliver looked at me, very concerned, and said, "What are you gonna do now?" I said Mimi and I were gonna take some time together—travel and relax. He said, "Take some time and enjoy being young. You are too serious sometimes." I looked at him and I've thought about that a lot since.

PLAYBOY: When we talked with Paul Newman about you, he suggested something similar.

CRUISE: During the filming of *The Color of Money*, he apparently noticed how intense I was. I was *so* serious. I always had the feeling that I wanted to do everything yesterday. My whole life was like I was always on the run and nothing was enough. I always felt like I was a day short of what I wanted to know about life, about acting, about the world. And Newman gave me good information about living, about acting.

PLAYBOY: And about pacing yourself?

CRUISE: Yes, pacing myself. Then, when I started shooting *Cocktail*, he sent me a six-pack of beer and said, "You're always working. I want you to sit down. I want you to take a weekend. I want you to drink all these beers." Essentially, he was saying, "You don't have to do everything by six o'clock tonight." And I've thought about that a lot. And I have slowed down. Some.

PLAYBOY: Where did all this seriousness come from? Why are you so different from a Hollywood brat who just wants to get famous?

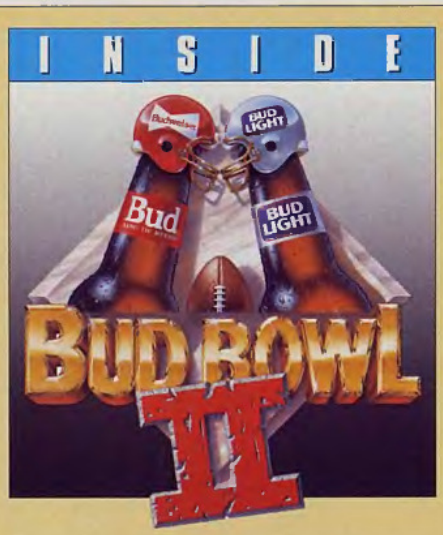
CRUISE: It didn't just start when I decided to become an actor. I was always a very serious person. I was never very frivolous. I did things I wanted to do well and took pride in them.

PLAYBOY: How early on?

CRUISE: I hear stories about when I was four years old. When I wanted to learn how to hit a baseball, I would stay out in that yard until I could hit that baseball. I guess I always had a great sense of adventure. My mother tells me a story I don't remember myself. When I was two and a half years old, I used to just leave the house. I wouldn't come back for hours, and they would have the police out looking for me. I kind of remember the police picking me up and my mother being very nervous. Finally, one day, she said, "Where did you go?" I told her, "I went on an adventure." She said, "Next time you want to go on an adventure, why don't you get me and we'll go together."

So one day, my mother was scrubbing the floor and she saw these two little feet walk up to her. She tells me that I said, "It's

INSIDE



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time." My mother got up, got my three sisters dressed and we all walked down the street. I took them into these woods. There was this pond there and my mother says her heart began to beat fast because she realized I'd been going there alone and could have drowned. So she said, "What do you do here, Tom?" I said, "Oh, I just sit and think and throw rocks in the water." She tried to explain to me that it wasn't a good idea to go there without her. She emphasized that if I ever wanted to go there again, I should go with her so we could share the experience.

PLAYBOY: She sounds like a great parent.

CRUISE: Yeah, she was quite extraordinary. She was from Lowell, Kentucky, and she just wanted to raise children. She loved being a mother.

PLAYBOY: Was she very religious?

CRUISE: Early on; more philosophical as time went on. She went to college for one year; she didn't have a great education, but a good one. [*Pauses*] You know, when I think back, I realize there were a lot of things like that. I was quite lucky. Also intense. I was always very intense and I would do something until I was good at it.

PLAYBOY: After your parents got divorced, were you the man of the house?

CRUISE: Yes. I really wore the pants in the family in a lot of ways. If something in the house had to be fixed, I'd take over. I remember having to take on a tremendous amount of responsibility after the divorce. Work became very important. When I needed money, I would cut grass, rake lawns, work at ice-cream parlors, sell Christmas cards and save the money for going to movies and things like that. I loved to go to the movies.

PLAYBOY: So in real life, you are much closer to the working-class character in *All the Right Moves* than to the upper-class one in *Risky Business*.

CRUISE: Yes, but it varied. There were times when my father was working. I remember that for about a year, we lived in a nice house in a nice neighborhood. Then later on, times *really* got tough. But it was exciting, it was challenging. And there was a sense of teamwork. We all worked together and when the team broke down—there were problems—it wasn't easy.

I was a troubled kid. When I look back at my educational problems, and how I got through them, it's unbelievable. There was a lot of frustration. I used to run away from home. I remember taking the car out when I was thirteen and doing crazy things. But there were a lot of great times, too.

PLAYBOY: Some of your educational problems were due to dyslexia.

CRUISE: Yes. I didn't know my left hand from my right hand. I used to have my Gs and Cs backward. I misunderstood words. All of that was compounded by the fact that I was transferring to so many schools and getting such a diverse curriculum.

Since then, I have had to look back and really focus on re-educating myself. I go back and teach myself grammar again. I always sit down with a dictionary when I read, because my vocabulary was horrendous. If in my formative years in education they had made me look up the definitions of words, I would have had a stronger comprehension of the English language—when you look up a word, a lot of times, it has a Latin or French derivation. When I finally began doing this as an adult, I started to understand our language and was able to use words properly.

In some places, teaching is just baby-sitting. It is very difficult to teach a child in fifth grade who has a second grade vocabulary. I am not talking just about kids in East L.A., I am talking about kids in private schools. I was one of them—even though I mostly didn't go to private schools.

PLAYBOY: Getting back to your father, did you spend a lot of time with him?

CRUISE: No, he wasn't around very much. I love my father, but he'd come home at six o'clock and we'd sit and watch Walter Cronkite and then *Batman* on television. Then he'd go back to work or it was time for us to go to bed. As a kid, you're kind of afraid of your dad, because he is the guy who usually comes home to punish you and beat the hell out of you and send you to bed with no dinner. I didn't get to know my father better until later.

PLAYBOY: When?

CRUISE: When I was about ten years old, for about one year, we got real close. But then he and my mother got divorced and I didn't see him for a long time.

PLAYBOY: Did that shake you up?

CRUISE: Yeah, you don't realize it until you really look back. I was the only boy, and a lot of times, I would live at my aunt's house, because things were very difficult and we didn't have a lot of money. My aunt and my cousin really helped me out a lot. After we moved from Canada to Kentucky, I was on the ice-skating team—I was, like, twelve years old—and so I stayed a lot at my aunt's house, because it was closer and my mom was working all the time.

PLAYBOY: You also went to a Catholic private school for a year.

CRUISE: Yeah.

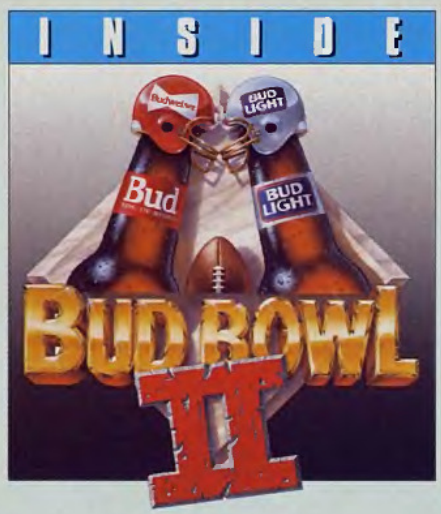
PLAYBOY: Was that a stern atmosphere?

CRUISE: It was actually the best scholastically. It was the only time I made the honor roll, because all I did was study. It wasn't all religious stuff. But there was a lot of pressure in the family. I felt it. My mom was coming home crying; there was no money. My mother is a very proud woman.

PLAYBOY: Why would she be crying?

CRUISE: Because a lot of times, I wore my cousin's clothes and stuff. I had to wear a jacket and tie to school and the big thing was having a bike. I remember the prom my sophomore year, we went out to buy a suit. I didn't want to wear one of my

INSIDE



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cousin's suits, because a lot of them were from the Sixties. I said, "Look, I can't go to the prom with this girl in one of my cousin's suits." So we bought a suit that was two sizes too big so that I could wear it to the two dances I'd go to that year [*laughs*]. I mean, it cost like a hundred bucks and we couldn't afford that. So here's this huge suit and within four months, I had outgrown it. My mother was a proud woman.

PLAYBOY: It sounds like you grew up to be more comfortable around women, less *macho*, than the average guy.

CRUISE: I think so. I'd have been different if I'd grown up with all brothers. Listen, it was great. If I ever had any girl problems, I'd talk to my sisters about them. Some men are afraid of women, they don't understand them. I love women. I've always been very close with women, felt much more comfortable around them than I did around men. Especially growing up, like, if I went to a new school. Guys are very competitive. And I can be competitive.

I remember I was—God—I guess I was in third grade and my oldest sister was, like, in the sixth or seventh grade. And after school, I would just literally sprint home, because her friends were just starting to go out with boys and they would practice on me—put me on top of the sink and, you know, teach me how to kiss. And we'd spend hours after school. I knew when the girls were going to come by and I'd sprint home.

So you ask if I feel comfortable around women. Absolutely.

I was also very protective of my sisters. I remember working at a country club as a bus boy and some guy would look at my sister the wrong way, and I'd stare at the guy like, "You son of a——" You know. And then there was this kid I knew who liked my sister and wanted to kiss her. And I pulled him aside and I said, "You touch my sister and I will kill you." So this guy never kissed her. He was a year older than I was and he never kissed her. And she always wondered why this guy never kissed her, you know what I mean?

PLAYBOY: "Thanks a lot," right?

CRUISE: Yeah, that's what she said. "Thank you, Tom. How many other guys have you frightened away?"

PLAYBOY: Nevertheless, your family wasn't the image shown on TV sitcoms. It sounds more like the family in *All the Right Moves*, where if the kid doesn't get the football scholarship, he will end up in the steel mills like his father and brother. Was that your own reality growing up?

CRUISE: We shot that movie in Johnstown, Pennsylvania, when things were very difficult there. Some of the guys in that movie were kids who hadn't gotten out. It was an endless cycle—almost like *The Grapes of Wrath*. Texas was the promised land and people still ended up in tent cities. People out of work at the mills in Pennsylvania would go out to Texas looking for industrial work, but all they knew was the mill. So they'd go out there and they'd end up living in tents. You had people denying that those places really existed. It was unbelievable.

PLAYBOY: *All the Right Moves*, in a way, tells your story.

CRUISE: I think on certain levels, I could identify with the guy. But I didn't need the ticket out. I didn't really feel trapped.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

CRUISE: Because I had decided I was going to see the world on five hundred dollars. I had money saved up before I went to New York to look for work. First I was going to see Europe on a Eurailpass. I was going to see the world. It was an adventure to me; I was gonna go out and see what I could see and do what I could do.

PLAYBOY: You weren't a small-town boy, then, afraid of the big world?

CRUISE: No. I had been to three different high schools—I didn't even go to my graduation ceremony. It didn't mean anything to me. I was *out* of there. I knew I was going somewhere, I just didn't know where. . . . I sure didn't know it was going to be *this*.

PLAYBOY: Somehow you got the confidence.

CRUISE: When you travel the way I traveled, and learn and see the kind of things that I did, you also learn how to take care of yourself. Unlike the character in *All the Right Moves*, I was lucky enough to live in places where I could always make money. I always had paper routes and scooped ice cream and raked leaves and cut grass. There were a lot of people who needed those services and I was good at them.

PLAYBOY: Were you happy?

CRUISE: There were times when I didn't like delivering the paper in the morning. I had to get up on Sundays at four-thirty in some of the worst storms ever. But there was a sense of completion that I liked. The sense of doing something, having my own money and a sense of independence.

I'm not saying that I wasn't afraid or that I didn't fail, but I always wanted to turn failure into success. If it wasn't right for me, I wanted to learn why wasn't it right for me, where do I go?

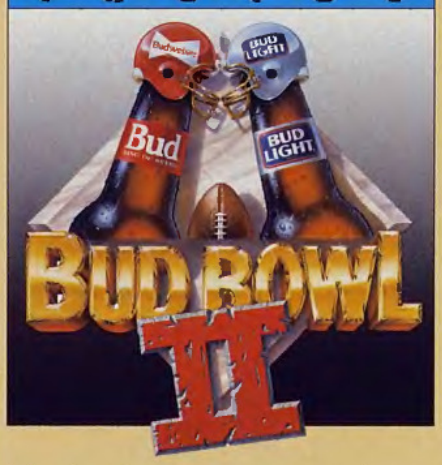
PLAYBOY: Did you think that you measured up to the other kids?

CRUISE: I didn't feel as good as them. I wasn't a popular kid. In some sense, I always felt like I was playing a role.

PLAYBOY: Did you always know you were good-looking?

CRUISE: No. I never felt particularly good-looking. I always had a strange accent; I was always the new kid who was being introduced to the class. I don't know why teachers do that—they take you up in front of the class and say, "This is so-and-so, now you be nice." Everyone's looking and all of a sudden, you realize you are not wearing the right clothes and everything is outdated. But I enjoyed the adventure of it. I

INSIDE



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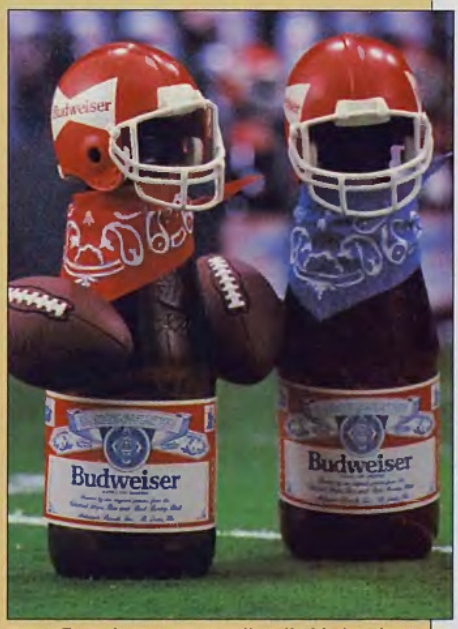

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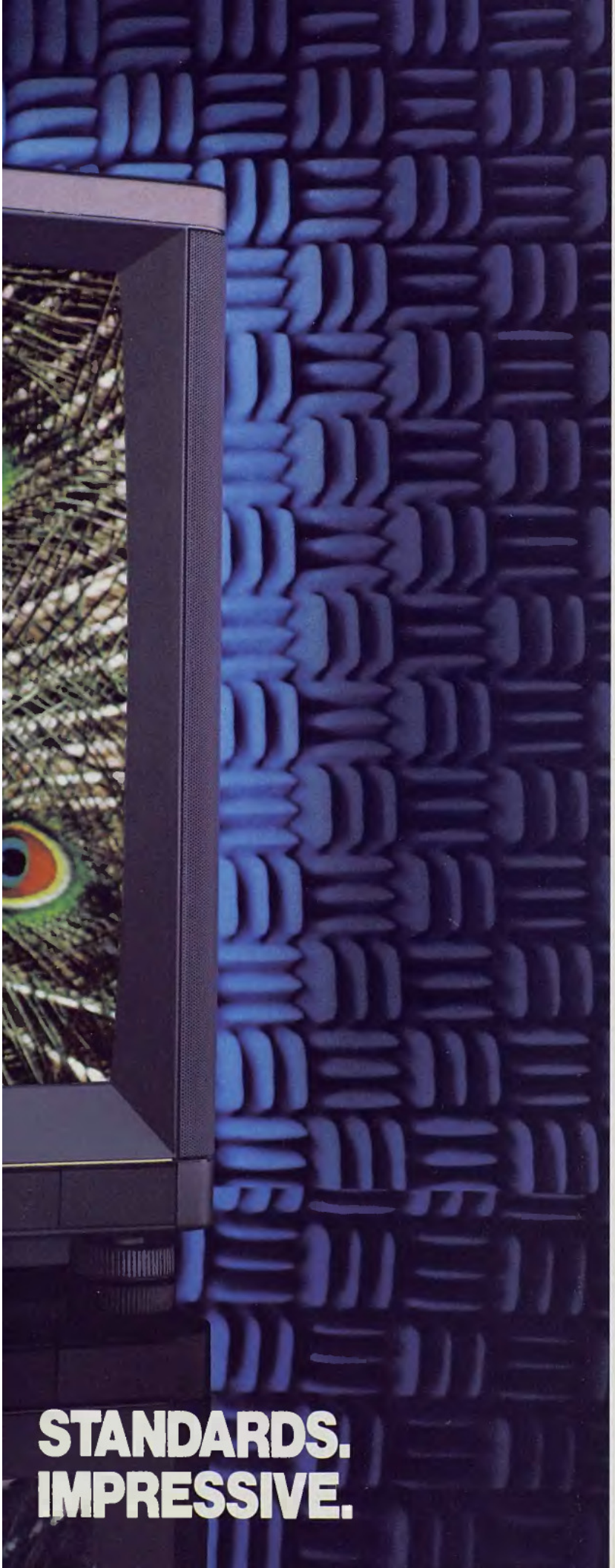

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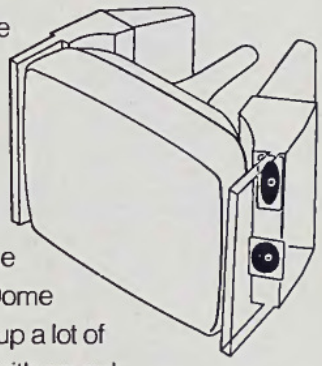

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enjoyed the adventure of going to a new school and going to different places and meeting different people. It was frightening—it always is—but somehow, I enjoyed and used the fear of that challenge.

PLAYBOY: Let's go back some—to your first real break. You'd moved to New York. There you were, working as a building superintendent, trying to hustle acting jobs. And then you got—what?—discovered?

CRUISE: I guess *Taps* was where it really started for me. I had done a small role in *Endless Love*, but that was really nothing, like one day's work. So I read for Harold Becker, for *Taps*. And I remember, I literally didn't have a dollar to my name. And even though I didn't have the role yet, I felt really good about the interview. Next I had a meeting with the producer and the director. It was like a two-minute meeting—you know, pull your hair up, read this line. And that was it.

I walked out of the meeting. I was going to see my family—they were living in Jersey—but because I didn't have a dollar to take a bus home, I hitchhiked. While I was walking up our driveway, I saw my mother talking on the phone through the window. She was all excited. When I got in, she said, "It's your agent on the phone." And my agent said I got the movie.

I jumped up and smashed my head on the door frame, I was so excited. I was on the floor, almost knocked myself out. But I remember dancing around the house with my family; we were all so excited.

PLAYBOY: Did the excitement stay with you as you began doing the film?

CRUISE: Yeah. Sean [Penn] was doing a play on Broadway and Tim [Hutton] had already won an Academy Award for *Ordinary People*. So I learned a lot. We had a month's rehearsal and literally lived together at Valley Forge. There was a lot of heat on Sean and me, especially since Tim had won the Academy Award. In Hollywood, people were waiting to see who the *other* roles in the film were after Tim's.

After *Taps*, I went to my agency and told them I wasn't interested in doing commercials or television—that after my experience on *Taps*, I wanted to make movies.

Then I went on to do a film called *Losing It*. It had been immediately offered to me and, even though I didn't know a lot about the business, I did know that there were things about the script that I didn't like. I went out to meet the producers in California, and they were all saying that this was going to be the next *Breaking Away*. You know what I mean? They were, like, pumping me: "Don't worry about the script right now; we're going to work on it."

But the experience itself was not a great one, in terms of where I'd just been—working with Harold Becker, Stanley Jaffe, Sean and Tim. It was a totally different experience; creatively, it was stifling. So I learned a great lesson in doing that movie. I realized that not everybody is capable of making good films and that I'd have to learn how to survive in the business and not let it eat me up. I knew that the kinds of films I wanted to work on from then on had to be made by the best people.

PLAYBOY: Why were you so determined?

CRUISE: Because there I was, with the opportunity to be a working actor—and at that time, there were a lot of young actors and a lot of youth films being made—and I remember thinking that this wasn't going to last forever and that I'd better take advantage of it. Money was never a factor with me—I wanted to *learn* on a film. Money goes, but what you learn can't be taken away from you.

PLAYBOY: Come on—money really wasn't a factor? You were penniless and you got the part; there had to be something liberating about suddenly making a lot of money.

CRUISE: Oh, yeah. But that's not the reason I wanted to be an actor.

But, yeah, having money *did* mean being able to pay my bills off—which is what I did after *Taps*, and that was a great feeling. And I also ate a lot. Growing up, I always ate what was on my plate and sometimes there wasn't enough food, so it was like, the person who finished first got that extra piece. So after *Taps*, once a week I'd go to this place—some steak-and-lobster place—and I'd sit there and, in my mind, I was going, How am I going to eat all of this? I must have put on about ten pounds, until I finally told myself, You don't have to eat everything on the menu; you don't have to eat everything at the buffet. You *are* going to eat again after this.

"Having money did mean being able to pay my bills off, and that was a great feeling. And I also ate a lot. I must have put on ten pounds."

PLAYBOY: What *can* you do with money that you find worth while?

CRUISE: Well, you can do things with it. You can help people. You can pay bills. And it allows you great freedom to travel to different countries, educate yourself in different ways. And, sure, you want to buy nice clothes and all. But when you start making money, you've also got to take responsibility for it. I guess I was a businessman growing up—always very aware of money and being responsible for it. So I'm the type of person who doesn't just hand my money and my business and my work over to somebody else. I know everything that is spent and I economize because I want to keep it.

PLAYBOY: Is there anything you like in the high life? Good restaurants, fast cars, toys?

CRUISE: I like driving fast. I like race cars, but I don't have all the time in the world to do stuff like that.

PLAYBOY: So let's move on. Suddenly, you're in a movie that you don't like much, right?

CRUISE: Right. *Losing It* wasn't an enjoyable experience. It was a comedy and there sure as hell weren't a lot of laughs on the set. And the work environment wasn't as professional as the one I had experienced on *Taps*. And even though the film wasn't as bad as it could have been, it still wasn't the kind that I wanted to be involved with.

So next, this other agent calls me and offers—I don't know—some horror movie. And I said, "I'm just not interested in doing it." And he said, "But they're going to fly you first class to New York and they're going to pay you sixty to seventy thousand dollars or something like that." And he thought I was out of my mind to say no. But I didn't care *how* much money I made, I wanted to work with good film makers.

And that's when the audition for *The Outsiders* came up. I had been offered some leading roles, but I didn't feel that I could carry a film. I hadn't learned enough and I felt that I would be eaten alive. So when they started auditioning for *The Outsiders*, I remember pulling Francis [Ford Coppola] aside and saying, "I'll do anything it takes; I'll play any role in this." And he was nice enough to hire me.

PLAYBOY: Was working with Coppola the kind of learning experience you'd been looking for?

CRUISE: Absolutely. We had workshops with all the actors in which we'd ad-lib and play around. And I remember feeling very good, building up my confidence in my own instincts on acting. And understanding more on each level; learning more about film acting and what I wanted to do.

And while I was doing *The Outsiders*, I read for *Risky Business*. I heard later that the writer-director, Paul Brickman, hadn't even wanted to see me.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

CRUISE: Because he'd seen me in *Taps* and he didn't think the psycho I played in that could be Joel Goodson, his nice-guy character. But when I met with him, I ended up reading almost the whole script.

PLAYBOY: Probably the most memorable scene in the movie is the one in which you dance around the living room in your underwear, playing a rock star. Ron Reagan parodied it on *Saturday Night Live*. Was that scene in the script or did you improvise it?

CRUISE: In the script, the scene was one line that said, "Joel dances in underwear through the house." But I had tried it a couple of ways where it didn't work. Finally, I put on socks, waxed the floor, and then

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put dirt around the area so I could slide right out to the center of the frame. Then we did the thing with the candlestick—using it as a microphone?—and made it into this rock-and-roll number. And we just kept going, trying different things. Brickman would say, "I want something crazy here," so I'd jump onto the couch and, you know, flip the collar and just let loose.

I saw Brickman after he saw the rushes on that scene and he said, "It's the most hysterical scene in the movie." But it's also obvious that he is an excellent writer.

PLAYBOY: It was also obvious that you aren't too shabby a dancer.

CRUISE: Well, when I was growing up, the big thing was *Saturday Night Fever* and discos, and if you couldn't dance, you couldn't pick up the girls. You know, you were a schmuck. All the girls loved to go dancing on Saturday night. So I used to watch *American Bandstand* and *Soul Train* all the time, and I'd rehearse dancing so that when I showed up at a disco, I could ask girls to dance. I taught myself how to dance. I got all right at it. Used to do the robot, spinning and stuff like that.

PLAYBOY: So in that *Risky Business* scene, you were actually playing yourself.

CRUISE: Oh, yeah. That's what acting is. Finding yourself in roles and bringing aspects of yourself to life. Not being afraid to do that.

PLAYBOY: You did *The Color of Money* in 1986. That's when you studied Newman's acting so intently that afterward, he sent you that six-pack. He also told us he thinks you're the one actor in your generation who'll go the distance.

CRUISE: Makes me glad. But Newman did more than teach me about craft. He also helped me in terms of what to take seriously and what not to take seriously in life. I mean, he's really been through a lot of things in *his* life. He's a very wise man.

PLAYBOY: Did he also have a political influence on you?

CRUISE: Well, I think he was surprised to a certain extent at my knowledge of political issues. And he also talked to me about arms control and gave me a lot of information on stuff that I had no idea about.

So there was an influence there and good information. Sometimes we'd have dinners with admirals from the Navy and talk about arms control. It was exciting. He's got a wide base of people around him who give him good information.

PLAYBOY: Do you consider *The Color of Money* your first serious movie?

CRUISE: No, because I'm serious about *everything*—as you've said. But I started to realize that what the public and the critics see—like whether or not they take *me* seriously—reflects what *they* perceive as what's right for me. Do you understand what I mean by that?

PLAYBOY: We take it you're referring to *Cocktail*, which got knocked by the critics.

CRUISE: Yeah, yeah. They thought I walked through the film.

PLAYBOY: They also thought it was lightweight and that you played an inconsequential, self-absorbed guy with Yuppie values.

CRUISE: Well, you have to look at the end of the movie. It's not accurate to associate me with Yuppie values. At the end, the character realizes that life is not about marrying the rich woman and going off and getting the easy buck; life is about *family*, about caring for other people, not just yourself. It is not about having the greatest piece of real estate in the world; it is about being happy at what you do and doing it well.

Look at *Rain Man*, *All the Right Moves*, *Risky Business*—originally, that film had a different ending; it was much more sardonic, but the studio was a little afraid of it.

PLAYBOY: That was where your character *didn't* get into Princeton, right?

CRUISE: Yeah, he didn't get into Princeton. It ended with the lines "I grossed eight thousand dollars in one night. Hi, my name is Joel Goodson. Isn't life grand?" Something like that. Almost as if to say, "Look at this bullshit. Time of your life, huh, kid?"

PLAYBOY: So what happened? Did a studio executive see it and say it wasn't upbeat enough?

"I am going to see the rain forest. I want to understand it more, to make sure there's going to be air to breathe when my children are my age."

CRUISE: I don't know what happened. I think they didn't feel that the ending was fulfilling enough. I just remember having a big fight. That was a long time ago.

PLAYBOY: There was some press about it. Speaking of which, how are you feeling about the press lately?

CRUISE: I'll tell you: I was sitting at home recently, and I read that I was at that very moment in Venice with Woody Allen, at some rock-and-roll concert. I said to Mimi, "Honey, where am I?" It showed up in *People*, then on all these TV programs—just because some person had called and said that Tom Cruise and Woody Allen were at this concert! I mean, what level is that? When do you start talking about real issues?

People so easily—blindly—believe what they read. For example, I read the paper and I see so many things about myself that are so *untrue*. When I started out, I'd think, Those motherfuckers—I am going to go out and get every one of them! But I remember Paul Newman, while we were filming *The Color of Money*, sitting me down and saying, "You have to take it easy; you have to learn what to worry about and what not to worry about." This is something I think about quite often. But when I read the paper and I am hit by certain information, I can't help but in the back of my mind question how accurate this information is. How accurate are these ideas? Where can I get more information? From what source?

PLAYBOY: A *real* issue that you've become involved in lately is the destruction of the rain forests.

CRUISE: Yes. I am going to see them with Dr. Thomas E. Lovejoy of the Smithsonian Institution. We are going to be living in the rain forest. I hope we can get communities together on this issue and that Brazil will not feel so isolated—like we are pointing the finger at them. Because, from what I understand, they are saying, "Hey, guys, you have used up your natural resources and now we are in economic dire straits and you're telling *us* that we can't do this?"

PLAYBOY: So the world as a whole ought to be contributing to save the rain forests.

CRUISE: You also have to bring Brazil in and have it become part of the team. You can't point the finger at Brazil and say, "Why the fuck are you letting everybody take—how many football fields is it a day?—of the rain forests?" I want to understand it more. I want to see it. I want to make sure that there's going to be air to breathe when my children are my age. It's one of the most important issues that this world has to face right now.

PLAYBOY: So what *is* going to happen to your kids?

CRUISE: What do you mean?

PLAYBOY: Are they going to be spoiled rich kids? How can they help but be?

CRUISE: No. No. Listen, I've never raised children before. I don't know what it's going to be like. But this is something my wife and I talk about, what we went through in growing up. We don't want our kids to grow up that way; we want to set a certain standard: "Look, you make your bed, you clean your room; that's your responsibility." The same way that we were raised. Just giving them a sense of responsibility: "If you do this, you get this." A sense of accomplishment. The kids aren't going to turn sixteen and immediately get a car. Of course, I'm saying that now. I hope I won't do that.

PLAYBOY: You're something of a poster boy for the work ethic. You also represent a kind of smiling confidence, almost a cockiness. Where *did* you get that confident quality? Is it a survival technique?

CRUISE: I don't know. Maybe it's stupidity. I don't know if it was my mother. She's a survivor. And I know my sisters are that way. They're survivors. I learned from my mother that there was opportunity in life, that you could do anything you wanted. I guess that got translated in a lot of ways.

My mother also taught us decency and respect for other people. It's like, you see some guy throw a little piece of paper out

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the window when you're driving—that pisses me off. My mother taught us that you don't do stuff like that because you don't want this country to be a garbage dump. If you work hard, you get paid for it. That's what you do. And you do it better than anybody else has done it.

And then you realize that there are so many people in this world who don't really work as hard as they could in terms of taking pride in what they do. My mother said that it doesn't matter what you become, what's important is if you're happy and you enjoy it and you don't compromise yourself in what you do. That's how we were raised.

PLAYBOY: And that gave you the confidence to play in the big leagues—with the Newmans and the Hoffmans?

CRUISE: I *wasn't* sure if I could play in that league. I was excited enough just to be there—it wasn't important whether or not I won. I always took it from the point of view of a student. I knew the thing that most upset me was how uncomfortable I was about my reading, about the books I hadn't read. So I attacked everything with such ferocity; I truly wanted to understand why. Why? I mean, that's acting: *Why* does my character do this? Why does he do that? Why is he like that? Why are *people* like that? There's always a solution.

PLAYBOY: Sounds like you've picked up a lot from Dustin Hoffman. Your teamwork in *Rain Man* was unusual: We've heard that Hoffman supported you in getting *your* role in that film built up. Is that true?

CRUISE: Oh, yeah, he was definitely supportive. I mean, Hoffman is shrewd, *so* intelligent. He's a consummate professional. He knew what was best for the film.

PLAYBOY: So he consciously built up your role at the expense of his own?

CRUISE: Not at the expense of his role. He understood the limitations of his role and saw the *whole* picture. He had the overview to see where the film should go, as if to say, "Look, we've got to set up *who* this guy is." Because I kept saying, "Who am I? What is this guy about? What is going on?"

Hoffman is unbelievably giving. If I had trouble with a scene, he'd give me suggestions, and it became clearer that we *needed* the time to set this character up. And I think Hoffman saw it from way back, because he just—he's just so damned good. I can't say enough about his level of ability.

PLAYBOY: Couldn't you just coast now—have people pick parts for you that play up your strengths, your looks, your smile?

CRUISE: Yeah, I could have done that after *Risky Business* and it could have gone on forever. I could have kept playing that role and made a lot of money. But I can't get excited about that.

PLAYBOY: It sounds as if you're now pretty comfortable calling the shots. *Do* movie stars hold the real power? Can you just snap your fingers and suddenly the studios don't even exist anymore?

CRUISE: [*Snaps fingers*] Right [*laughs*]! I guess the kind of power I do have is to get films like *Rain Man* and *Born* made. Because people did *not* want to make them. We were literally a couple of days away from people wanting to pull the plug on *Rain Man*, the same on *Born*.

PLAYBOY: You mean you can't walk in there and say, "Listen, you bastards, I am the hottest thing going. So get it together!"?

CRUISE: I let my agents do that [*laughs*]. I *can* make things happen in terms of getting certain things made—some will be easier than others. At this point in time, I *do* have that luxury.

PLAYBOY: Why do you say, "At this point in time"?

CRUISE: People said after *Rain Man*, "How are you going to match the success of that picture?" I said, "I can't live my life by what is going to make twenty or one hundred million dollars."

PLAYBOY: Is that what they mean by success—lots of zeros?

CRUISE: Right, two hundred million dollars. [*Laughs*] That's success. To some people, at least. Then again, there are responsibilities on the actor's part because

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there is a lot of money involved. When I say I am going to do a film, I make my decision based on the possibility that the studio will get some money back. But the basic thing I am saying is, I don't *know* what is going to happen with my career. I am going to take a lot of risks and some of it is going to work and some of it is not going to work. Some of it will be shit and some of it I hope will be good. I make the decisions, I pick the scripts, I have only myself to blame if things don't work out. That is the way I want to live my life. That is the way I set out to live it from the beginning.

PLAYBOY: All right. What do you say to the nineteen-year-old who says, "I don't want to get bummed out on a Saturday night. I want to see a movie, not get lectured"?

CRUISE: I don't want to force anybody, but I wouldn't underestimate the nineteen-year-olds and the other young people of this country.

There are some very serious problems that this country and this world are going to have to address, and I say, "Don't forget the past, let's learn from it." And that's what this movie *Born* does. So, *goddamn it*, see it—take a chance—it will be worth the five bucks, or whatever it costs. It's not that big a risk, and you may walk out feeling more in sync.

Take *Platoon*—people came out for that film in droves and it was not an easy film to see. You know, people are interested in life. Young people are very curious. Look at all of those peace signs from the Sixties—people *want* to know about the Vietnam war. They want to understand. They are reaching for that, asking, "How did it happen? Why did it happen?"

PLAYBOY: And you would say?

CRUISE: I heard the other day that President Bush said that we should forget about Vietnam and move on into a new era. No! Let's never forget Vietnam! Never! The second we forget Vietnam, we are going to make the same mistake again. That's an important lesson. History shows that we always forget. We didn't pay any attention to the French; let's remember Vietnam and become better because of it. Let's not send our men to fight in a poor peasant country for no reason. It meant nothing to us. It had no value. It only killed off a generation of young men.

PLAYBOY: We've heard many of the people associated with this movie say how much a labor of love it was—mostly with the emphasis on *labor*. How tough *was* it?

CRUISE: All I know is that I gave Oliver *everything* on this movie. I had nothing left to give, absolutely nothing left. I will never forget the last shot we did. It was a scene with [Willem] Dafoe on the beaches in the Philippines. I take him by the neck and say, "We were at a town once, Charlie, a place we'd believed in."

It took three days to shoot all the Steadicam stuff and the fight between us, which is one of my favorite scenes. Oliver's writing in that sequence is great. I just kept wanting to play the scene. In some scenes in this movie, Oliver would ask, "Do you want to do it over?" and I would say, "Yes, of course"—all those wonderful words! But, in fact, I was just exhausted. All this shit! Working constantly.

So there we were, trying to shoot this beach scene. Oliver was tired, I was tired, Dafoe had to get on a plane that night. I lay down as the sun was setting. We had five minutes to get this take and we were at the bottom of these dunes, surrounded by mountains of sand. I was just sitting there. I had nothing left, I just felt gone.

The scene began, it was "Action" and everyone was running around. So we did a couple of takes and it just wasn't there, it wasn't working. I asked Willem and Oliver what they thought. No one was sure. We were all so tired. Oliver kept saying, "Just do it again." We lost the sun just before we were going to start on the close-ups.

Oliver looked up and saw the sun over a dune and yelled, "Sun over there." So the guy picked up this camera and the whole crew ran across the fucking dunes, *sprinting* to get these last close-ups. Everyone wanted to wrap this movie. And that's the way this movie *should* have ended—in a sprint for the sun. I'll never forget Oliver pointing up there and everybody running, the sound guys carrying the equipment, sprinting for that last piece of light.

"I heard that President Bush said we should forget about Vietnam and move into a new era. No! Let's never forget Vietnam! Never!"

That night when we wrapped, there was such a feeling of accomplishment and exhilaration, it was a party. Mimi and I went to dinner, and people were just dancing in the aisles. It was insane, it was hysteria. Do you know that feeling when you complete something and the excitement of having gone through that kind of experience? People were dancing on the tables out of a love and pride of what we had done.

PLAYBOY: You should know that as this interview has procceded, we've kept getting messages from our editors, saying, "Hey, get more playful, guys—lighten up."

CRUISE: I'm *lightening* up! No, really, do they want me to entertain or something? I'm not real good at throwing parties. Listen, this is who I am.

PLAYBOY: But even Stone says it about you, and he's plenty serious himself. He also calls you "Homeric" and "a star conscious of his destiny."

CRUISE: Oliver stays up late and writes these things down. I once said to him, "What the hell does this mean, Oliver?" He said, "I don't know."

PLAYBOY: But you do take things *so* seriously.

CRUISE: You get only one shot around. Better not mess it up. You've asked me a couple of times where the seriousness comes from, why it's so different from the image. I guess you can't help but grow up fast when your parents get divorced. You see situations where your mother goes to get food stamps and she's making fifty dollars too much to get them and she's got four kids to support. You know, a mother with four kids living off meat pies three times a week. There are just certain things in life that you go through and feel, It doesn't have to be this way.

This is who I am. I guess we were raised to be concerned for other people. You know, my mother's Southern and a wonderful hostess and there was always a feeling of wanting to do things for other people—whether it be cooking for the older people in the neighborhood or making sure that they got their medicine and their food. Making sure we went by to say hello to them. So maybe that's why you see me as serious.

PLAYBOY: Well, your image is much more serious than that of the Me Generation you're supposed to represent.

CRUISE: Well, listen, I disagree that that's what my generation is. I think that's a sweeping generalization.

PLAYBOY: Nonetheless, that's how your generation is perceived, and you *are* a hero to them, and you *are* saying you're the opposite of that.

CRUISE: Yes.

PLAYBOY: In any case, you seem to be doing a pretty good job at what you do. King of the mountain and all that——

CRUISE: King for a *day*.

PLAYBOY: No, it's not for a day, and you know it. But the fact is, you could have some flops down the road.

CRUISE: You know, Newman used to say to me, "You just got it tougher, Cruise, because when I started making films, I'd make four movies a year. And if one was a hit, it was great." But I feel that I will always work. I'm going to have successes and I'm going to have failures. I hope that at the end, I'll have more successes than failures.

To fail? I don't know. But I do know what I hate. I hate it when people say, "Don't ever change." You know what I mean? Well, I hope I change. I hope I keep changing. My values have gotten me this far.

PLAYBOY: And what message should we send to the editors of this magazine about the lack of playfulness in this interview?

CRUISE: Fuck 'em [*laughs*].

You always come back to the basics.

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY. 80 PROOF (40% ALC./VOL.)
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A TOAST TO THE TOYS AND JOYS, THE VARMINTS AND VANITIES THAT HELPED US, WELL, SURVIVE

THE EIGHTIES were an unforgettable decade ruled by a man with no memory. We're speaking, of course, about Ronald Wilson Reagan, who during the course of his Presidency forgot the names of his Cabinet members, forgot that apartheid persists in South Africa and forgot that—oops!—he facilitated arms sales to the Iranians. But, hey, let's give the guy a break; when you're the host at a decadelong party, you're bound to drop a few details when you wake up in the morning.

And what a party it was—if you were lucky enough to be among the invitees. A lot of us enjoyed great toys, boffo entertainment and nearly ten straight years of economic expansion. Who cares if we needed to borrow a few trillion from the Japanese to pay for it all? We'll put it on our platinum Amex. There were also a few embarrassments, of course; you guys wearing the lamp shades know who you are—the insider traders, the Pentagon profiteers, the sex-crazed evangelists. But what's a little fun without a few casualties?

Now, as we dig out from under the mess, it may look more like Hurricane Ronnie than like a lighthearted revel. To help you sort out the twisted debris of the decade, we've gathered all the heroes and devils, the brilliant and bonehead ideas, the little snafus and the mighty triumphs—all the stuff that made this era so, well, unforgettable. We've even taken the trouble to profile two of our favorites, Ted Turner and Mike Milken, who pretty much typify all that was right and wrong in the Eighties. And for those stricken with *fin-de-siècle* anxiety, we've got some uncanny predictions for the years ahead, plus a contest to name the Nineties.

So take this decade, *please*. And remember: Those who forget are doomed to repeat it.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DAN PICASSO

The Letterman Delivers

WE WERE HELPED THROUGH THE *Decade* BY

Compact discs
Hard disks
Bustiers
Fax machines
David Letterman's top-ten lists
Jennifer Beals's torn sweat shirt
Condoms
Dove Bars

▲

10

People WE'RE GLAD WERE THERE

Lech Walesa
Ted Koppel
Steven Jobs
Linda Ellerbee
Corazon Aquino
Mikhail Gorbachev
C. Everett Koop
Akio Morita
Stephen Hawking
Cher

▼

Russia's New Wave: Gorby

THE BEST *Gadgets*

CD players and cellular phones

●

Sharpton: Fat on racial fires

People WE WOULDN'T MIND HAVING A DECADE WITHOUT

Jerry Falwell
Pol Pot
Cat Stevens
Peter Ueberroth
Baby Doc
Reverend Donald Wildmon
Al Sharpton
Ed Meese
Griffin O'Neal
Colonel Muammar el-Qaddafi

▲

SURE *Sign* THAT THE EIGHTIES ARE OVER

Sex is back.

●

Pop's Pixie: Jackson

▲

Who GOT THE RICHEST

Steven Spielberg
Michael Jackson
Michael Ovitz
Michael Milken
Donald Trump
Madonna
The L.A. Lakers

▼

Madonna: Like a millionaire

NATO Nanny: Maggie

THE BIGGEST *Bitches*

Leona Helmsley
Imelda Marcos
Dawn Steel
Joan Collins
Margaret Thatcher
Bess Myerson
Jean Harris
Christina De Lorean
Church Lady
Richard Simmons

▲

Things THAT STARTED IN THE EIGHTIES THAT WE CAN'T SEEM TO STOP

Aerobics classes
Postmodernism
Nightmares on Elm Street
Crime docudramas
Rap
Cholesterol
Geraldo
The California Raisins
Leveraged buy-outs
Dan Quayle
Prince

▶

GREAT *Comebacks*

Rodney Dangerfield
Tina Turner
Richard Nixon
Tie-dye
Suburbia
Sex with someone you know
Having children
Jerry Garcia
The miniskirt
Elvis

▼

Rodney Redux: Take my career. Please

Entertainment WE'D LIKE TO FORGET

Bo Derek's *Tarzan*
Bo Derek's *Bolero*
Pia Zadora's *The Lonely Lady*
Marilyn Chambers' R-rated movies
Morton Downey's TV show
Joan Collins' books
Jackie Collins' books
Rob Lowe's video
Pee-wee Herman

●

Purple Passion: Prince

Who HAD THE MOST FUN

Ronald Reagan

●

Haute Pizza: Hold the radicchio

TRENDY *Foods* TO FORGET

Blackened anything
Cold pasta salads
Rare duck
Mesquite cooking
Raspberry vinegar
Edible flowers
Blue food
The *sorbet* course
Kiwis
Grazing
Designer pizza
Tex-Mex

▲

Rose: Hall of Shame

Who MADE THE MOST TROUBLE

The Ayatollah Khomeini
Captain Joseph Hazelwood
Pete Rose
Jim and Tammy Faye Bakker
Baby Jessica
Bernhard Goetz
Ivan Boesky
Willie Horton
Manuel Noriega
William Casey

▲

WHAT WE WILL REMEMBER FROM THE *Movies*

The five-dollar ticket
Steven Spielberg
Spike Lee
"Make my day"
Susan Sarandon and lemons
Debra Winger and the mechanical bull
Kathleen Turner and ice cubes
Laura San Giacomo in heat
Kim Basinger in anything
Bette Midler
The good guys: Indiana Jones, Han Solo, Mad Max, Rocky, Rambo, Dirty Harry, RoboCop, Chuck, Conan, Batman and Bond
The bad guys: The Terminator, Lex Luthor, The Joker, Darth Vader, The Alien, Freddie, Jason, Al Pacino in *Scarface*
The wise guys: Eddie Murphy, Robin Williams, Bill Murray, Jack Nicholson

▼

Ford: Driven

Jessica: Art throb

MOST UNANIMOUS ONE-NIGHT-STAND *Fantasies*

Jamie Lee Curtis
Mary Lou Retton (on the unevens)
Fawn Hall
Jodie Foster
Michelle Pfeiffer
Melanie Griffith
Uma Thurman
Jessica Rabbit

▲

10

Snafus

The B-1
Wedtech
Afghanistan
Kraft Cheese sweepstakes
HUD
O rings
Beta
The ozone
The right to privacy
Deregulation

●

STRANGE *Unions*

Arnold Schwarzenegger and Maria Shriver
Phyllis George and CBS
Reverend Moon's mass wedding of 2075 couples in Madison Square Garden
Heather Locklear and Mötley Crüe's Tommy Lee
Barbra Streisand and Don Johnson
The airline pilots'

●

EPIC *Battles*

Salman Rushdie and the ayatollah
U.S. and Latin America
Latin America and Latin America
Tiananmen Square
Willard Scott and Bryant Gumbel
James Woods and Sean Young
Nancy Reagan and Donald Regan
Sugar Ray Leonard and Marvin Hagler
Oprah and her diet

▼

Half the Woman She Was: Oprah

TRIUMPHANT TED

turner, the swashbuckling media visionary, brightened our hopes for a global village

By JOSHUA HAMMER

MIDNIGHT, Eastern standard time, and across the globe, communications satellites are humming. In Paris, *Newsweek*'s bureau chief Christopher Dickey flips on the Cable News Network for a morning-headline fix before trotting off to his Right Bank office. In the Persian Gulf, oil-rich emirs gather round TV sets the size of movie screens to sip Turkish coffee and watch—what else?—CNN. At the White House, President George Bush stays glued to CNN for the latest rumors of an impending assault on the democracy movement in Tiananmen Square. And in Panama City, General Manuel Noriega seethes as CNN broadcasts a blistering report on his overseas bank accounts, then orders his goon squad to shut down the network's local bureau.

If Marshall McLuhan's global village exists, its capital is the CNN headquarters in Atlanta. Over the course of the Eighties, the network has grown from being the laughingstock of the news world to a crucial link in communications for world leaders. Today CNN has become far more than an electronic security blanket offering push-button fixes to news junkies. With each breaking story, it seems to gain a little more credibility, a little more authority. It helps make sense of the world. And it secures for Ted Turner—CNN's founding visionary—a place among the more notable men of our times.

For more than a decade, Turner has been an inescapable presence in the American media, both as a shaper of the industry and as a continuous source of news. He's a world-class sailor, a baseball and basketball mogul, a crusader for peace and an upholder of justice and the American way. Above all, he is a gambler, repeatedly staking his bank account, his reputation, his life on bold maneuvers that make even veteran Turner watchers gasp.

When he took over his father's failing billboard company in Atlanta after the older man committed suicide in 1963, Turner was an unruly military school graduate and Brown University ejectee; he'd kept an alligator leashed in his dorm and cultivated a reputation as a rambunctious Southern libertine. Who could take him seriously? But Turner also had demons to exorcise—his father's death left him with an obsessive fear of failure, say many associates. Born of this obsession was a commitment to excel, which is forthrightly summed up by the sign on his desk: LEAD, FOLLOW OR GET OUT OF THE WAY.

To many colleagues, Turner is a joyless monomaniac: He pursues achievement not out of love of the process but out of some tortured need for recognition. "I don't think Ted Turner loves anything," sailing buddy James Roddy once told a *Sports Illustrated* reporter. "His hands were on the wheel of the boat, but his mind was on the finish line and the headline that said 'TURNER WINS.'" That finish-line mentality may not bring Turner much satisfaction, but it has given him an uncanny sense of the road ahead.

Take CNN, for example. Ten years after the network first beamed its signal to 1,700,000 cable-equipped homes across America, the medium once derided by critics as "The Chicken Noodle Network" has undergone a startling transformation. Back in the dark days of 1980, CNN had so little cash and so little clout that its news crews got booted off Senator Edward M. Kennedy's Presidential campaign plane because they couldn't pay the air fare in advance. Now 51,600,000 American homes are wired to receive the all-news cable network and satellites transmit the CNN signal from Atlanta to every continent. The network has become not only a nearly ubiquitous part of American life but an integral part of much of the world's.

CNN carried us through the 17-day Beirut hostage crisis after the TWA hijacking in June 1985, the 1987 Supreme Court confirmation hearing of Judge Robert Bork, the Congressional interrogation of Lieutenant Colonel Oliver North, the massacre in Tiananmen Square. It provided round-the-clock reporting on three Presidential elections, turning Bernard Shaw into a figure of sober authority. CNN has proved as profitable as it is influential: With advertising rates soaring as ratings improved, Turner's news division wound up $85,500,000 in the black in 1988. In 1987, Wall Street analysts estimated the value of CNN's assets at a staggering $900,000,000.

CNN has also become the embodiment of the sometimes quixotic visions of its creator. Early in his career, Turner recognized that his network might someday effect significant political, economic, even spiritual changes across the planet. That vision, and his unstoppable drive and ego, kept him pushing even as his peers continued to regard him as a joke.

Early on, Turner predicted that CNN *(continued on page 190)*

ILLUSTRATION BY WILSON MC LEAN

MONEY-MAD MIKE

milken, the magician who promised wealth from junk, gave ambition a bad name

By MARK HOSENBALL

If you believe his friends and apologists, junk-bond buccaneer Michael Milken—he of the 98-count indictment for fraud, racketeering and insider trading—is a grown-up version of one of those clean-cut teenagers who used to populate TV sitcoms. The Milken they describe is so wholesome and well meaning that it's hard to believe he's not made of plastic. Here is *one* Beverly Hills celebrity who doesn't smoke or take drugs and doesn't drink alcohol, coffee or even Coke. In high school, he was a cheerleader; he married his high school sweetheart and he doesn't fool around. You can almost see the teenaged Milken walking through the front door of his *Ozzie and Harriet*–style bungalow, his stack of textbooks about corporate finance and generally accepted accounting principles at his side, and shouting, "Hey, Mo-om, I'm ho-ome!" *Leave It to Beaver* meets *Revenge of the Nerds*.

The all-suburban image (seasoned, perhaps, with a heaping tablespoon of Jewish-American schmaltz) isn't his only claim to righteousness. Executives of numerous worthy charities and educational institutions consider Milken to be a generous philanthropist. And the platoon of wealthy businessmen he transformed into corporate Godzillas think of him as a heretical genius—the financial equivalent of Martin Luther—who is being persecuted because his ideas are too threatening to the established order.

Milken's critics, however, find him about as diabolical as his admirers find him saintly. To his enemies in the business world and organized labor, Milken is a ruthless profiteer whose financial manipulations gave license to a modern generation of robber barons to pillage the American economy using other people's money. To investigators for Congress, the Securities and Exchange Commission and the United States Attorney's office in Manhattan, Milken is a rapacious racketeer who masterminded one of the largest series of fraudulent stock deals in the history of Wall Street. In the process, the authorities note pointedly, he cut himself in for a piece of the action so large it earned him a mention in the *Guinness Book of World Records*.

The contradictory images hinge on one simple factor: Whether you perceive Milken as a villain or a hero depends entirely upon whether he did something for you or to you. One thing both his admirers and his detractors might agree upon, however, is that he is an authentic product of his times. He has become a metaphor for the Eighties, almost as apt a symbol as Ronald Reagan, who most embodied the spirit of the age.

Two of the cornerstones of the Reagan ethos were greed and puritanism. Of course, Reaganites dressed these up in fuzz words. Deregulation and supply-side economics were the euphemisms for avarice, while family values stood for the straitjacket moralism of the New Right. Whatever the terminology, Milken, with his financial plunderings and saccharine home life, was the quintessence of the Reagan era.

As he canters off into the warm afterglow of the decade, Reagan is remembered fondly. Yet outside his own circle, Milken is widely perceived as an archfiend. Why, when they represent the same *Zeitgeist*, is Reagan's image so benign and Milken's so malignant? The answer lies partly in their personalities. However much his critics disliked his policies or his ultimately ridiculous style of management, it was hard to dislike Reagan personally. How could you hate a guy who had the toughest job in the world yet went on vacation for months at a time and joked about falling asleep in Cabinet meetings? Milken, on the other hand, never sleeps—or jokes—at meetings. He is the kind of guy who uses his Hawaiian vacation as just another excuse to work late.

What may distinguish these two archetypes of the Eighties even more than their charisma quotient (a measurement invented by Republican media wizard Roger Ailes) is the extent of their commitment to the values they preach. One ironic legacy of the Reagan era is that the President himself brought ridicule on many of the principles that swept him to power. Not only did he fail to sell the public on the far right's pet projects—Star Wars, the *Contras*—but he may have permanently discredited them. And he ended up holding fireside chats with the leader of a nation he once described as an "evil empire." The real Reagan turned out to be a kindhearted softy, just like the B-movie heroes he used to portray.

Milken, by contrast, is a genuine fanatic. Not in his politics: If anything, his political views place him at the squishy end of Hollywood's liberal spectrum. Before the Feds moved in, political cheerleaders for Milken's junk-bond operation included such impeccable bleeding hearts as Alan Cranston and Howard Metzenbaum. Where Milken's fanaticism shone through was in his business deals, which, of course, were what brought him to prominence. Reagan may have *(continued on page 82)*

ILLUSTRATION BY WILSON MCLEAN

IT'S FIN-DE-SIÈCLE TIME, FOLKS. SCREW UP YOUR COURAGE AND TAKE A PEEK AT WHAT'S AHEAD

FAITH POPCORN, *trend analyst, Brain Reserve:* The Glitz Blitz is over, making money overnight is out. The Nineties will be very much like the Forties in their simplicity, a more humanistic time. People will begin to think it's just not worth it to be stressed out and will be leaving corporations in droves to remote places to start simpler lives. Families will become more precious and it won't be uncommon to see extended families living together or very close to one another. PATRICK CADDELL, *political pollster and strategist for Gary Hart and Jimmy Carter, among others:* The Nineties will be the decade of Power to the People. Once "Power to the people" was a radical phrase. In the Nineties, it will be a moderate, middle-of-the-road movement. I see this grass-roots political revolution coming like a freight train down the track. George Bush is not capable of great vision and is a transition President. Both the Republican and Democratic parties are equally guilty of underestimating the intelligence of the American people. They treat us like Neanderthals. That's why people will revolt to empower themselves to have a say in what happens in their lives, to restore America and bring back the sense of community in the country. Education and environment will be key issues. It will be a tremendously invigorating renaissance—a commitment to making the world better for our children. It's as American as apple pie. FLORENCE SKELLY, *marketing research specialist, The Daniel Yankelovich Group:* Work and leisure will be increasingly blurred. People will be working longer hours and have less leisure time. There will be more working women and working mothers. Also, salaries are not going up. To save money, people are going to have to take on more do-it-yourself projects and

chores around the house. They will have to find affiliation and satisfaction in their work and household chores. That means a lot of leisure activities are going to have to be condensed into fewer hours.

DR. RUTH WESTHEIMER, *sex therapist:* The Nineties will be the supersex, superrelationship decade. Optimistically speaking, I think we'll see a breakthrough in AIDS, both in finding a cure and in having more compassion for the sick. As for relationships, people are going to realize more and more the importance of a significant other in their lives. Maybe people will marry later, but they'll be much more committed to the relationships they do have prior to marriage. Instead of three a week, maybe they'll have one a year.

DAVID ALLMAN, *editor,* The Elliott Wave Theorist's *hotline:* The Nineties will be like the Thirties. It will be a decade of very hard times yet also a terrific opportunity for people able to preserve their capital. The likelihood of a depression in the next four or five years is greater than it has been in the past 50 years. Government will play a major role in determining the outcome of the decade by its reaction to economic problems early in the Nineties. As the decade progresses, people are likely to look back at 1989 and think, Those were good times.

REUVEN FRANK, *former president of NBC News:* I'm the man who predicted that the VCR would never make it in America. Still, if you want my prediction about the network news in the next ten years, it would have to be that I'm not sure there's going to be any, at least not in the sense of a regular network-news presentation on a daily basis. Network news today has too little to offer that is not available elsewhere. More and more, the networks are providing news services to cable stations—material that you once had to tune in to the networks to get. More and more, the networks will specialize in interviews instead of straight news. I would guess that very early in the Nineties, at least one network will drop straight news presentations.

KEN DYCHTWALD, *author of "Age Wave":* The Nineties will be like no other decade. Since we're so chronologically oriented, the entrance into a new millennium will have a profound effect on people. It will build to a psychological peak, punctuated by introspection, which will lead to wide interest in religion and global existence. Part of this will stem from the fact that we'll all be maturing. Americans will find themselves sandwiched between generations, many taking care of as many parents as children.

RICHARD LEWIS, *comedian:* Sadly, I feel that the Nineties will be known mainly as the Decade of Innovative Masturbation, and I'm penning an instructive book on the subject. I also think it will be most famous as the decade that Mario Cuomo either becomes President of the U.S. or has his own series. In a narcissistic vein, it will be the decade in which I break the therapy record; around 1995, I will have entered my fourth decade of treatment. I have outlived many of my therapists already. In the Nineties, at least one of them should retire a couch in my honor. Or maybe they will retire my appointment nationally. No psychologist will ever again see a patient at eight A.M., in my honor.

ZAREH KHEDERLARIAN, *men's-fashion executive for Politix/Sonneti:* Men will be more fashion conscious and spend more on clothes than in the Eighties. But they will also be more individualistic and nonconformist. The new executive male may still dress in a suit and tie but in a much more individualistic way. Instead of striped or foulard, the tie will be loud, colorful. The jacket and pants probably won't match. Both will be loose and baggy. In general, men's clothes will be nontailored, unconstructed, softer, with less padding and seaming.

MARLA EDELSTEIN, *manager, Creative Food Center, Ogilvy & Mather:* The supermarket will become the new takeout restaurant. Meanwhile, both restaurants and supermarkets will offer delivery services. Frozen children's meals will be a growth category. There will be a variety of children-oriented snacks and meals that latch-key children can pop into the microwave. Breakfast will also become a bigger frozen-food category. Chilled items such as spaghetti sauces or chicken *cordon bleu* will also expand, because consumers perceive them as fresher, more gourmet than frozen.

ORLANDO PATTERSON, *sociology professor, Harvard University:* America will see the twilight of its economic and political supremacy. Its culture, however, will dominate and influence the entire world as it hasn't in the past. There will be radical changes in attitudes about race, moving away from a binary system of black and white, since the country's demographic make-up will be fractured with a large Hispanic and influential Asian population. Abroad, nation-states will be replaced with economic blocs, changing trade dramatically. This "postnational" era will be a lot like the 1890s.

PAUL MAC CREADY, *inventor, engineer, world-champion glider pilot:* The entire world will be connected by fiber optics and we'll travel electronically to conferences in full-color video. By the end of 1999, we'll see huge advances in this direction. Beyond that, I seriously think that eventually, the only surviving intelligent form on the planet will be computers and robots. They will take us over. There will be a transition period, where they'll keep us as pets for a while, but they'll find out that we're superfluous. I really think that will happen—it's a question of when, not if.

PAUL ERDMAN, *economist, author:* The great threat that has been hanging over our heads—a confrontation between the Soviets and us—is disappearing. If it results in a demilitarization of American society, it can mean great prosperity. The U.S. open door to immigration will attract new blood—entrepreneurs from Hong Kong and elsewhere—that will make us more competitive. Japan and West Germany have closed doors to immigration and a rapidly aging population, which means the burden of their societies will grow.

GEORGE LOIS, *chairman and creative director, LOIS/GGK, an advertising agency:* The Seventies were the Me Decade. The Eighties were the Decade of Greed. The Nineties will be the Decade of Need. Americans will be forced, because of their means, to buy products that are made better, that are not frivolous and that last. Advertisers must respond to the needs of an increasingly middle-aged country that is not realizing the American dream.

AL NEUHARTH, *founder of* USA Today: We'll have fewer wimps. The Nineties will benefit those who look out for themselves, not out of greed but out of self-preservation. People who meekly hope for the best will be left behind. Newspapers will be like *USA Today*, but even more so. The best will have more color pictures and more graphics. There will be more national and regional newspapers, more newspapers custom-tailored to the Zip Code and the demographics and more small-community dailies and weeklies. The big-city dailies stand to suffer if they don't get with it.

DAVE BARRY, *humorist:* Name that decade? I would call it Bob. My prediction: There will be big interest in designer dentalwork. Really good root canals and gumwork will be highly valued.

T. BOONE PICKENS, *chairman, Mesa Limited Partnership:* The Nineties will be the Decade of the Lean and Mean. Fat and sloppy never wins. That will be true even more so in the next decade. Size of companies will become less meaningful. Results will be more important. Management is going to have to increase the yield to its stockholders. In the oil and gas industry, look for prices in natural gas to go up substantially when sold on parity with crude oil, which I predict will happen early in the decade.

JOSEPH WAMBAUGH, *author, former cop:* Genetic fingerprinting is the greatest breakthrough in forensic science since the discovery of regular fingerprinting 100 years ago. It's a way to specifically identify one human being from all others on the basis of his hair root, skin, blood, semen, saliva, and so on. In the Nineties, this science *(continued on page 186)*

preached the gospel of greed, but Milken actually believed it. In junk bonds, he believed he had discovered the Holy Grail of modern finance.

Milken did not invent junk bonds. Like the Holy Grail, they were a discarded but mythic relic of an earlier golden age. According to Connie Bruck, author of an investigative book about Milken's activities, the financier discovered junk bonds as an undergraduate at Berkeley, while reading a dense academic study titled *Corporate Bond Quality and Investor Experience*, by someone named W. Braddock Hickman. Anyone who would be awe-struck by an analysis of 43 years of corporate-bond performance had to be a little weird. Milken, however, took this weirdness to extremes by investing it with messianic passion. First he became the Saint Peter of high-yield securities. In the Beverly Hills office of Drexel Burnham Lambert, he ran an evangelical operation to spread his greedy gospel around the globe. But merely selling junk bonds was not enough for Milken. People had to believe in them, and in him, as well. So he became the Jimmy Swaggart of junk. (Curiously, Milken once considered launching a junk-bond issue to rescue the PTL evangelical empire sundered by Jim and Tammy Bakker.) He carried the word to analysts' meetings, real-estate dinners and, above all, his own conferences on high-yield securities. At each annual gala, known as "The Predators' Ball," Milken would hold forth about his financial concepts and receive the adulation of his cheering section. This would customarily be composed of a selection of politicians his lobbyists had cultivated, such as the aforementioned Senators Metzenbaum and Cranston, and take-over sharks whose depredations he had bankrolled, such as Ivan Boesky, Carl Icahn and T. Boone Pickens.

Ronald Reagan endeared himself to the American public by turning self-deprecation and laziness into national virtues. Sloth and humility were as essential to the emotional chemistry of the Eighties as greed, but these modest qualities never entered Milken's lexicon. Arrogant and driven are the two adjectives used most frequently to describe him. If anything, they understate his behavior. Even as a teenager, he slept only three or four hours a night, according to one biographer; as the rising supernova of modern finance, he would be up at four in the morning so he could be at his desk on the Drexel Burnham Lambert trading floor before opening bell of the New York Stock Exchange, which rang at 5:30 A.M. Los Angeles time.

His work routine was frenetic. The Milken style was to schedule several meetings for the same hour. He would have his staff usher different parties into different rooms, then he would charge from meeting to meeting, switching his attention from one complex deal to another as easily as a virtuoso pianist switches from Mozart to Gershwin. In a 1980 SEC deposition cited by Connie Bruck, Milken testified that on routine workdays, he handled around 200 telephone calls. In a deposition two years later, he claimed he took as many as 500 phone calls a day. While talking on the phone, he would also be buying and selling stocks and bonds. In a September 1986 deposition, he claimed he performed as many as 1000 transactions each day.

Milken coupled these obsessive, if not pathological, work habits with a messianic—or demonic, depending upon your point of view—belief in his financial theories and in his own unique ability to execute them. You might get excited, too, if you believed you had found the Holy Grail. Religious wars have been fought for less. Milken sought to propagate the dogma of junk bonds with the fanaticism of a crusader. He argued that junk bonds were not merely a useful financial instrument but also a righteous financial instrument. Junk bonds would provide the financing to wake up the stagnating American economy. They would allow lean, mean corporate raiders such as Icahn, Boesky and Pickens to shake up complacent corporate managers who had allowed the cutting edge of American innovation to grow dull. Junk bonds would empower the financially powerless. They would provide previously unimaginable sources of capital for workers to buy their own factories. They would give minority entrepreneurs, who for reasons of prejudice were shunned by banks and Wall Street, the wherewithal to embark on deals that, before Milken, would have been pipe dreams. Junk bonds, or at least the principles behind them, might even solve some of the world's most intractable financial problems, the huge foreign-exchange debts rung up by Latin-American and Communist nations such as Brazil and Poland, whose poor creditworthiness threatened to drive their economies—and possibly many large Western banks—into insolvency.

Although Milken and his supporters still find it difficult if not impossible to admit, there was a down side to all this financial wizardry. Corporate raiders who used junk bonds for friendly take-overs may have shaken up complacent managements, but they often had to shut down factories and lay off thousands of workers to pay the premium interest rates that their debt carried. Leveraged-buy-out operatives found that they could use junk-bond financing to take over huge companies, but then they had to break the companies into parts and sell them off to pay back what they had borrowed.

The idea of creative debt fit in with the political spirit of the Eighties: What could be more imaginative than the belief that a 2.7-trillion-dollar Federal budget deficit would keep the economy booming? But lately, the potentially devastating consequences of all this debt have begun to cloud the sunbeams of mindless optimism with which Reaganomics illuminated the Eighties. Congress is forcing the already-foundering savings-and-loan industry to dispose of the dubious hoard of junk bonds it acquired in its increasingly desperate efforts to claw its way back to profitability. If junk-bond prices across the board go through the floor, what kind of omen is that for a Government kept afloat by debt?

While the rest of us nervously watch the horizon, Milken has a more immediate concern: the 98-count indictment against him. His supporters assert that there should be no criminal charges because there was no criminal intent. Their explanation for Milken's slide into alleged criminality is that he was so confident in himself yet so besieged with deals that he simply had too little time to pay attention to unprofitable issues such as ethics or legality. The uncharitable explanation is that he became entranced by greed for greed's sake. For Milken, making money may have been the means of keeping score in the game of life; the question now is how much he may have cheated to win.

Government investigators, who have made virtually full-time careers out of the affairs of Milken and his associates, have collected strong evidence that even some of the more idealistic Milken enterprises were twisted to the purpose of making more cash. Some of his four family charities were involved in junk-bond deals; on one occasion, according to a complaint filed by the SEC, a Milken foundation was used to facilitate a questionable deal by insider trader Ivan Boesky (the charity was not charged). Some of Milken's liberal-minded political acquaintances—former House Democratic Whip Tony Coelho and Los Angeles mayor Tom Bradley come to mind—found themselves in trouble when their friendship with a man of such great wealth apparently led them to drop their ethical guard and become involved in investment deals with his associates.

Milken's harshest critics, however,

(concluded on page 194)

"Sorry, dear—I'm afraid I'm not very good company tonight."

TEXAS TWISTER

JOAN SEVERANCE, *WISEGUY*'S BAD GIRL, SEGUES TO BIG-SCREEN STARDOM

***text by* BRUCE WILLIAMSON**

HER EYES MESMERIZE you, even before you notice the classic love-goddess figure. They're penetrating, startlingly bright eyes, as distinctive in their way as Jack Nicholson's killer grin. Small wonder that Texas-born beauty Joan Severance first captivated audiences as the sexy, wicked, incestuous Susan Profitt in the CBS-TV series sleeper *Wiseguy*. She moved on to major roles in two 1989 box-office hits: *See No Evil, Hear No Evil*, being baaad again with Gene Wilder and Richard Pryor, then *No Holds Barred*, as the main squeeze of wrestling star Hulk Hogan. In typical no-nonsense style, Joan sums up this exclusive *Playboy* pictorial, shot by photographer Mark Abrahams: "I met Mark and took my clothes off." Later, she swathed herself "in some black stuff" for the portrait opposite.

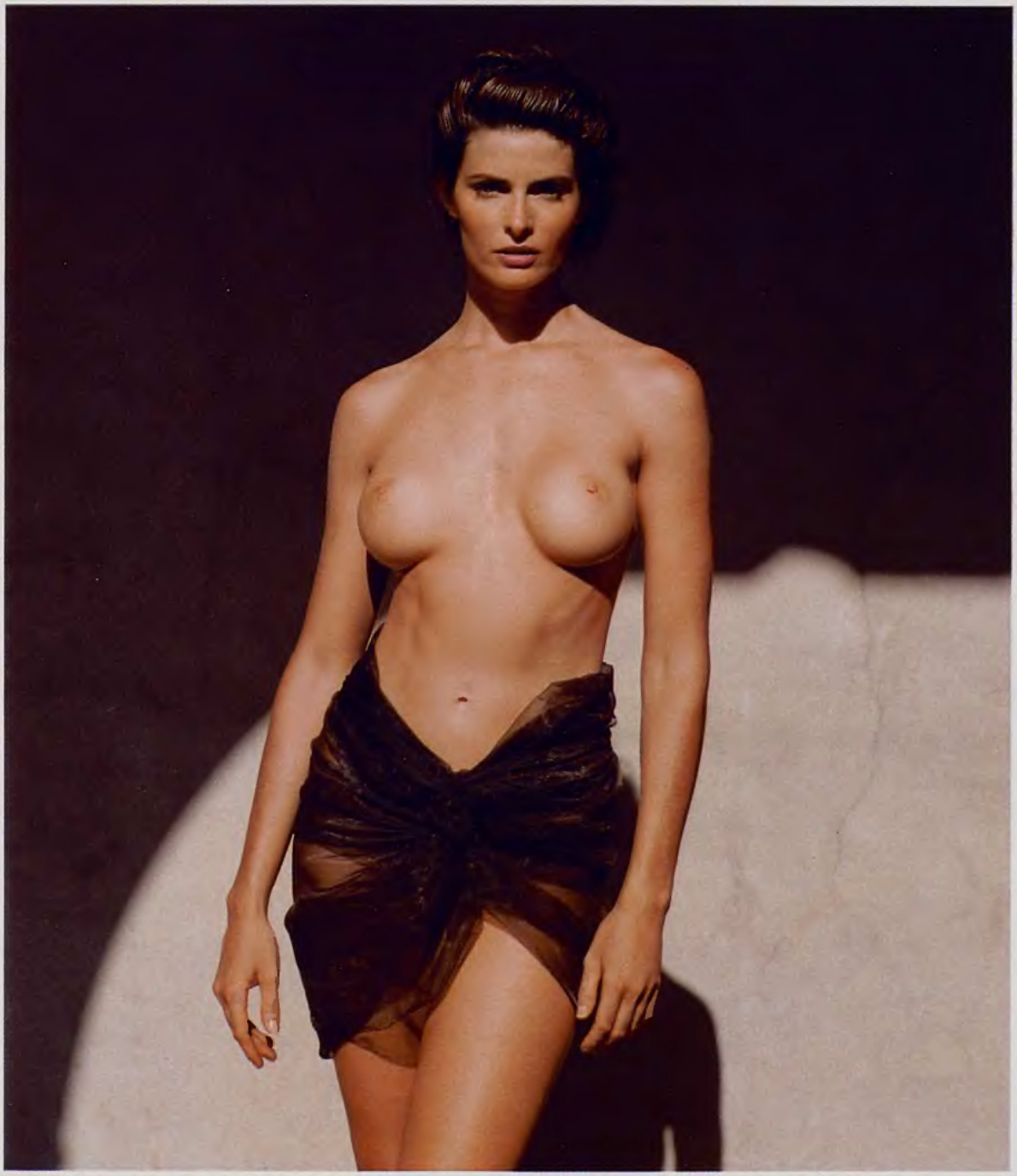
PHOTOGRAPHED EXCLUSIVELY FOR *PLAYBOY* BY MARK ABRAHAMS

PRODUCED BY GEORGE NEWELL INC., L.A.

Joan began modeling at 15 to earn money for college. "I got accepted at Texas A&M and had this crazy ambition to be a veterinarian in Africa and breed miniaturized wild animals that people would keep for pets." Short of tuition money, she entered a Miss Houston beauty contest at 18, didn't win but wound up in Paris, where her photogenic genes were a wow. "Those *incredible* steel-blue eyes . . . all the designers loved her," recalls George Newell, a longtime friend and himself a former model who did Joan's make-up for this pictorial. "But she wasn't the all-American girl, never could be. She's too exotic. In New York, I used to drag her along to acting auditions. They'd put her in front of a camera and just melt. But Joan wasn't yet ready." It took years of heady success and marriage to—and divorce from—a French male model before Severance opted to broaden her horizons in Hollywood. Meanwhile, she had graduated from *haute couture* to *haute cuisine*. After a course with the master chef at Le Moulin de Mougins in the south of France, she and her then-husband ran what Joan calls "a little *nouvelle* Mexican restaurant in the Catskills. He was the maître d', being very charming out front. I was the cook—chopping, sweating, getting screamed at and shoveling out a hundred and sixty meals a night. That was the end of me in the restaurant business." The marriage ended, too, but amicably. Now 31 and seriously focused on her acting career, Joan preserves a healthy sense of humor about life off screen and on. "Susan Profitt in *Wiseguy* was my first real part, and it was great. She was a little psychotic, obsessive . . . all that good stuff." Severance giggles while savoring a rich dessert at L.A.'s fashionable Le Dôme restaurant. She doesn't have to watch her weight. But you can, in the picture below, or, opposite, "just clowning . . . acting like a bird."

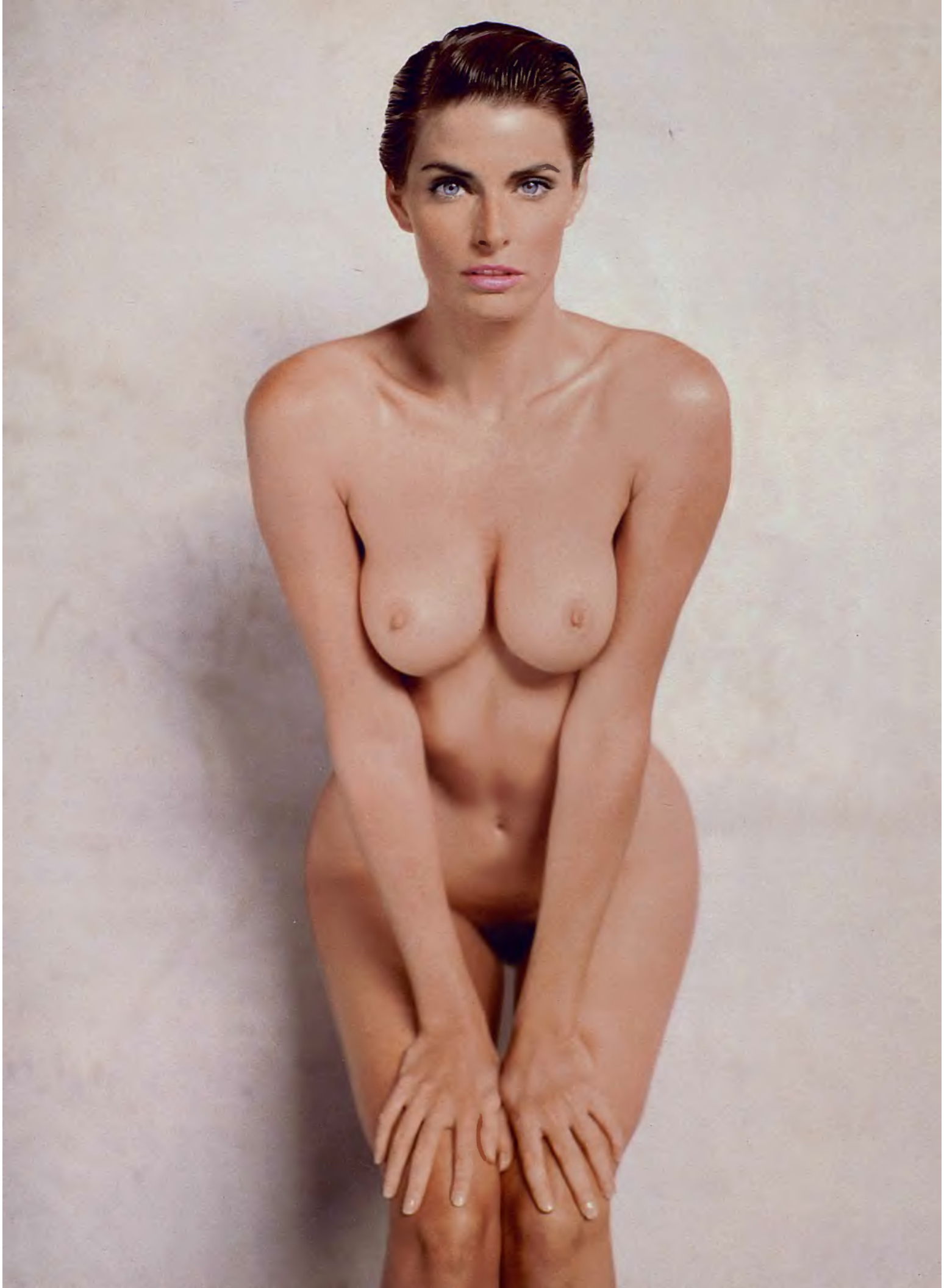
Speaking of pictures, Joan wanted to re-create the mood of old-time movie photos. She sets the tone wearing GI-style dog tags. "They were a gift. And I wear them now and then, in case I get lost." No little girl lost is she, and Severance particularly likes the reflective poolside portrait done at a mansion in L.A.'s Hancock Park. "It was a beautiful sort of Italian villa. This has a Renaissance look and seems very private to me. Here, I felt I was caught doing something that I didn't want anyone to see." If she had her way, Joan would live in Italy between movie roles and maybe, someday, "operate a little country inn somewhere." But not in France. "I can't live in France. The French are too rude. My last boyfriend was French, and he ruined it for me." Eat your heart out, unlucky Pierre.

Grueling heat during three days of photo sessions made everyone giddy, Joan recalls. "It was so hot, we were *all* nude by the time we finished. I'm laughing because the photographer had his pants off, and it struck me funny the way he kept covering himself. I was just mocking his embarrassment." Photographer Abrahams responds with the naked truth about his subject: "She's a real free spirit . . . soft, sensuous, pretty headstrong and the best girl I've ever shot without a doubt." Joan sees her true self in the attitude expressed below. "It's very direct. Here I am—it's *me*." The former Houston teenager who wanted to be a veterinarian finally gets her wish in the upcoming action comedy *Bird on a Wire*. Joan plays a vet vying with Goldie Hawn for the affections of Mel Gibson. "Mel gets shot in the butt and comes to me." Doc Severance pulling buckshot out of *those* buns should be memorable.



Radical feminists who denigrate nudity and parrot equality slogans annoy Joan. "I don't see anything wrong with a male or female body's being naked, and this business of being equal is . . . well, there's no such thing. *Women* have the advantage. You can knock guys over just by walking into a room." When she's not knocking guys over, Joan's favorite pastimes are target practice and playing the saxophone, a gift from her French boyfriend. "I play it every day. I love slow jazz, blues . . . and if my neighbors complain, I shove some socks into the sax." Joan feels she has some distance to go to get that Italian villa. "Of course, if acting doesn't work out, I can always fall back on my sewing talent." Joan's a canny seamstress who whips up such dreamy evening gowns that people ask her for the names of her designers. Somehow, we doubt she'll be pressed to take up needle and thread for a living any time soon.

MAKE-UP BY GEORGE NEWELL HAIR BY OEANNA STYLING BY OARYL BINOER



the man whose vietnam novel won the national book award tells the tale of another combat zone

By

TIM O'BRIEN

ON THE RAINY RIVER

THIS IS one story I've never told before. Not to anyone. Not to my parents, not to my brother or sister, not even to my wife. To go into it, I've always thought, would only cause embarrassment for all of us, a sudden need to be elsewhere, which is the natural response to a confession. Even now, I'll admit, the story makes me squirm. For more than 20 years, I've had to live with it, feeling the shame, trying to push it away, and so by this act of remembrance, by putting the facts down on paper, I'm hoping to relieve at least some of the pressure on my dreams. Still, it's a hard story to tell. All of us, I suppose, like to believe that in a moral emergency, we will behave like the heroes of our youth, bravely and forthrightly, without thought of personal loss or discredit. Certainly, that was my conviction back in the summer of 1968. Tim O'Brien: a secret hero. The Lone Ranger. If the stakes ever became high enough—if the evil were evil enough, if the good were good enough—I would simply tap a secret reservoir of courage that had been accumulating inside me over the years. Courage, I seemed to think, comes to us in finite quantities, like an inheritance, and by being frugal and stashing it away

ILLUSTRATION BY ROGER BROWN

and letting it earn interest, we steadily increase our moral capital in preparation for that day when the account must be drawn down. It was a comforting theory. It dispensed with all those bothersome little acts of daily courage; it offered hope and grace to the repetitive coward; it justified the past while amortizing the future.

In June of 1968, a month after graduating from Macalester College, I was drafted to fight a war I hated. I was 21 years old. Young, yes, and politically naïve, but even so, the American war in Vietnam seemed to me wrong. Certain blood was being shed for uncertain reasons. I saw no unity of purpose, no consensus on matters of philosophy or history or law. The very facts were shrouded in uncertainty: Was it a civil war? A war of national liberation or simple aggression? Who started it, and when, and why? What really happened to the U.S.S. Maddox on that dark night in the Gulf of Tonkin? Was Ho Chi Minh a Communist stooge or a nationalist savior, or both, or neither? What about the Geneva Accords? What about SEATO and the Cold War? What about dominoes? America was divided on these and a thousand other issues, and the debate had spilled out across the floor of the United States Senate and into the streets, and smart men in pinstripes could not agree on even the most fundamental matters of public policy. The only certainty that summer was moral confusion. It was my view then, and still is, that you don't make war without knowing why. Knowledge, of course, is always imperfect, but it seems to me that when a nation goes to war, it must have reasonable confidence in the justice and imperative of its cause. You can't fix your mistakes. Once people are dead, you can't make them undead.

In any case, those were my convictions, and back in college, I had taken a modest stand against the war. Nothing radical, no hothead stuff, just ringing a few doorbells for Gene McCarthy, composing a few tedious, uninspired editorials for the campus newspaper. Oddly, though, it was almost entirely an intellectual activity. I brought some energy to it, of course, but it was the energy that accompanies almost any abstract endeavor; I felt no personal danger; I felt no sense of an impending crisis in my life. Stupidly, with a kind of smug removal that I can't begin to fathom, I assumed that the problems of killing and dying did not fall within my special province.

The draft notice arrived on June 17, 1968. It was a humid afternoon, I remember, cloudy and very quiet, and I'd just come in from a round of golf. My mother and father were having lunch in the kitchen. I remember opening the letter, scanning the first few lines, feeling the blood go thick behind my eyes. I remember a sound in my head. It wasn't thinking, it was just a silent howl. A million things all at once—I was too *good* for this war. Too smart, too compassionate, too everything. It couldn't happen. I was above it. I had the world dicked—Phi Beta Kappa and *summa cum laude* and president of the student body and a full-ride scholarship for grad studies at Harvard. A mistake, maybe—a foul-up in the paperwork. I was no soldier. I hated boy scouts. I hated camping out. I hated dirt and tents and mosquitoes. The sight of blood made me queasy, and I couldn't tolerate authority, and I didn't know a rifle from a slingshot. I was a *liberal*, for Christ's sake: If they need fresh bodies, why not draft some back-to-the–Stone Age hawk? Or some dumb jingo in his hard-hat and BOMB HANOI button? Or one of L.B.J.'s pretty daughters? Or Westmoreland's whole goddamn family—nephews and nieces and baby grandson? There should be a law, I thought. If you support a war, if you think it's worth the price, that's fine, but you have to put your own life on the line. You have to head for the front and hook on with an Infantry unit and help spill the blood. And you have to take along your wife, or your kids, or your lover. A *law*, I thought.

I remember the rage in my stomach. Later, it burned down to a smoldering self-pity, then to numbness. At dinner that night, my father asked what my plans were.

"Nothing," I said. "Wait."

•

I spent the summer of 1968 working in an Armour meat-packing plant in my home town of Worthington, Minnesota. The plant specialized in pork products, and for eight hours a day, I stood on a quarter-mile assembly line—more properly, a disassembly line—removing blood clots from the necks of dead pigs. My job title, I believe, was Declotter. After slaughter, the hogs were decapitated, split down the length of the belly, pried open, eviscerated and strung up by the hind hocks on a high conveyer belt. Then gravity took over. By the time a carcass reached my spot on the line, the fluids had mostly drained out, everything except for thick clots of blood in the neck and upper chest cavity. To remove the stuff, I used a kind of water gun. The machine was heavy, maybe 80 pounds, and was suspended from the ceiling by a heavy rubber cord. There was some bounce to it, an elastic up-and-down give, and the trick was to maneuver the gun with your entire body, not lifting with the arms, just letting the rubber cord do the work for you. At one end was a trigger; at the muzzle end was a small nozzle and a steel-roller brush. As a carcass passed by, you'd lean forward and swing the gun up against the clots and squeeze the trigger, all in one motion, and the brush would whirl and water would come shooting out and you'd hear a quick splattering sound as the clots dissolved into a fine red mist. It was not pleasant work. Goggles were a necessity, and a rubber apron, but even so, it was like standing for eight hours a day under a lukewarm blood shower. At night, I'd go home smelling of pig. I couldn't wash it out. Even after a hot bath, scrubbing hard, the stink was always there—like old bacon or sausage, a dense, greasy pig stink that soaked deep into my skin and hair. Among other things, I remember, it was tough getting dates that summer. I felt isolated; I spent a lot of time alone. And there was that draft notice tucked away in my wallet.

In the evenings, I'd sometimes borrow my father's car and drive aimlessly around town, feeling sorry for myself, thinking about the war and the pig factory and how my life seemed to be collapsing toward slaughter. I felt paralyzed. All around me, the options seemed to be narrowing, as if I were hurtling down into a huge black funnel, the whole world squeezing in tight. There was no happy way out. The Government had ended most graduate school deferments; the waiting lists for the National Guard and Reserves were impossibly long; my health was solid; I didn't qualify for C.O. status—no religious ground, no history as a pacifist. Moreover, I could not claim to be opposed to war as a matter of general principle. There were occasions, I believed, when a nation was justified in using military force to achieve its ends, to stop a Hitler or some comparable evil, and I told myself that in such circumstances, I would willingly march off to the battle. The problem, though, was that a draft board did not let you choose your war.

Beyond all this, or at the very center, was the raw fact of terror. I did not want to die. Not ever. But certainly not then, not there, not in a wrong war. Driving up Main Street, past the courthouse and the Ben Franklin store, I sometimes felt the fear spreading inside me like weeds. I imagined myself dead. I imagined myself doing things I could not do—charging an enemy position, taking aim at another human being.

At some point in mid-July, I began thinking seriously about Canada. The border lay a few hundred miles north, an eight-hour drive. Both my conscience and my instincts were telling me to make a break for it, just take off and run like hell and never stop. In the beginning, the idea seemed purely abstract, the word Canada printing itself out in my head; but after a time, I could see particular shapes and images, the sorry details of my own future—a hotel room in Winnipeg, a battered old suitcase, my father's eyes as I tried to explain myself over the

"O Spirit, surely you must realize that it's Christmas . . . and I've yet to come!"

telephone. I could almost hear his voice, and my mother's. Run, I'd think. Then I'd think, Impossible. Then a second later I'd think, *Run.*

It was a kind of schizophrenia. A moral split. I couldn't make up my mind. I feared the war, yes, but I also feared exile. I was afraid of walking away from my own life, my friends and my family, my entire history, everything that mattered to me. I feared losing the respect of my parents. I feared the law. I feared ridicule and censure. My home town was a conservative little spot on the prairie, a place where tradition counted, and it was easy to imagine people sitting around a table down at the old Gobbler Cafe on Main Street, coffee cups poised, the conversation slowly zeroing in on the young O'Brien kid, how the damned sissy had taken off for Canada. At night, when I couldn't sleep, I'd sometimes carry on fierce arguments with those people. I'd be screaming at them, telling them how much I detested their blind, thoughtless, automatic acquiescence to it all, their simple-minded patriotism, their prideful ignorance, their love-it-or-leave-it platitudes, how they were sending me off to fight a war they didn't understand and didn't want to understand. I held them responsible. By God, yes, I *did.* All of them—I held them personally and individually responsible—the polyestered Kiwanis boys, the merchants and the farmers, the pious churchgoers, the chatty housewives, the P.T.A. and the Lion's Club and the Veterans of Foreign Wars and the fine, upstanding gentry out at the country club. They didn't know Bao Dai from the man in the moon. They didn't know history. They didn't know the first thing about Diem's tyranny, or the nature of Vietnamese nationalism, or the long colonialism of the French—this was all too damned complicated, it required some reading—but no matter, it was a war to stop the Communists, plain and simple, which was how they liked things, and you were a treasonous pussy if you had second thoughts about killing or dying for plain and simple reasons.

I was bitter, sure. But it was so much more than that. The emotions went from outrage to terror to bewilderment to guilt to sorrow and then back again to outrage. I felt a sickness inside me. Real disease.

Most of this I've told before, or at least hinted at, but what I have never told is the full truth. How I cracked. How at work one morning, standing on the pig line, I felt something break open in my chest. I don't know what it was. I'll never know. But it was real, I know that much; it was a physical rupture—a cracking-leaking-popping feeling. I remember dropping my water gun. Quickly, almost without thought, I took off my apron and walked out of the plant and drove home. It was midmorning, I remember, and the house was empty. Down in my chest, there was still that leaking sensation, something very warm and precious spilling out, and I was covered with blood and hog stink, and for a long while, I just concentrated on holding myself together. I remember taking a hot shower. I remember packing a suitcase and carrying it out to the kitchen, standing very still for a few minutes, looking carefully at the familiar objects all around me. The old chrome toaster, the telephone, the pink-and-white Formica on the kitchen counters. The room was full of bright sunshine. Everything sparkled. My house, I thought. My life. I'm not sure how long I stood there, but later, I scribbled out a short note to my parents.

What it said, exactly, I don't recall now. Something vague. TAKING OFF. WILL CALL. LOVE. TIM.

•

I drove north.

It's a blur now, as it was then, and all I remember is a sense of high velocity and the feel of the steering wheel in my hands. I was riding on adrenaline. A giddy feeling, in a way, except there was the dreamy edge of impossibility to it, like running a dead-end maze—no way out. It couldn't come to a happy conclusion, and yet I was doing it anyway, because it was all I could think of to do. It was pure flight, fast and mindless. I had no plan. Just hit the border at high speed and crash through and keep on running. Near dusk, I passed through Bemidji, then turned northeast toward International Falls. I spent the night in the car behind a closed-down gas station a half mile from the border. In the morning, after gassing up, I headed straight west along the Rainy River, which separates Minnesota from Canada, and which for me separated one life from another. The land was mostly wilderness. Here and there, I passed a motel or a bait shop, but otherwise, the country unfolded in great sweeps of pine and birch and sumac. Although it was still August, the air already had the smell of October—football season, piles of yellow-red leaves, everything crisp and clean. I remember a huge blue sky. Off to my right was the Rainy River, wide as a lake in places, and beyond the Rainy River was Canada.

For a while, I just drove, not aiming at anything, then in the late morning, I began looking for a place to lie low for a day or two. I was exhausted and scared sick, and around noon, I pulled into an old fishing resort called the Tip Top Lodge. Actually, it was not a lodge at all, just eight or nine tiny yellow cabins clustered on a peninsula that jutted northward into the Rainy River. The place was in sorry shape. There was a dangerous wooden dock, an old minnow tank, a flimsy tarpaper boathouse along the shore. The main building, which stood in a cluster of pines on high ground, seemed to lean heavily to one side, like a cripple, the roof sagging toward Canada. Briefly, I thought about turning around, just giving up, but then I got out of the car and walked up to the front porch.

The man who opened the door that day is the hero of my life. How do I say this without sounding sappy? Blurt it out, I guess. The man saved me. He offered exactly what I needed, without questions, without any words at all. He took me in. He was there at the critical time—a silent, watchful presence. Six days later, when it ended, I was unable to find a proper way to thank him, and I never have, and so, if nothing else, this story represents a small gesture of gratitude 20 years overdue.

Even after two decades, I can close my eyes and return to that porch at the Tip Top Lodge. I can see the old guy staring at me. Elroy Berdahl: 81 years old, skinny and shrunken and mostly bald. He wore a flannel shirt and brown work pants. In one hand, I remember, he carried a green apple, a small paring knife in the other. His eyes had the bluish-gray color of aluminum, the same polished shine, and as he peered up at me, I felt a strange sharpness, almost painful, a cutting sensation, as if his gaze were somehow slicing me open. In part, no doubt, it was my own sense of guilt, but even so, I'm absolutely certain that the old man took one look and went right to the heart of things—a kid in trouble. When I asked for a room, Elroy made a little clicking sound with his tongue. He nodded, led me out to one of the cabins and dropped a key in my hand. I remember smiling at him. I also remember wishing I hadn't. The old man shook his head as if to tell me it wasn't worth the bother.

"Dinner at five-thirty," he said. "You eat fish?"

"Anything," I said.

Elroy grunted and said, "I'll bet."

•

We spent six days together at the Tip Top Lodge. Just the two of us. Tourist season was over, and there were no boats on the river, and the wilderness seemed to withdraw into a great, permanent stillness. Over those six days, Elroy Berdahl and I took most of our meals together. In the mornings, we sometimes went out on long hikes into the woods, and at night, we played Scrabble or listened to records or sat reading in front of his big stone fireplace. At times, I felt the awkwardness of an intruder, but Elroy accepted me into his quiet routine without fuss or ceremony. He took my presence for granted, the same way he might've sheltered a stray cat—no wasted sighs or pity—and there was never any talk about it. Just the opposite. What I remember

(continued on page 108)

POLAROID F
PULL

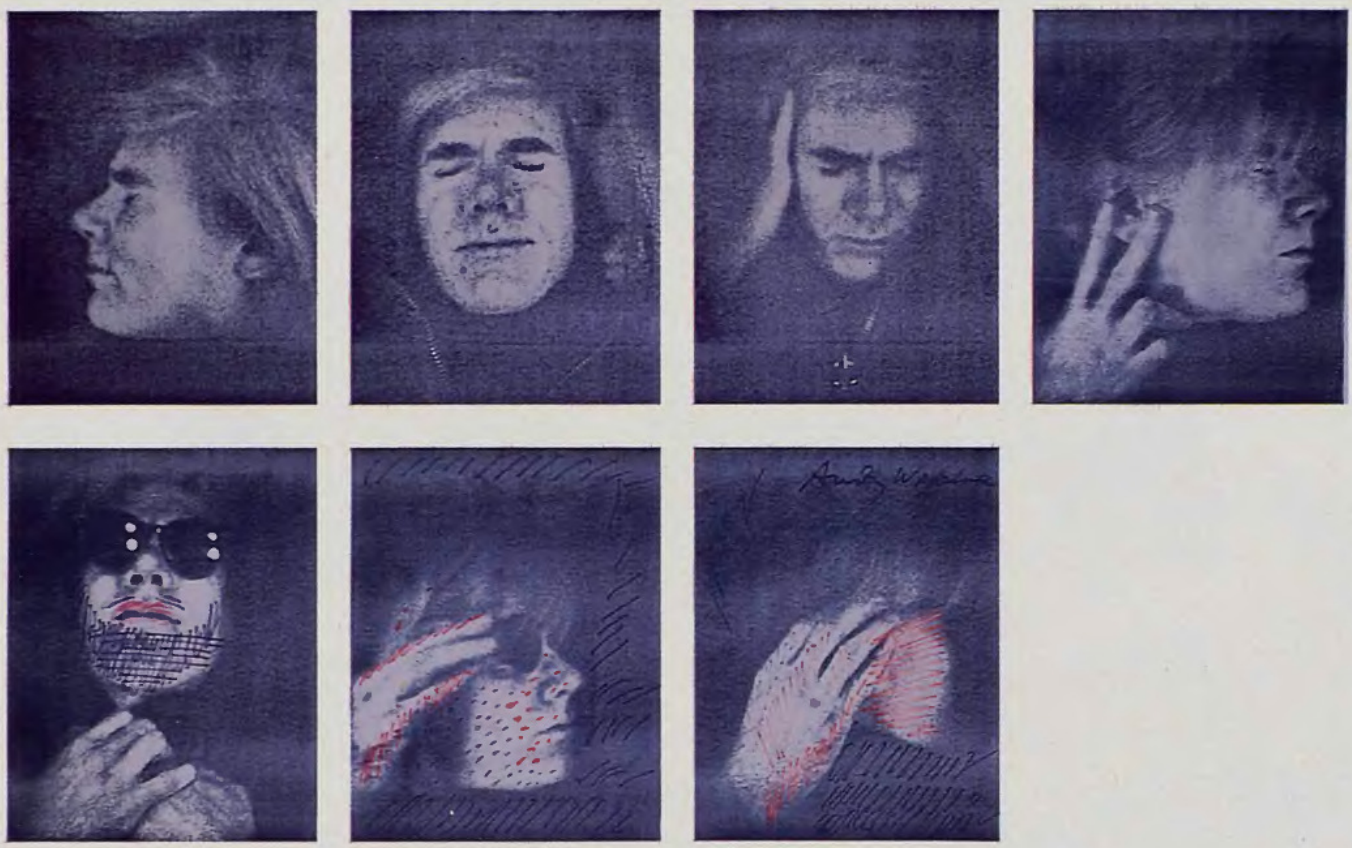
When Warhol made his move to film maker in the early Sixties, he took along his well-honed talent for attracting publicity. To heighten awareness of his Factory-made starlet Dalila Di'Lazzaro—who played the perfect female creation in Warhol's *Frankenstein*—he presented this collage to *Playboy*. Said Andy, "You can get closer to your subject, one piece at a time."

LAST YEAR, there was an ad in *Artforum* magazine announcing the first exhibition of Andy Warhol's drawings since his death in 1987. Of all the famous, and infamous, images that might have been displayed to represent the man's work, the one selected was Warhol's interpretation of the *Playboy* Rabbit Head, which appeared on the magazine's January 1986 cover. It was an appropriate choice. The image neatly characterizes the career of a commercial artist who appropriated cultural icons, made them his own artistically and gained fame and fortune in doing so. It also acknowledged the long-standing relationship between Warhol and *Playboy*.

Although he is currently being eulogized as a subversive pop artist, Warhol was first and foremost a commercial artist who was determined to think like one. His plan from the start was to attain, and capitalize on, mass-media stardom. His works commissioned by *Playboy* from 1961 to 1985 constitute a record of that pursuit.

The earliest Warhol work in the *Playboy* collection is an illustration for a story titled *The Night the Roxy Opened*, which Warhol completed for the October 1961 issue of *Show Business Illustrated*, which was published by Playboy. The piece was done just as Warhol was slowing down his career in advertising to make paintings and sculptures addressed to major collectors, critics and museums. Presumably, Warhol traced the theater interior and the crowd of faces from one or more photographs in his extensive clippings file and added hot washes of color and collage glitter as accents. He always tried to bring his work into line with the five-and-ten-cent-store world that he used—with his good business sense—as a common denominator to help achieve mass appeal.

Soon after, advertising artist turned pop artist Andy Warhol burst onto the scene. Plagiarized familiar commercial-art images—ranging from Campbell's Soup labels and fan-magazine photographs of Hollywood stars to the front-page layouts of high-circulation newspapers—Warhol's paintings and sculptures were hailed as works that revealed the mass-production soul of American consumer



Warhol's copy-machine self-portrait (top), completed as he recovered from an attempt on his life, ran with September 1969's *What Is a Warhol?* Working with a still from a 1973 *Playboy Interview*, Warhol rendered a January 1984 portrait of Tennessee Williams (bottom right). He capped nearly 30 years of work for *Playboy* with the January 1986 Rabbit Head cover (bottom left).

society. It was Warhol's pop-art celebration of ultimate sex symbols Marilyn Monroe and Elizabeth Taylor that led *Playboy* founding Art Director Arthur Paul to invite him to submit a work for a January 1967 feature titled *The Playmate as Fine Art*, showcasing nudes by 11 prominent painters and sculptors. Warhol had already been invited in 1963 to contribute to the Pace Gallery's First International Girlie Show. Indeed, what he sent to *Playboy* in 1967 was simply another version of the somewhat gimmicky painting he had made for that occasion.

Like most of Warhol's paintings after 1962, the nude-torsos painting was based on a photograph transferred onto a silk screen, so that he and his assistants could print an unlimited number of nearly identical canvases as demand called for them. Only three versions of the early nude-torso idea are known, making it something of a rarity.

The work probably grew out of Warhol's earliest attempts at film making in 1963. With films such as *Blow Job*, *Sleep* and *Kiss*, he made fun of traditional film clichés, those from Hollywood features and from so-called blue movies. In an interview published in November of that year, Warhol, who had already begun to make underground-film parodies of blue movies, confessed that he wanted to pursue the sort of erotic subject usually frowned upon in serious modern painting: "My next series will be *(text continued on page 208)*

This series of images illustrated the August 1974 feature *Instant Warhol*, along with the portrait of Dalila Di'Lazzaro on page 104. Pictured are Daminique Darel, from Warhol's *Dracula*, and Max Delys, featured in *L'Amour*. The photos mark the start of Warhol's life as a social butterfly/photographer, cataloging the party lives of high society—Hugh Hefner and Barbi Benton among them.

Double Torso, Warhol's contribution to the January 1967 feature *The Playmate as Fine Art*, was executed with a Fifties- and Eighties-style nod to artistic repression. He fashioned silk screens visible only under ultraviolet light. If the police come in, you just flip off the light and the image disappears. Perhaps the late Robert Mapplethorpe should have used the same technique.

RAINY RIVER *(continued from page 100)*

"He knew I was in desperate trouble. And he knew I couldn't talk about it."

more than anything is the man's willful, almost ferocious silence. In all that time together, all those hours, he never asked the obvious questions: Why was I there? Why alone? Why so preoccupied? If Elroy was curious about any of this, he was careful never to put it into words.

My hunch, though, is that he already knew. At least the basics. After all, it was 1968, and guys were burning draft cards, and Canada was just a boat ride away. Elroy Berdahl was no hick. His bedroom, I remember, was cluttered with books and newspapers. He killed me at the Scrabble board, barely concentrating, and on those occasions when speech was necessary, he had a way of compressing large thoughts into small, cryptic packets of language. One evening, just at sunset, he pointed up at an owl circling over the violet-lighted forest to the west.

"Hey, O'Brien," he said. "There's Jesus."

The man was sharp—he didn't miss much. Now and then, he'd catch me staring out at the river, at the far shore, and I could almost hear the tumblers clicking in his head. Maybe I'm wrong, but I doubt it.

One thing for certain, he knew I was in desperate trouble. And he knew I couldn't talk about it. The wrong word—or even the right word—and I would've disappeared. I was wired and jittery. My skin felt too tight. After supper one evening, I vomited and went back to my cabin and lay down for a few moments and then vomited again; another time, in the middle of the afternoon, I began sweating and couldn't shut it off. I went through entire days feeling dizzy with sorrow. I couldn't sleep; I couldn't lie still. At night, I'd toss around in bed, half-awake, half-dreaming, imagining how I'd sneak down to the beach and quietly push one of the old man's boats out onto the river and start paddling my way toward Canada. There were times when I thought I'd gone off the psychic edge. I couldn't tell up from down, I was just falling, and late in the night, I'd lie there watching weird pictures spin through my head. Getting chased by the Border Patrol—helicopters and searchlights and barking dogs. I'd be crashing through the woods, I'd be down on my hands and knees, people shouting out my name, the law closing in on all sides—my hometown draft board and the FBI and the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. It all seemed crazy and impossible. Twenty-one years old, an ordinary kid with all the ordinary dreams and ambitions, and all I wanted was to live the life I was born to—a mainstream life; I loved baseball and hamburgers and cherry Cokes, I loved America—and now I was off on the margins of exile, leaving my country forever, and it seemed so impossible and terrible and sad.

I'm not sure how I made it through those six days. Most of it I can't remember. On two or three afternoons, to pass some time, I helped Elroy get the place ready for winter, sweeping down the cabins and hauling in the boats, little chores that kept my body moving. The days were cool and bright. The nights were very dark. One morning, the old man showed me how to split and stack firewood, and for several hours, we just worked in silence out behind his house. At one point, I remember, Elroy put down his maul and looked at me for a long time, his lips drawn as if framing a difficult question, but then he shook his head and went back to work. The man's self-control was amazing. He never put me in a position that required lies or denials. To an extent, I suppose, his reticence was typical of that part of Minnesota, where privacy still held value, and even if I'd been walking around with some horrible deformity—four arms and three heads—I'm sure the old man would've talked about everything except those extra arms and heads. Simple politeness was part of it. But even more than that, I think, the man understood that words were insufficient. The problem had gone beyond discussion. During that long summer, I'd been over and over the various arguments, all the pros and cons, and it was no longer a question that could be decided by an act of pure reason. Intellect had come up against emotion. My conscience told me to run, but some irrational and powerful force was resisting, like a weight pushing me toward the war. What it came down to, stupidly, was a sense of shame. Hot, deep, piercing, stupid shame. I did not want people to think badly of me. Not my parents, not my brother and sister, not even the folks down at the Gobbler Cafe. I was ashamed to be there at the Tip Top Lodge. I was ashamed of my conscience, ashamed to be doing the right thing.

Some of this Elroy must've understood. Not the details, of course, but the plain fact of crisis.

Although the old man never questioned me about it, there was one occasion when he came close to forcing the whole thing out into the open. It was early evening, and we'd just finished supper, and over coffee and dessert, I asked him about my bill, how much I owed so far. For a long while, the old man squinted down at the tablecloth.

"Well, the basic rate," he said, "is fifty bucks a night. Not counting meals. This makes four nights, right?"

I nodded. I had $312 in my wallet.

Elroy kept his eyes on the tablecloth. "Now, that's an on-season price. To be fair, I suppose we should knock it down a peg or two." He leaned back in his chair. "What's a reasonable number, you figure?"

"I don't know," I said. "Forty?"

"Forty's good. Forty a night. Then we tack on food—say another hundred? Two hundred sixty total?"

"I guess."

He raised his eyebrow. "Too much?"

"No, that's fair. It's fine. Tomorrow, though . . . I think I'd better take off tomorrow." Elroy shrugged and began clearing the table. For a time, he fussed with the dishes, whistling to himself as if the subject had been settled. After a second, he slapped his hands together. "You know what we forgot?" he said. "We forgot wages. Those odd jobs you done. What we have to do, we have to figure out what your time's worth. Your last job—how much did you pull in an hour?"

"Not enough," I said.

"A bad one?"

"Yes. Pretty bad."

Slowly then, without intending any long sermon, I told him about my days at the pig plant. It began as a straight recitation of the facts, but before I could stop myself, I was talking about the blood clots and the water gun and how the smell had soaked into my skin and how I couldn't wash it away. I went on for a long time. I told him about wild hogs squealing in my dreams, the sounds of butchery, slaughterhouse sounds, and how I'd sometimes wake up with that greasy pig stink in my throat.

When I was finished, Elroy looked at me.

"Well, to be honest," he said, "when you first showed up here, I wondered about all that. The aroma, I mean. Smelled like you was awful damned fond of pork chops." The old man almost smiled. He made a snuffling sound, then sat down with a pencil and a piece of paper. "So what'd this crud job pay? Ten bucks an hour? Fifteen?"

"Less."

Elroy shook his head. "Let's make it fifteen. You put in twenty-five hours here, easy. That's three hundred seventy-five bucks total wages. We subtract the two hundred and sixty. . . ."

He took four 50s out of his shirt pocket

(continued on page 194)

"I was going through that naughty-or-nice routine for the millionth time when suddenly it hit me—who am I to judge?"

DEEP IN THIS LAND

there was no sky, no valley, no shadows—only the bitter emptiness of the land

fiction

By ERNEST HAYCOX

HE DISMOUNTED and went ahead to break trail through hip-deep drifts and so came out of the pines to the rim of the valley and paused there to rest himself and his hard-pressed horse. The great wind had quit, the flakes fell in thick, wavering laziness and the trees were brittle-still; the weather pall hung low and he had only a shadowy view of the rough bare land that ran away toward the plains of central Oregon, but directly below him in the valley, a figure stirred against the painful whiteness, walking away from a wagon half-buried in snow. He went rapidly down the slope, even then knowing he had come upon a bad thing.

The figure stopped and waited for him and when he got near, he saw it was a girl bundled inside a heavy overcoat, a shawl wrapped around her head and an ax in

PAINTING BY BRUCE WOLFE

her hand. Her mouth was tight with misery and her eyes held a dead-beat look.

"You're walking straight toward nothing," Hill Beachey said.

She pulled the shawl from her ears. "I meant to get some wood for a fire."

"How long you been here?"

She did some counting, some remembering. "This is the third morning."

"Where's your man?"

"The sheep drifted. The first night—first night of the storm. They went out to head off the sheep."

"Who did?"

"My father—my brother."

He took the ax and turned her about and walked on to the wagon. She had searched for the men, for her tracks made widening rings around the wagon and struck off to the west and came back to the wagon. He knew this country, and now he knew this story. He said, "Wait," and followed her trail until, about 400 feet from the wagon, it ended at the rim of a canyon whose floor lay 50 feet below. That was the trap into which the sheep, pushed by the violent wind, had fallen; he couldn't see the sheep, but he saw the hummocks of snow scattered along the canyon and he knew the sheep were below the hummocks. Her men had tried to head off the band in the crazy, whooping blackness and they'd gone over the rim with the sheep. He looked along the canyon, he surveyed the canyon's farther rim. No, he thought. Two nights of it; they were dead.

He turned back. She was at the head of the wagon, waiting for him, her eyes watching him. He stopped at the tail gate and pushed aside the canvas to look at the gear and sacked stuff and household goods into which she had burrowed during the storm. He thought of her crouched there in a night as black as the bottom of a well, the storm screaming around her and her men dead or dying somewhere near at hand; maybe she'd even heard them calling.

He said, "It's five miles to my cabin. We'd better start before this weather fires up again."

She looked beyond him to the canyon. For a moment, there was the softness of hope on her face, but that left and the punished expression appeared once more.

"Want anything from the wagon?"

"Not now."

He led off with the horse to ramp the trail ahead of her. At the top of the ridge, he stopped and she rested herself against the horse and watched the valley. "You're sure?" she said.

"Well, they might have made it to timber and dug in." But he knew that was impossible, and he knew she knew it, too. "I'll come back tomorrow."

She continued to watch the valley and he knew there was nothing in her mind but those three days, the scream of wind, the blackness, the cold creeping deeper into her flesh and death and aloneness, and the fear that turned to terror and the terror that finally numbed her. It was in her eyes—frozen there. He went on through the trees, his front muscles aching as he pressed against the snow; from time to time, he looked back at the girl and when they came into a meadow and crossed it to the next ridge, he put her sideways on the saddle, knowing she wouldn't tell him of her exhaustion.

A light wind arose to whip the snow, a steel-cast twilight closed them in a narrow world. Beyond the second ridge, a valley opened with cattle clustered about fenced-in stacks of hay, and a creek made a ragged streak through the snow; an Indian lodge and a cabin with tacked-on sheds sat near the creek and as they passed the lodge, two old people—Indian man and woman—came from the lodge to stare at them. Beachey helped the girl from the saddle and stepped into the cabin with her. It was a windowless, dirt-floored bachelor's place with sacked supplies piled about and clothes and gear and bacon sides hanging from the pole rafters, but a flame on the fire hearth lighted and warmed it, and an Indian girl turned from the fire to look at the white girl with surprise wiping her face smooth. Beachey spoke to the Indian girl and left the cabin to catch up a pitchfork in the lean-to; and riding down the slope through the fast-falling darkness, he moved from stack to stack to throw down hay for the waiting stock.

Black, blind night squeezed the land when he came back. The Indian girl had gone. The other girl had settled against a wall, still wearing the overcoat. She faced the fire and her hands lay idle before her, palms turned up; she was a big girl, firm body and wide hips, but there was no motion or interest in her, and her eyes—the color of thick, faded blue-velvet cloth—seemed to see nothing in the fire. He bent down and untied the scarf; he unbuttoned her overcoat and went at the business of making supper with the air of a man to whom such a chore was a necessity but a nuisance.

"How many cattle?" she said.

"Three hundred—if the wolves didn't drag some down last night."

"We had eight hundred sheep. We were driving over from the Willamette Valley, looking for new range. The storm caught us. My father's name is John Templeton. It's my brother's name, too. I'm Maria."

She ate a little food, drank a good deal of coffee and returned to her place by the fire. "Are they dead?"

He lighted his pipe and clenched it between his teeth. "Yes," he said.

"Can we go back in the morning?"

"First thing." He washed the dishes and stepped into the night to stand at the break of the valley, facing the flurry of heavier snow flung on by a quickening wind. There was no sky, no valley, no silhouette of hills, no shadows—only the uniform dead sea-bottom blackness, only this and the bitter emptiness of the land moving like a threat against him. From the valley's upper end came the wind-carried sound of wolves and although he couldn't see his cattle, he knew they were drifting from the sound, for the sound meant the same thing to them that it did to him. He stepped into the cabin and found the Indian girl again at the fire.

She was pure Umatilla strayed a long way from home, for her tribe lived a hundred miles from this lonely part of Oregon and she had no parents, only the old people—her grandparents in the lodge. Her face was light brown and smooth and round and her eyes had a liquid darkness that was the perfect breeding place for mystery. She wore a white woman's dress over doeskin leggings and her hair, parted in the center, moved back to a done-up braid unusual for an Indian girl. She was neat and quiet and pretty and an accumulative curiosity had brought her back to study the white one. Presently, she turned her attention to Beachey, and her glance dropped and she left the place.

He closed the door, found a wagon cover in a corner and hung it from the rafters to split the room into two separate cells. "You take the bunk," he said. After she had gone to her side of the canvas, he made himself a bed on the floor, piled wood on the fire and turned in. She made no sound beyond the partition; and because he had risen at four in the morning and had been on the move for 16 hours, he soon fell asleep.

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She wore an old shirt and a pair of trousers inside the big coat, the shawl wrapped around her head; and she rode his horse while he went ahead with his two big team horses, through a steady falling snow and through the sullen grayness that was an omen of more weather to come. It was a two-hour trip to the snowed-in wagon. He found the harness of the strayed horses inside the wagon, threw it onto his team and hitched them and left her with them while he went on with the saddle horse to the canyon's rim, and skirted it until he found a break that led to the bottom. The hummocks lay about him, one large mound showing where the main body had cascaded down and smaller mounds made by those that had straggled and had fallen separately. He stepped to the large mound and scooped away the snow until he got down to the carcasses; and he straightened and looked about him, thinking of the hopelessness of this search, and then his eyes touched the darkness of what seemed to

(continued on page 140)

RESORTING TO FUN

got the hots for the tropics? here's what to take

fashion By HOLLIS WAYNE

It's easy to get carried away wearing hot resort fashions. He's into the swim of things wearing a pair of cotton print trunks, by Speedo America, $42. (Her bathing suit is from Jerry Hall by Trulo.)

PLOTTING a getaway to sunnier climes is a great New Year's resolution. But leave the *Gilligan's Island* look home. Our choice of wardrobe for a winter's vanishing act—and our choice of destination, Little Palm Island, a fine resort in the Florida Keys where the fashions on these pages were photographed—was not a last-minute decision. Winter travel calls for careful planning; part of the trick is to travel light. Pick fast-drying crinkled-nylon

Left: Wet's new in the way of tropicalwear? Try a short-sleeved viscose sun-print shirt, by Byblos, $170; worn with double-pleated rayon/linen walk shorts with slant side pockets, by Bill Robinson, $100. (Her skirt and top are by Go Silk.) Right: Tropical tailoring at its very best. A lightweight sueded washed-silk single-breasted, one-button-front sports coat, by A.B.S. Men, $450; worn over a sheer linen long-sleeved shirt, by Cecilia Metheny, $200; double-pleated washed-silk pants, by Zanella, $375; a braided rawhide belt, by Trafalgar, $45; straw shoes, by Byblos, $165; and tinted metal-framed sunglasses, by Ray-Ban, $120. (Her dress is by Byblos.)

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DOUGLAS KEEVE

swim trunks that can double as a pair of shorts. And a boating parka made of rubberized cotton is great as a cover-up when on the water. A sports jacket of sueded silk worn over a linen shirt is perfect for dining and dancing under a starry tropical sky. Toss in a couple of boldly printed sport shirts, some pleated walk shorts, a pair of cotton *espadrilles* and some black-framed sunglasses. Relax and build your sand castle far from the water's edge.

Left: More fun in the sun Little Palm Island style. Our guy is wearing a silk/cotton jacket, $285, over linen walk shorts, $85, both by Valentino Uomo; a silk shirt, by Heartland, $135; and sunglasses, by Persol, $250. (Her top is by Go Silk; skirt by Mary Jane Marcasiano; and sunglasses by Sanford Hutton for Colors in Optics.) Right: Life on the bounding, bountiful main, and he likes a rubberized-cotton jacket, by Henry Cotton's, $365; crinkled-nylon trunks, by Patrick Einhorn from Kingswood Sportswear, $52; plus a Heuer chronograph, from Ron Gordon Watches, New York, $395. (Her bathing suit is from Neo Max Swimwear by Peter Max.)

FLEXING MUZZLES

FREE SPEECH ON CAMPUS IS BEING ATTACKED FROM AN UNLIKELY DIRECTION—THE LEFT

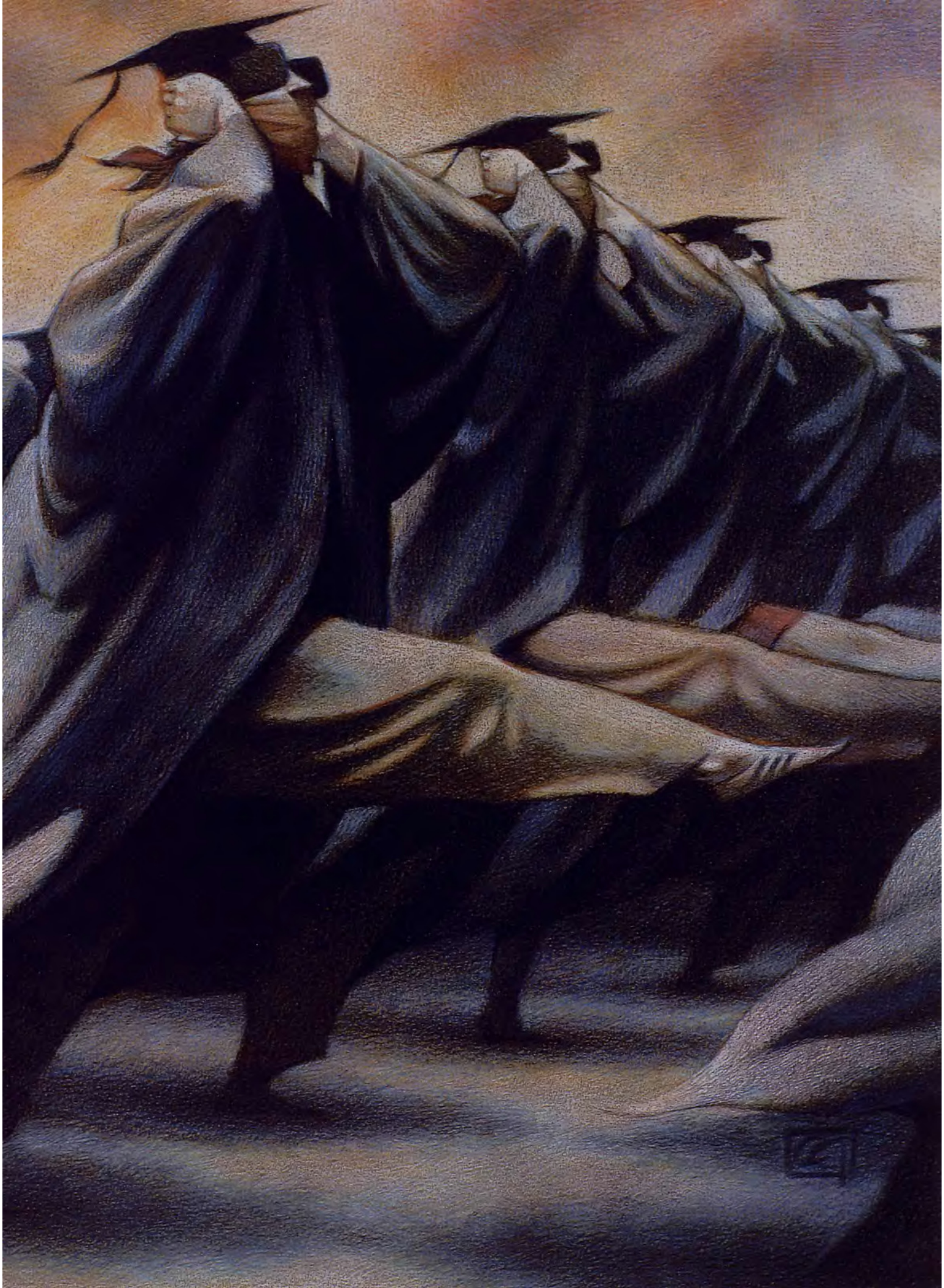
article by
NAT HENTOFF

THE EVER-SMILING Jerry Falwell, in closing down the Moral Majority, explained that its work had been accomplished—its values had become part of the American mainstream. He was right, in one respect. For years, the Moral Majority worked zealously to banish "bad speech," targeting "offensive" books in school libraries, as well as "socially harmful" magazines on newsstands.

Now, on American college campuses, there is a new, rapidly growing legion of decency that is also devoted to punishing bad speech. Its list of indefensible words is different from Falwell's. Expressions of racism, sexism, homophobia, anti-Semitism and prejudice against the handicapped are to be outlawed. But the basic principle is precisely that of Falwell: A decent society requires limits to free expression, and if that means diminishing the First Amendment, the will of the majority must rule.

Accordingly, on a number of prestigious campuses, a majority of students and faculty have concluded that censorship must be integral to higher education. As Canetta

ILLUSTRATION BY CARTER GOODRICH



Ivy—one of the heads of student government at Stanford University—says, "We don't put as many restrictions on freedom of speech as we should."

A quarter of a century after the free-speech movement began at the University of California at Berkeley, helping fuel the antiwar and civil rights campaigns, some of the brightest of today's students are marching in the other direction.

This neoconservatism among liberals and radicals, blacks and feminists, and even a number of law professors, has its roots in the very real racism that does exist on a number of campuses. At Brown, for instance, fliers were distributed reading: "Things have been going downhill since the kitchen help moved into the classroom." At Smith, four black women received vicious racist letters. At Yale, the Afro-American Cultural Center's building was emblazoned with a WHITE POWER sign and a swastika.

In reaction, black students and many white students have joined to insist on the creation of codes not only of student conduct but also of student speech. Administrators, often enthusiastically, have yielded to those demands.

There are now various codes of forbidden speech at Emory University, the University of Wisconsin, the University of California, the University of Buffalo Law School and New York University Law School, among others.

The codes that have been adopted are not limited to epithets. On most campuses, a student can be disciplined—or even expelled—for words that create an intimidating, hostile or demeaning environment for educational pursuits.

Or a student may be put on trial for "racist or discriminatory comment . . . or other expressive behavior directed at an individual"—if the speaker "intentionally" set out to "demean the race, sex or religion" of the aggrieved complainant (University of Wisconsin).

These thou-shalt-not-speak codes are so vague and broad that just a disagreement on such issues as affirmative action or an independent Palestinian state can lead to a verdict that a particularly vehement student is guilty of discriminatory harassment against blacks or Jews.

Who will judge the defendants? Administrators will, or a panel of administrators and students. And if they are ideologues and find the controversial political views of the defendant repellent, the student can miss a semester or more for being under the illusion that the university is a place of free inquiry.

While the presidents of the universities of Michigan and Wisconsin, among others, have hailed these codes of prohibited speech, Donald Kennedy, president of Stanford, is resisting the notion that students are best taught to think for themselves by being told what they can't say. When you tell people what they can't say, Kennedy has emphasized, they will begin to suppress what they think.

Already, in classrooms at some American colleges where language is monitored—as it is at Czechoslovakian and Chinese colleges—there are students afraid to explore certain lines of thought lest they be considered racist or sexist. At New York University Law School, for example, where heresy hunters abound in the student body, the atmosphere in some classes is like that of the old-time House Un-American Activities Committee. One student describes "a host of watchdog committees and a generally hostile classroom reception regarding any student comment right of center."

At Stanford, the student organizations insistently demanding a code of forbidden language include the Asian Law Students Association, the Black Law Students Association, the Jewish Law Students Association and the Asian-American Students Association. From these groups and from NYU Law School will come some of the judges of the next decades, and maybe even a Supreme Court Justice or two.

The First Amendment is always fragile—witness the frenzy to amend the Bill of Rights after the Supreme Court ruled in June that the First Amendment protected flag burning. But with students at prestigious colleges now intent on limiting speech for a greater social good, the First Amendment will become even more vulnerable to attack in the years ahead.

But shouldn't there be *some* punishment of especially hurtful, insulting, infuriating words? When he was mayor of Chicago, Harold Washington was asked to punish those responsible for inflammatory language that had gone out over a city radio station. According to his former press secretary, he refused, saying, "If I scratch one word, where do I stop?"

The current college codes began in response to crude racial and sexist scrawls. But now the language being scratched out extends to any words that create a hostile atmosphere or any language that "involves an express or implied threat to an individual's academic efforts"—whatever that may mean.

There is also the damaging effect of these protective regulations on the very people who are insisting they be safeguarded. Malcolm X used to talk about the need for young people to learn how language works, how to dissect it, how to use it as both a shield and a sword. Above all, he thought, blacks should not be fearful of language. They should not let it intimidate them but rather should fight back when words are used against them with more powerful words of their own.

If you read Malcolm X's collected speeches and listen to his recordings, it's clear that he was an extraordinarily resilient, resourceful, probing master of language. Can you imagine his asking to be protected from somebody else's—anybody else's—words?

I've debated black students about these speech codes. They are highly articulate and quick with polemical counterpoint. And I've asked them why on earth they are running away from language when they can turn a campus into a continuing forum on racism by using the vicious racist language directed at them to illuminate what's going on there.

Moreover, by turning to censorship instead of challenge, these students can well cut off the expression of speech they themselves want to hear.

On ABC-TV's *Nightline* some time ago, debating Barbara Ransby (a Ph.D. student at the University of Michigan and a founder of the United Coalition Against Racism), I posed this quite possible scenario: A group of black students invite Louis Farrakhan to lecture in a political-science class. He comes and says, "I want to explain what I said about Judaism's being a gutter religion. I meant it, but I want to give you the context in which I said it."

There are Jewish students in the class and they claim that—according to the university's code—Farrakhan has created a hostile atmosphere. In my view, Farrakhan ought to be able to speak anywhere he chooses, and certainly on a college campus. As long as the students have the right to question him and argue with him, they'll have something to gain from the experience. But under the speech codes at more and more colleges, Farrakhan—having created a hostile atmosphere—would quite likely not be permitted on campus again.

Is that what the black students pressing for speech codes want? To have black speakers they invite on campus rejected because of what they say and how they say it? Do women students want radical feminist Andrea Dworkin barred because of possible charges that she creates a hostile environment for male students?

Also overlooked by students concerned with artistic expression is that a hostile atmosphere can be created by a painting or a piece of sculpture, because expression can be graphic as well as verbal. When the University of Wisconsin's code was being debated before the state's board of regents, E. David Cronon—then dean of UW-Madison's College of Letters and Science—testified that the code would, indeed, chill students' rights to artistic expression.

For example, some years ago, I was lecturing at the University of Wisconsin when a fierce fight broke out over a student's exhibition of paintings in a university building. Feminists claimed his work was outrageously sexist and demanded

(concluded on page 203)

"'When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
we sprang from our beds to see what was the matter.'"

don't try to pronounce her home town—penetanguishene. just get to know miss january as

PEGGY

ONE LOOK AT HER—the spectacular blonde with the quick step, hot-pink lipstick and incendiary eyes, turning heads on Sunset Boulevard—and you know this is the savviest of big-city women. Wrong. Savvy, yes, but not big-city. She comes from Penetanguishene, Ontario, a town with nearly as many letters in its name as names in its phone book. "Good fishing country," she says. "Not so good for night life." And while Miss January has been known to dance a few nights away in Hollywood, her new home, she is still no wild thing. "I love to fish and cook and clean house. I'm a girl you could take home to your mother." A Christian girl whose phone-machine message ends "God bless" and whose lingerie drawer is full of enticing lace and chiffon—a combination guaranteed to please every mother and every mother's son. That's Peggy McIntaggart.

"I'm a Christian, but I don't push it an ather peaple," says Miss January. "I dan't think it's right ta judge peaple. One of my brathers said, 'Yau talk about religion, then you go and pose nude in *Playbay*.' I tald him God wouldn't love me any less because I was a centerfold."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG

Back home in Penetanguishene, Peggy used to pull trout and bass out of Georgian Bay, an arm of Lake Huron. In winter, she had a speedier pursuit—motocross races on the frozen bay. Her dad worked as a cook on the cargo ships that traversed the Great Lakes, her mother as a dietician in a hospital in nearby Midland. Money came and went. Mostly went. Peggy remembers cooking and cleaning for her four brothers and her cousins, with whom the McIntaggarts shared a house in bad times. She disliked school because, dressed in her cousins' hand-me-downs, and slow to develop the figure seen here—"I was a late bloomer"—she felt ugly. She had barely begun blooming when her mom persuaded her to enter the Miss Midland Centennial beauty pageant. Peggy won. "I was shocked." That night, she decided that Peggy McIntaggart might not be so bad-looking, after all. A few modeling gigs in Midland led her to Japan, where she was known as "The Tokyo Kid," the Canadian beauty who appeared on TV ads and magazine covers and sang in the night club Neo Japanesque. She now speaks fluent Japanese. She came home, bought a house, caught a few trout and looked around. Midland was now a bit sedate for the Tokyo torch. She sold the house and moved to Los Angeles, where she had heard there might be work

for an ex–ugly duckling who had bloomed into a spectacular international beauty. Peggy lives in North Hollywood. She drives a pristine yellow-and-white '59 Ford Fairlane, which she restored herself—Penetanguishene girls know how to do things for themselves. She studies acting and singing—Peggy landed roles in videos by Julian Lennon and Cheap Trick and is currently assisting music *meister* Herbie Hancock in his L.A. studio; Hancock composed the sound track for the Eddie Murphy vehicle *Harlem Nights*. She played small parts in films ranging from *Beverly Hills Cop II* to Tommy Chong's upcoming *Far Out, Man* and stars in a home-video offering called *Lady Avenger*, in which our unorthodox Playmate of the Month undoes evildoers using bullets and a baseball bat. More romantic roles are yet to come. "I've enjoyed everything so far," says Peggy, but she is looking forward to playing parts that fit her private persona. "I am a romantic and a homebody," she says. "I'm old-fashioned. Hip to everything that's happening, but old-fashioned. My perfect evening? I wear silk and lace. I put a dab of perfume on the light bulbs and settle down by the fireplace with my man, and what happens next you might not tell your mother." Good night, Peggy.

"When I was a little girl, I thought it would be neat to do a *Playboy* centerfold," says Peggy. "Now that it's happened, I still think it's neat. Plus, I'm an actress now, and the best thing you can have as an actress is exposure."

MISS JANUARY
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Peggy McIntaggart

BUST: 36 WAIST: 23 HIPS: 35

HEIGHT: 5'7" WEIGHT: 115

BIRTH DATE: 9/6/61 BIRTHPLACE: Midland, Ontario

AMBITIONS: To act, sing and work with underprivileged kids.

TURN-ONS: Cleanliness, children, animals, Christianity, talented people & white roses.

TURN-OFFS: Cigarettes, dirty houses, traffic, dishonesty and judgmental people.

FAVORITE SPORTS: Fishing, tennis, water & snow skiing, baseball and bicycling.

FAVORITE MUSICIANS: Willie Nelson, Herbie Hancock

MY MAN IS: Genuine, kindhearted, spiritual, outdoorsy, talented, family man & sends me white roses.

THINGS I LOVE: One-on-One Gym in Sherman Oaks, my horse Shannon & unconditional Love

MY DREAM: Be happily married and have 17 outdoorsy, loving kids ☺

Miss Midland Centennial

"Ugly Duckling"

Singing in Tokyo

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

On a weekend trip with their girlfriends, two bikers agreed to bet on who could make love more often in a single night. They took adjoining motel rooms and decided to carve a notch in the wall after each round. Jethro performed at ten o'clock, at two A.M. and at six A.M., each time making a scratch in the wall. After breakfast, Clyde went into Jethro's room and looked at the wall. "Unbelievable!" he cried. "One hundred eleven! You beat me by four."

Who's blonde, 36-24-36, a knockout and having a wonderful time in Las Vegas? Salman Rushdie.

A man returned home from the night shift at eight A.M., went straight up to the bedroom and found his wife with the sheet pulled over her head, feigning sleep. Not to be denied, the horny fellow pulled up the sheet and proceeded to make love to her.

Afterward, as he hurried downstairs for something to eat, he was startled to find breakfast on the table and his wife pouring coffee. "How'd you get down here so fast?" he asked. "We were just making love!"

"Oh, my God," his wife gasped, "that's my mother up there! She came over early and had a headache. I told her to lie down for a while."

Rushing upstairs, the woman ran into the bedroom. "Mother, I can't believe this happened. Why didn't you say something?"

"I haven't spoken to that jerk for fifteen years," she huffed, "and I wasn't about to start now."

Hollywood gossip has it that Ed McMahon received this notice from his wife's attorney: "ED MC MAHON, YOU MAY HAVE ALREADY LOST $10,000,000!"

While on his way to an excavation sight in the desert, an amateur archaeologist came upon a man lying in the sand, his penis pointed straight up at the sun. "What are you doing?" he asked.

"I'm checking the time," the fellow replied.

The visitor scratched his head and walked on. When he returned several hours later, the man was still lying on the ground, only this time he was furiously masturbating. "Now what are you doing?" the archaeologist asked.

"Winding my watch."

We understand there's a BMW campaign for the inner city. The billboards show a teenager next to a sleek 735iL, with the legend: YOU'VE GOT THE RADIO. NOW GET THE CAR.

The aristocratic former colonel in the czar's Ninth Cossacks was doing his best to ignore the boorish Bolshevik in the matted and smelly fur coat.

"Isn't it wonderful, Comrade? Here we are, former enemies—you the son of a prince, me a common peasant—side by side, drinking and smoking together. How remarkable. And so soon after the revolution."

The White Russian tried to shake his unwelcome companion by heading for the garden to relieve himself. "Who would believe it?" the pesky fellow continued. "Now we are side by side in the garden of your old *dacha*, pissing in the snow together. What a country! But tell me something, Comrade. Why is it that my stream goes splishy, splashy, while yours makes neither splish nor splash?"

"Because, you peasant swine, I am pissing on your coat."

Why do men have to pay more for car insurance than women do? Because women don't get blow jobs while they're driving.

It got so cold in New York recently that several lawyers were spotted walking around with their hands in their own pockets.

An old man woke up on his 100th birthday and sat nude on the edge of his bed. He looked at his hands and said, "Hands, you are one hundred years old today." He looked at his legs and said, "Legs, you are one hundred years old today." He looked at his penis and said, "Well, old buddy, if you had lived, you would have been one hundred years old today."

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, Playboy, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60611. $100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.*

"It's a damn shame we can't get away with this more than one night a year!"

GENTLEMEN,

four excuses to sit out the winter in style

modern living

NOTHING SOOTHES the soul like a great easy chair. No, your spot for the day's crash landing needn't resemble Archie Bunker's worn armchair. In fact, the right easy chair can be the catalyst that brings an entire room's decor into proper focus. While three of the four chairs we've chosen for this feature more or less fit the classic image of what an easy chair should be—pleasingly plump and padded—the other, an African-made deck chair, still offers comfort and style. Great pleasure doesn't come cheap—at least one of these chairs costs as much as a car. So let these laps of luxury serve as inspiration. Anyone for whisky and a good cigar?

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DON AZUMA

BE SEATED

Opposite: Inspired by the film *Out of Africa*, this cone-backed and -seated folding deck chair is hand-made by Marc von Rompelberg of Nairobi from your choice of three woods—mahogany, *mvule* or *mninga*—and several rich finishes to bring out the grain. Each chair must be specially ordered and the wait is about six months, but definitely worth it, from Vintage Pine, Chicago, $1300. Above: Named for the classic automotive marque that is synonymous with elegance and sophistication, the sleek Bugatti Club Chair is for the man of the world who demands the best and has the bank account to pay for it. The Club Chair is designed by Franz Romero and is made by deSede in Switzerland of grade-A Swiss leather, with foam and fiberfill inside a hardwood frame, from Stendig, New York, $8800.

When ordinary just won't do and you're looking for an unusual easy chair that combines the curves of the *moderne* Thirties with the hard-edged energy of today's best European designers, here's the perfect place to collapse. The Norma 2 chair from the Massimo Iosa-Ghini collection by Moroso has a timeless leather-and-chrome look that works equally well with antique and contemporary furnishings in any number of furniture groupings. (Try pulling up a pair in front of a roaring fire on a cold winter night and see if you and someone special don't emerge until spring.) The Norma 2's specially molded bentwood frame is available in a natural or a black-stain finish and measures 27¾" x 37" x 34½". It's offered in a variety of colors and fabrics, from Palazzetti, New York, about $3700.

With its curved tubular chrome arms and additional chrome trim, the Jazz Chair also captures the syncopated spirit and drama—not to mentian comfort—of the streamlined-*moderne* period. It's available in a variety af coverings, including leather (shown), $3025, and Naugahyde, $1960, as well as yaur own choice af fabrics. (The exteriar sides of the chair pictured above are also cavered in black leather as a jazzy counterpoint to the rich red af the seat, back and arms.) And if yau like the laak, other pieces, including an ottoman, a lave seat, a sofa and a sofa bed, are available, all in the same snazzy style. This sturdy seat is not just a pretty face. Under the cavering is a hardwood-frame construction and No-Sag springs, from Jazz Furniture, Las Angeles. Very jazzy!

DEEP IN THIS LAND *(continued from page 112)*

"He stood by with the shovel, not anxious to fill in the grave before her eyes. 'You want to pray?'"

be a coat sleeve on the far side of the canyon, and he went over there and found both men locked face to face together, one man bearded, one man young. They had survived the fall and they had tried to climb from the trap, but exhaustion had caught them. When he pulled the two apart, he knew why; the younger man's leg was broken.

He stood a moment to consider the weight and awkwardness of those bodies and of the hard climb to the rim's surface and it occurred to him that it would be easiest to use horse and rope to tow them out of this place, but he thought of the girl and changed his mind and set to work. The girl came over from the wagon when he brought her father's body to the top of the incline and settled on her knees and bent to brush the snow from her father's face. After he got the second man from the canyon, he drove the team and wagon around and lifted the bodies inside. "You drive the wagon," he said, and got on his horse and started ahead.

They had used up the morning. By the time they reached the ridge behind his cabin, middle afternoon was on them and the grayness came in again. On the out trip, he had noticed a windfall shaken down by the blizzard, and when they passed it again, he stopped the wagon and pointed into the pit created by the wrenched-out roots of the tree. It was a better grave than he could dig in the frozen earth.

"It will have to be here," he said, and waited for her approval.

She stared at the pit and her glance went around the bleak and dark and cold forest and the desolation of it stiffened her face and blackened the color of her eyes. She nodded without speaking.

He found ax and shovel in the wagon. He used the shovel to clear the snow from the pit and from the ground near the pit and he took two blankets from the wagon and laid them at the pit's bottom and placed the bodies on these. She dropped into the pit to bring the blankets around and over the two men, but she thought of something and drew the blanket from her father and took his watch and wallet from his pocket, and covered him again. Beachey gave her a hand out of the pit. "My mother's picture is on the back of the watch," she said. "And that's my mother's ring on the chain."

He stood by with the shovel, not anxious to fill in the grave before her eyes. He said, "You want to pray?"

She dropped to the bottom of the pit again and drew back the blankets to give her father a long study and to touch her brother's head. Then she covered them and came out. "No," she said, and walked around the wagon, beyond sight of this.

He chipped away at the half-solid rim, breaking the earth into the pit; when he had it half filled, he took the ax and dropped a pair of stunted pines and chopped them into ten-foot lengths and laid these as a solid covering over the grave, and went on with his digging until the logs were buried three feet beneath the dirt. He dropped another pine and cut it into sections to blanket the graves; he had to fall two more trees to make the job complete. The girl came from the wagon and stood by him. "I feel better about it," she said. "They're safe," and she looked directly at him and raised her hand to brush the sweat from his cheeks.

"When the snow's gone," he said, "I'll make a fence and put up a mark."

She looked at the scarred earth below her and her voice was soft. "They're safe," she repeated, and turned back to the wagon seat. He threw the tools into the wagon and led the way down the ridge into the cabin clearing. He set the wagon against the cabin's back side, took the gear from the horses and walked into the valley with his pitchfork. It was dark again when he returned to the cabin. She had cooked supper.

After they had eaten, he hauled in a log for the fire and filled his pipe and squatted straight before the flame, feeling her presence behind him. The food's nourishment was a quick thing in his blood, dissolving the dog-weariness of the day. He said, "What stock you have besides the sheep?"

"Six horses and two milk cows."

"The horses will be all right. They'll turn up. The cows might."

She finished the dishes and sank in the corner beside him, and firelight danced in her eyes and her hands fell idle, palms up before her; her body loosened to the heat, her will lost its grip on her thoughts and she dropped her head and was silent. He put his hands together, softly scrubbing his knuckles; he bit the pipe between his teeth and stared at the fire's heart, eyes half shut. There was nothing but lean meat on him and his bones showed—knuckles and wrists and hip corners and jaws. Sun and wind had stained his skin as walnut juice would stain it and he had that air of sharp listening that comes to a man long living alone. Health moved out of him as a current; restlessness played back and forth along his nerve tracks.

He said, "The nearest house is Burnt Ranch, sixty miles. The Dalles is a hundred and eighty miles. Canyon City is a hundred miles. We'd not make more than ten miles a day and I'd be gone from the cattle too long. I'm tied to the beasts. It'll be early spring before this snow melts from the passes. That's the soonest I can take you out."

Her head lifted to study him and in a moment he turned to meet her glance and saw the light ripple of interest cover her face, like water slowly working up through the frozen crusts of a creek. He said gently, "No doubt you'd like to leave sooner, and I wish I could do it for you, but it can't be."

"It will do," she said. She drew back against the wall, doubling her knees, and he watched her long fingers interlace and lie quietly together. Her mouth softened; she rested her head against the wall logs and rolled it and drew her lids down until they shuttered the blueness and the pointed brilliance of the firelight's shining. Behind him he heard the door open and the Indian girl's light feet move over the packed earth of the floor. He sat still and waited for her to come about him and stand motionless in the corner, looking down at him. She drew her arms across her breasts with a gesture that was like a stubborn decision. The white girl opened her eyes and watched.

Beachey said, in jargon, "It is not good for you to be here," and made a straight line across the air with one finger. He lowered his glance and waited for her to leave, and heard her feet make a soft treading behind him. A tin pan dropped from the table and he swung to see that she had made this commotion deliberately, for she had her eyes on him. The door slammed behind her.

The white girl said, "You want me to sleep in the wagon?"

"No."

"Then I'll sleep by the fire and you keep your bunk. It will be handier for me mornings when I make breakfast."

He knocked out his pipe and rose to draw the canvas down across the room, splitting it into its two halves. He removed his boots and rolled into bed and lay quiet, watching the firelight's leap on the raw roof shakes above him, hearing her leave the cabin and rummage the wagon, and return; and silence came and the long day struck him a blow across the forehead and he fell asleep as he listened to the wolves far down the valley.

An unfamiliar sound wakened him and rolled him from the bunk. She was crying but trying to cover it and wind struggled in and out of her, rasping the quietness. He pushed the canvas aside and found her lying flat and tense, facing

(continued on page 197)

"I'm looking for something new—good fun, yet lightheartedly intellectual—that gets girls out of their clothes fast."

IN VIETNAM,

NICE GUYS DO NOT

FINISH AT ALL

THE PHANTOM BLOOPER

fiction By GUSTAV HASFORD

SOMEWHERE out behind a black wall of monsoon rain and beyond our wire, the Phantom Blooper laughs.

I laugh, too.

Naked except for a pearl-gray Stetson bearing a black-and-white peace button, I rise up from my bed of wet clay in the bottom of a slit trench. I climb, scuttling like a crab, to the top of a sandbagged bunker. Mud-soaked and shivering, I hunker down. I listen. Holding my breath, I listen and I wait, afraid to breathe.

I grunt. I stand up, ramrod straight. I tuck my chin into my Adam's apple and I strut to the edge of the bunker top, fists on hips like a Parris Island drill instructor.

I say, "*Listen up, maggot!*" I do an about-face. March back. About-face. Looking sharp, standing tall, lean and mean. "*Do you want to live forever?*"

I'm a stone-cold comedian yelling punch lines into No Man's Land. It's the Joker's midnight comedy show in the last days of Khe Sanh. I am show business for the shadow things that crawl and slither out in the darkness beyond our wire. At any moment, 40,000 heavily armed, opium-crazed Communist individuals can come in screaming from out of the swirling fog.

I say, "*Damn the torpedoes, full speed ahead! I have not yet begun to fight! Give me liberty or give me death! Don't tread on me! Send more Cong! Send more Cong!*"

I wait for a reply. I listen. But nothing happens.

I pick up a broken broom handle. On one end is nailed a ragged pair of red-silk panties—Maggie's drawers—the target-range signal for a miss. I lift the broom handle and I wave the red-silk panties back and forth like a battle flag.

The only sounds from beyond the wire are creaking frogs and the drumming of the monsoon rain.

I throw down Maggie's *(continued on page 148)*

ILLUSTRATION BY GREG SPALENKA

PLAYBOY COLLECTION

things you can live without, but who wants to?

The heritage of the Swiss Army Knife is reflected in the craftsmanship of the Swiss Army Watch, the first new product in 100 years from the creators of the Original Swiss Army Knife. The watch has military numbering, quartz movement and a warranty, from Swiss Army Brands, Shelton, Connecticut, $95.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES IMBROGNO

The unique-design Mirai 35–135mm single-step SLR zoom camera features infrared autofocus, built-in flash, motor zoom and an adjustable grip, from Ricoh, Fairfield, New Jersey, about $595.

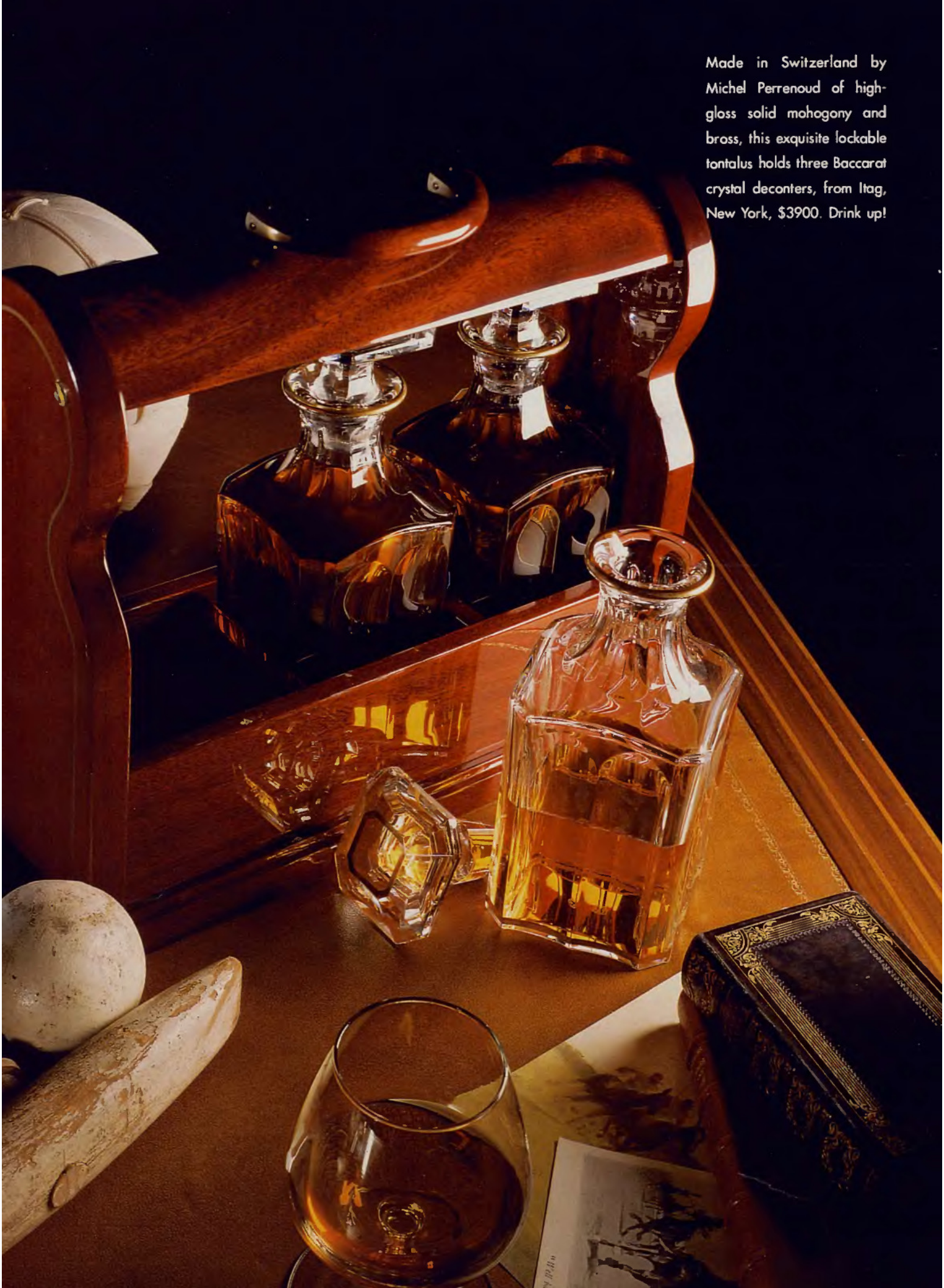
Switch-It AM/FM radio is personal audio on a roll. The clear-shelled, impact-resistant ball of sound has a built-in speaker and uses AAA batteries, from Fun Products, Berkeley, California, $39.95.

The Euro-design Syner-Tech line multicompartment Pilot case, $160, and Portfolio, $50, are courier chic, lockable, expandable and made of durable fabric, by Delsey Luggage, Jessup, Maryland.

FaxPro facsimile cards and software packages, fram $449, are desktop publishers/fax machines when teamed with Chinon's DeskScan 2000, $500, from the Fax Group, San Diego.

The NAV 1000 Global Positioning System—a computer-age sextant—is a 9"x3" portable or permanent navigation device, from Magellan Systems Corporation, Monrovia, California, $3000.

Antiqued-parchment nautical maps lend a special ambience to the Pour Lui Treasure Chest, a limited-edition collection af seven men's fragrance and grooming products, from Oscar de la Renta, $200.



Made in Switzerland by Michel Perrenoud of high-gloss solid mohogony and brass, this exquisite lockable tontalus holds three Baccarat crystal deconters, from Itag, New York, $3900. Drink up!

PHANTOM BLOOPER *(continued from page 143)*

"He knows how we think. How we operate. He knows how Marines fight and what Marines fear."

drawers. Then, with both hands, I give the Phantom Blooper the finger.

Midnight. The hawk is out. Ghosts are out.

The winter monsoon is blowing so hard that it is raining sideways. Meanwhile, the silence beyond the rumble of the rain is growing larger.

I sit down in an old aluminum lawn chair on top of an abandoned perimeter bunker at Khe Sanh. Cold bullets of monsoon rain wash mud from my body. With my battered Stetson shielding my face, I lean back and get comfortable. My right hand is touching the wet metal of a field radio under my chair.

Between my bare feet is an M60 machine gun set up on its bipod legs. I pick up my long black killing tool. It makes me feel less naked when I hold it.

A smooth feed might save my life, so I adjust the heavy belt of clean golden bullets. Every fifth round is a red-tipped tracer. When I am 100 percent satisfied that there are no kinks in the belt, I slam the feed cover down hard and jack a round into the chamber. Happiness is a belt-fed weapon.

The Phantom Blooper laughs, a cold black laugh.

Maybe if I ignore the Phantom Blooper, he'll go away. If you try to debate philosophical issues with the Phantom Blooper, and lose the debate, well, he comes right up and kills your ass. The Phantom Blooper has never talked to me and I am very disappointed. I could use the distraction of stimulating conversation. Life at Khe Sanh has always been tired but wired. Now that the siege has been lifted, we need something to keep our minds occupied, because boredom makes us think too much.

Meanwhile, the Phantom Blooper comes every night and the suspense is killing me.

At Khe Sanh combat base in Quang Tri Province in the Republic of Vietnam, the United States Marine Corps has sometimes lacked grace under pressure, but we have stuck it out, just the same. We have burrowed into this dead hill like maggots. We have clung to the burnt edge of reality and we have not let go.

This is it, the big game. The championship. The Super Bowl. This is the biggest game of your life, and you're playing it for keeps. You're playing with the black ball. A sudden move at the wrong time could be your last. And not moving at all could be fatal.

The grunts of Khe Sanh hate the Phantom Blooper, but we need him very much. In Vietnam, you've got to hate something or you will lose your mind.

•

There are a lot of sea stories about the Phantom Blooper.

Below Phu Bai, the Phantom Blooper is a black Marine lieutenant who inspects defensive positions at bridge security compounds. The next night, they get hit.

North of Hué, the Phantom Blooper is a salt-and-pepper team of snuffy grunts who guide Marine patrols into L-shaped ambushes set by the Viet Cong.

Force Recon claims a probable kill for shooting the Phantom Blooper in the A Shau Valley. He was a round-eye, tall and white, with blond hair, wearing black pajamas and a red-silk sash and armed with a folding-stock AK-47 assault rifle. Recon swears that—and this is no shit—the round-eyed Victor Charlie was the honcho, the leader, of the gook patrol.

The Phantom Blooper started visiting Khe Sanh the night after the siege was lifted by Operation Pegasus. But only one Marine at Khe Sanh has ever seen the Phantom Blooper's face.

There was no moon that night, but one of our scout snipers had the Blooper targeted in a starlight scope. As he sighted in, the sniper described the Phantom Blooper's face to his spotter. In midsentence, the scout sniper went plain fucking crazy.

When they medevaced the scout sniper at dawn the next morning, he still had not said another word.

The Phantom Blooper has many names. The White Cong. Super Charlie. The American V.C. Moon Cusser. The Round-Eyed Victor Charlie. White Charlie. Americong. Yankee Avenger.

But whatever name we use, we all know in our hearts the true identity of the Phantom Blooper. He is the dark spirit of our collective bad consciences made real and dangerous. He once was one of us, a Marine. He knows how we think. He knows how we operate. He knows how Marines fight and what Marines fear.

The Phantom Blooper is a Marine defector who deals in payback. Slack is one word he does not understand.

Like his Viet Cong comrades, the Phantom Blooper is a hard-core night fighter. When the day turns black and the sun goes down, everything beyond our wire is overrun by the Viet Cong, one more time. Every time the sun goes down, we lose the war.

Every night, the Phantom Blooper is on deck, armed with a "blooper"—an M79 grenade launcher. The Phantom Blooper attacks without warning from out of the darkness, the one incorruptible bearer of the one unendurable truth.

"Go home," the Phantom Blooper says every night. And we want to go home, we really do, but we don't know how.

"Go home," the Phantom Blooper says, without mercy, over and over, again and again, punctuating his sentences with explosions.

•

A hit from an M79 is just the Phantom Blooper's way of telling us that we are running out of slack.

During the past week, the Phantom Blooper has wasted Lieutenant Kent Anderson, "Funny Gunny" Bob Bayer and that skinny "New Guy," Larry Willis. And he killed Ed Miller, Bill Eastlake and that corpsman everybody loved, Jim Richardson. Then he killed Bernie Berntson, my friend. He probably even killed Animal Mother, the meanest, hardest Marine I ever knew.

Every night, the Phantom Blooper comes into our wire and talks to one grunt.

While I wait for the Phantom Blooper to attack, I keep my eyes turned outboard to avoid looking at the damage we have inflicted upon ourselves. For months, we've been shelled, shelled every day, shelled by the numbers, sometimes as many as 1500 incoming rounds per day. Rusting shrapnel lies scattered across this wire-strapped plateau like pebbles on the beach. What bullets coming out of the dark and 100,000 rounds of heavy ordnance Chi-Com incoming have failed to do, we have done to ourselves. We are blowing up our bunkers. We are tearing up our wire.

Last week, a secret rough-rider truck convoy rolled out of Khe Sanh carrying the garrison of 5000 men 11 miles east to Landing Zone Stud, leaving behind only a few hundred Marine riflemen from Delta, Charlie and India companies as security for the 11th Engineer Battalion and its heavy earth-moving equipment.

In two days, the flying cranes will carry off the last piece of expensive American machinery and the last of the Marine grunts at Khe Sanh will sky out on gunships. Then, when night falls, the jungle will emerge from out of the darkness and will move like a black glacier across the red clay of No Man's Land and will silently consume our trash-strewn fortress.

And back in the World, no one will ever know about our self-inflicted Dien Bien Phu.

•

Cold and wet, holding my M60 machine gun in my lap, I wait.

At zero-three-hundred, prime time for

(continued on page 178)

"C . . . L . . . A . . . U . . ."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MIMMO CATTARINICH

AVANTI, ANGELA!

she sings, she dances, she drives fans wild. now, that's italian!

ANGELA CAVAGNA is a singer and dancer with a big future. We could tell that right away when our colleagues at the Italian edition of *Playboy* sent us a video of her performing a song whose most discernible words seem to be "Take me to the night." She sings beautifully and energetically, even though English is definitely a second language to her. The video is only a few minutes long, but in it, she undergoes several costume changes. She dances in a short black slip. She wears a workout leotard with sweat pants. Whatever she's in she seems to be slipping out of. But she doesn't care, she's got the music in her. And because this is a European video, you get a peek at her breasts. We immediately sent a thank-you telex to our thoughtful Italian brothers, saying we wanted to know more about Angela. They obliged, telling us she has studied ballet since she was a little girl, most recently at the Princess Grace Dance Academy in Monte Carlo. They also sent these photos and a story about the furor surrounding

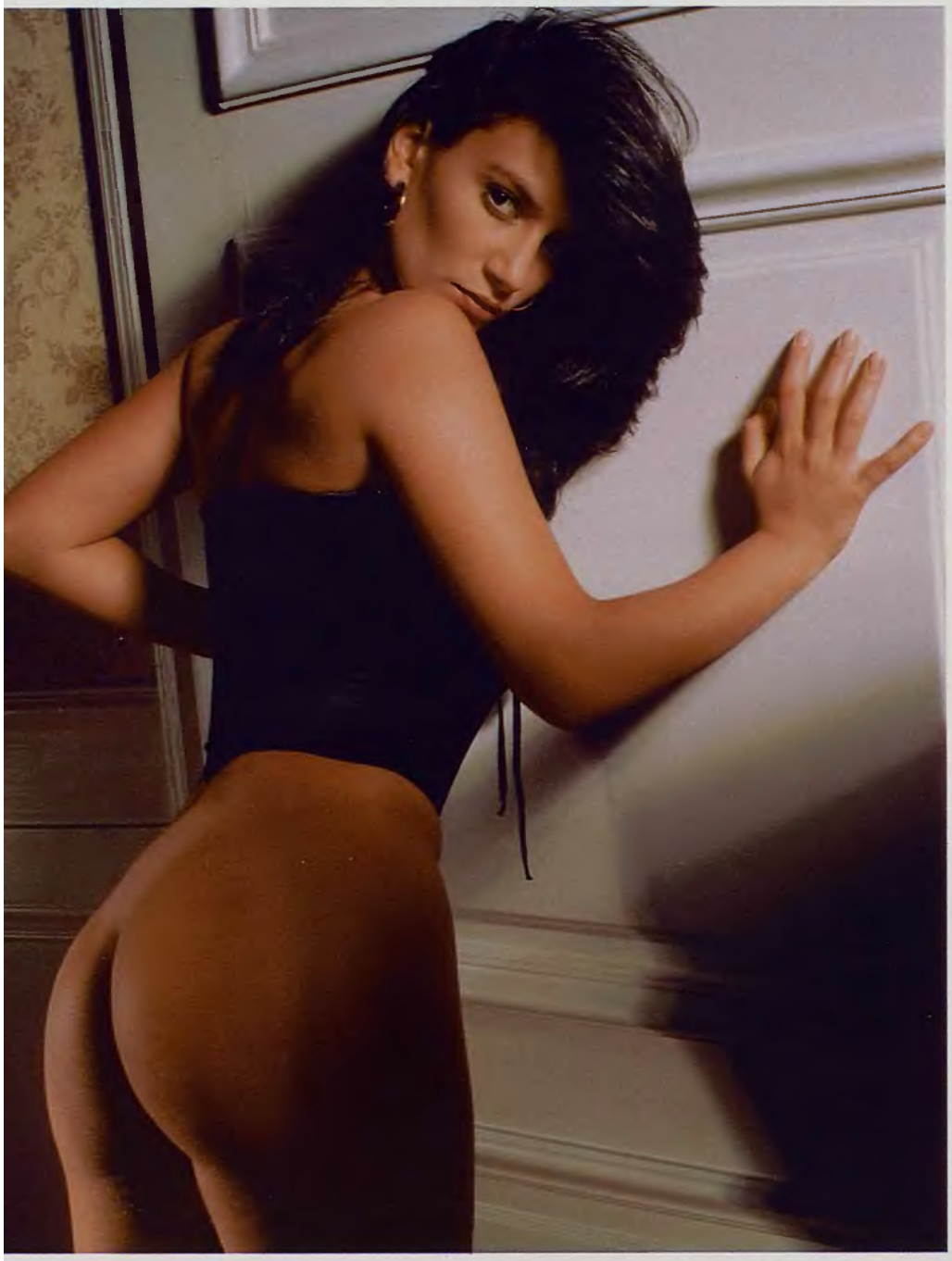
Angela is the best thing to come out of Genoa since salami. At 22, she has a promising singing and dancing career. The only cloud on her horizon is what the Italian press calls The War of the Boobs (*La Guerra delle Tette*).

Angela's career. It seems not all is well in Italian show business. Angela has a feud going with a Sabrina Salerno—another Italian looker. Think of it as a tempest in a D-cup.

Sabrina and Angela are both very well endowed. They did a show together called *Drive-in Tour*, during which Sabrina put on a bra one or two sizes too small to give the illusion that she was more buxom than Angela. "The nerve!" we remarked. "Just so," our friends responded. Well, because this happened in Italy and everything is so, well, *Italian* there, the feud has gone to court.

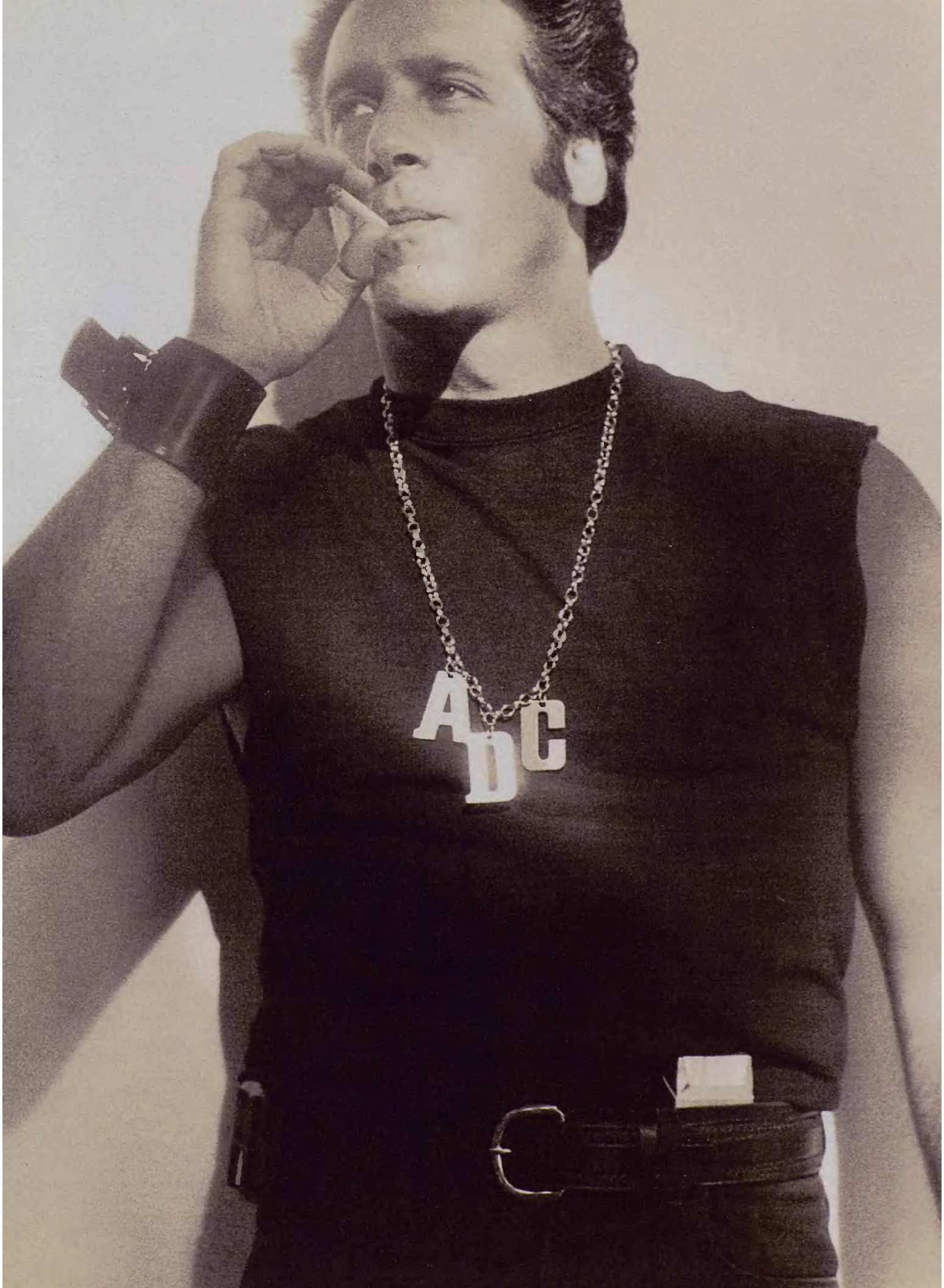
So while this storm blows through the Italian judicial system, Angela

Angela has an LP on Italy's Five Records label and a hit with her dance track *Dynamite*. But her feud with Sabrina Salerno over which of them is better endowed has made Angela even more famous.



told our editors over there, "I didn't think all this pandemonium would come about from talking about Salerno, though I can't deny the advantages I've gotten out of this affair. But I absolutely did not do it with this end in mind." Does she think Sabrina is jealous of her measurements? "Probably," Angela replied. Our Italian buddies tell us she is now bravely pursuing her show-business career, despite the hazards and injustices inherent in such a competitive world. We just hope Angela can find some peace and that she gets her lingerie back.

Angela is hoping to get this controversy behind her. But it's hard. Sabrina also borrowed some of Angela's underpants, and Angela wants them back. At right, she shows us just how forlorn she is without them.


ABC
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20 QUESTIONS

ANDREW DICE CLAY

Look! Up on the stage! It's leather, it's cigarette smoke, it's obscenity, it's misogyny, it's a blow-dried duck's-ass hairdo, it's—the Diceman! Make no mistake, Andrew Dice Clay, the Brooklyn-born comic who begins his shows with the immortal words "So, I got my tongue up this chick's ass . . . " became an American hero faster than a speeding bullet with his album and HBO comedy special, both titled "The Diceman Cometh." Last fall, on a mini–concert tour, he sold out a 17,000-seat show in New York's Nassau Coliseum. And since Clay likes to spread his considerable macho *and self-possession around, he also acts: "Casual Sex?" "Crime Story" and the upcoming movie "Ford Fairlane"—he's Ford. An additional, not insignificant credit is his being permanently banned from MTV because of his performance during last summer's video-awards ceremony. Contributing Editor David Rensin met with the Diceman in his Los Angeles apartment. On hand to greet him were Clay's moxie/magnificent girlfriend, Trini, and his road manager/best friend, Hot Tub Johnny West. "Finally," says Rensin, "Dice strolled into the living room, requested hot coffee and lighted the first of many cigarettes. He sent Hot Tub off on errands, took phone calls from Gene Simmons and Billy Joel ('So? These guys dig me, OK?') and told Trini to take a shower. From the look in his eyes, I could tell he was feeling a little dirty, too."*

1.

PLAYBOY: What special circumstances gave rise to the memorable opening line of your HBO comedy special?

CLAY: "I got my tongue up this chick's ass" came just as I was walking on stage one night. I was wondering what I could say to the crowd to nail 'em. It hadda be right off the top of my head. I don't use a pad and pen. Since then, I've got new lines. I'll give you one: "So I'm banging this chick, balls deep. . . ." *That's* an opener.

a woman's worst nightmare speaks out on sexual expectations and shares the poignancy of poetry

2.

PLAYBOY: If comedians are prize fighters, name your division and the matches you'll have to face on your road to the championship.

CLAY: I'm a heavyweight, but it's not the comics I have to fight. There's nobody in my way; there never was. My struggle is with the industry: the casting agents, the *secretaries* to the casting agents. You walk in with a leather jacket, they're saying, "Oh, *another* New Yorker." The battle was getting the right time spots at The Comedy Store; going up against the talk-show producers, the talent bookers. I had to show them that I was not just another stand-up; my aim was acting. There are generic comics. They come out with a suit and tie and they tell generic jokes, and if they work hard, they can make a million dollars a year. But they're not actors. I developed a very rough character that can hit a lot of levels. But I'm not Dice. He's just one thing I can do.

3.

PLAYBOY: For what were you best known in high school?

CLAY: The jazz band. I was a drummer. I was the only musician in the class who knew what he was doing, so they used to center the band on me. There was always a big drum solo. If it weren't for the drums, I would never have graduated. Never. I thought I'd be the next Buddy Rich, but by the time I hit eighteen, nineteen years old, I realized there were no big bands anymore. So I went into comedy.

4.

PLAYBOY: Eddie Murphy, Sam Kinison and others have been criticized for being too raw on stage. Why do you think *you* can get away with it?

CLAY: In a way, you *have* to *get away* with this kind of material; and the only way is to give it to 'em in a character form. Parts of Dice *are* me: I'm with the leather, the collar, the moves and the cigarette. But I'm doing it real comedic. Maybe Eddie came off too serious. That's one reason I put my hand around the back of my head and smoke a cigarette in the act. The minute people see that, they go, "He can't be serious." So no matter what I say, it's gotta be taken lightly. I'm not a politician, I'm not running for office, I'm a comedian telling jokes.

5.

PLAYBOY: To what dark recesses of the American subconscious does the Diceman appeal? Who writes your material?

CLAY: I talk about what people do, think or say behind closed doors. As I tell the crowds, "I don't write this material. You write it for me." I'm just delivering it in a real blue way that, heard through a P.A. system, sounds really fucking funny.

6.

PLAYBOY: Women are funny, but do they make good comedians?

CLAY: I rip women comedians apart. Growing up, was the class clown ever a chick? No. You go to a party, are girls ever the highlight, mooning their friends? No, it was always guys acting silly, not the girls. The girls sit in the corner and talk about the guys who are making fools of themselves. There're always exceptions—Marsha Warfield is one—but most women come on stage and bitch and moan about relationships. They all have the same rap of [*nasal whine*] "I want children, I want to be married." So I say, "Well, then, start fuckin'! What are you doing up here? I don't want to marry Bozo, I want a blow job. Just start fuckin'!"

7.

PLAYBOY: Why are you so abusive to women in your act?

CLAY: If I was to say "Hey, chicks! You're the greatest!" there'd be no act. The problem is that there are certain things guys don't give a shit about. A chick comes home with a new kind of lipstick or a new dress—a guy cannot get excited about that. So he'll just sit there, nod and say, "Yeah, very nice, honey." But if the girl doesn't understand the man she's with, she'll turn around and say [*nasal whine*], "Don't you want me to have nice things?" And then it's a fight. "Yeah, but whaddaya want me to say?" "Well, you could have a little more enthusiasm." "What kinda fucking enthusiasm am I gonna have about a piece of cloth? You look great in it. Enjoy it!"

8.

PLAYBOY: Who's smarter: men or women?

CLAY: Let's face it, women are smarter than men. They always have been. They own the goods. You *wanna* be in control, but they're always in control. Say you're out at a party with your girlfriend and you have a big fight. But then you have a couple drinks and mellow out. Now you come home, you get in bed, your vein-laden meat *(concluded on page 202)*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARK HANAUER

MIND CONTROL

the top-secret weapons of the future are here. don't be frightened. don't bother to run

article **By LARRY COLLINS**

PICTURE THIS:

A crowd of Iranian crazies, driven berserk by yet another ayatollah's bloodthirsty speeches, is pouring down Tehran's Avenue General Zahedi toward the newly reopened U.S. embassy. From his fifth-floor window, the Ambassador watches the mob swing into the Takhte-jamshid and come charging up to the gate. Oh, my God, he thinks, it's hostage-taking time again.

"Sergeant!" he shouts to the head of his Marine guard.

"Sir!"

"Get that machine the Pentagon sent us in here right away. This is as good a time as any to see if the damn thing works!"

Two Marines roll in a device that resembles an oversized refrigerator and push it up to the window. The sergeant adjusts a number of dials that focus the device's aperture like a wide-angle lens on the gate, which by now the leaders of the mob are trying to tear off its hinges. Behind them, several hundred fanatics are screaming in glee, savoring the moment when they'll be inside the embassy, tearing the place apart, making a bonfire of the furniture, expressing their admiration for the Great Satan by defecating on his carpets and urinating on the portrait of his vicar on earth, the President of the United States.

"Turn it on," the Ambassador orders.

Nothing happens. There is no noise, no explosion, no flashing lights, nothing. Then, suddenly, two of the leaders of the mob who've just finished ripping down the gate stop and double up in evident discomfort. First one, then another, they begin to vomit their breakfasts onto the pavement. Within minutes, the Takhte-jamshid is carpeted with ailing rioters retching their little hearts out, their hostility oozing out of their systems along with virtually everything else.

Sounds crazy, doesn't it?

Well, it's not. In fact, that very scenario has already been contemplated in a top-secret research project, code-named Operation Sleeping Beauty, sponsored by the Reagan Administration. Sleeping Beauty represents just one corner of an entirely new, top-secret and potentially terrifying form of weaponry, the use of electromagnetics to disrupt the functioning of the body's central nervous system. Can artificially generated electromagnetic fields be used, for example, to unhinge a man's mind? To paralyze his capacities to reason or react to danger? To mess up his sensory system, throwing him into a rage or a state of panic or lethargic indifference by some remote electromagnetic means beyond his control? Ultimately, could focused beams of high-powered radio-frequency waves be used as weapons to kill by literally frying the neurons, the cells of the brain?

All that sounds right off the wall, like the daydreaming of some Dr. Strangelove in the Pentagon who has tumbled into a time warp and is playing around in a Buck Rogers Thirties comic strip: "*Bam!*" "*Zowie!*" Buck's stun ray strikes again.

Unfortunately, given the dizzying pace at which technology and brain science are moving as the century draws to a close, what might read like a list of impossibly foolish notions is already scientific reality or dangerously close to becoming so. The Department of Defense, in its most recent annual review of Soviet military power, declared that the Soviets already have the capability to produce radio-frequency weapons that can "disorient" personnel half a mile away. If the Soviets can do that, does anyone out there think our saviors in the Pentagon aren't working like hell to develop a similar or superior capacity?

Sleeping Beauty was meant to explore the possibility that this kind of far-out weaponry could be used in the struggle against terrorists or hostage takers. Suppose a group of Palestinian terrorists hijack a Pan Am plane and threaten to blow it up along with its passengers on someone's runway? Might there be some way, Sleeping Beauty asked, to use an electromagnetic field to "effect perceptual distortion in the hijackers' brains"? Zap the bastards, in other words, discombobulate them long enough to allow the SWAT team to storm the plane and free the hostages?

Or what about a group of Red Army–faction crazies in Hamburg, holed up in some building with a crude nuclear device they're threatening to blow up if the West German government doesn't agree to hang all its arms manufacturers from sour-apple trees? Could you "incapacitate" them swiftly, silently with electromagnetics? Give them heart attacks, for example, by distorting their myocardial rhythms from a distance with a well-focused electrical beam? Train an invisible electromagnetic pulse on them that could pierce, undetected and undiminished, the walls of their hide-out?

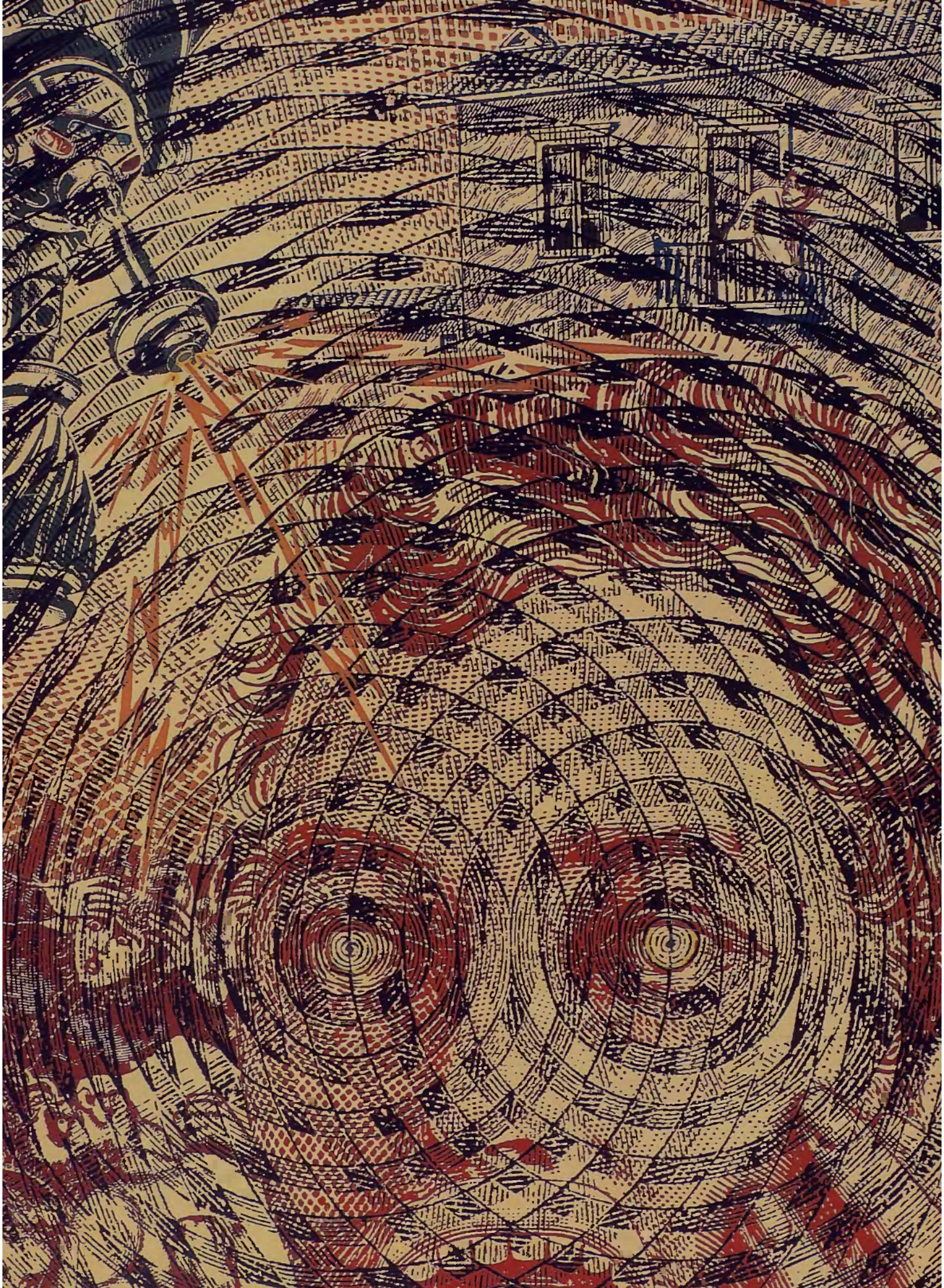
Or how about that rampaging mob on the streets of Tehran? Is there some kind of electromagnetic device you could use to produce physiological changes in its members, make them lose in a swift and definitive manner their appetite for aggression?

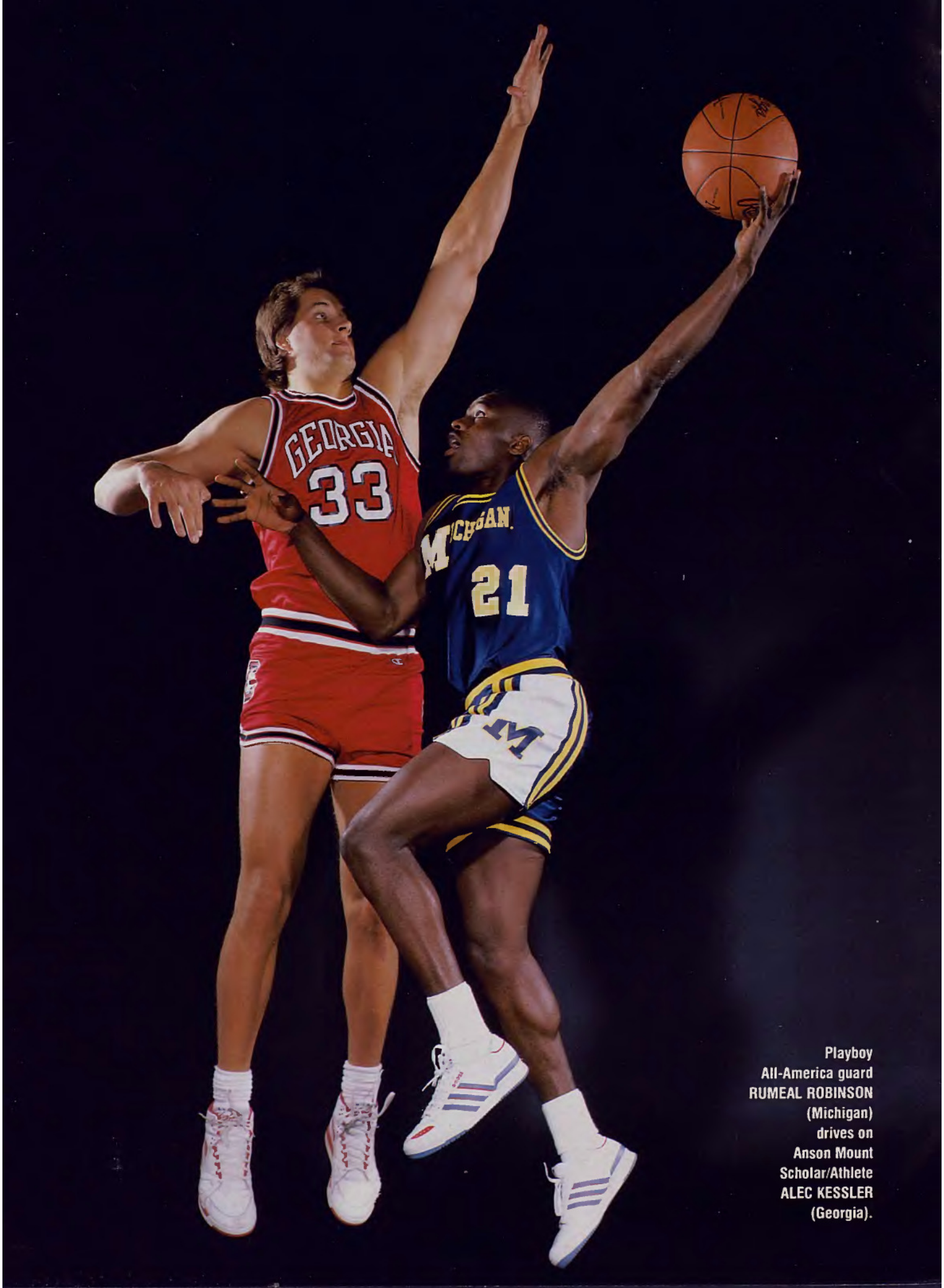
To the people in law enforcement and the military who have to deal with hostage and terrorist situations, those perspectives are seductive, indeed. The beauty of it all, they argue, is that its consequences are not irreversible. "After all," says one of the Navy scientists who worked on the project, "it's not like having a couple of bullet holes punched into you by a guy with an Uzi. Presumably, once the effects of those electromagnetic fields wear off, you're back to normal."

Well, the operative word there is presumably. In fact, nobody really knows whether being exposed to electromagnetic fields of the sort envisaged by Sleeping Beauty will produce harmful side effects such as making your hair fall out, leaving you impotent or giving you cancer. That concern is compounded by the fact that what's contemplated in, say, the Pan Am plane scenario is not a beam focused with laserlike precision on a hijacker's head but an electromagnetic field that spreads out in a V from its generator. Everyone inside the arms of the V is going to be zapped along with the hijackers—the pilot, the crew and the good folks back in the cabin.

Still, there were at least some serious steps made to get the answers to the questions Sleeping Beauty raised. They involved our hypothetical mob in Tehran. The Navy asked Dr. Michael Persinger, an American-born neurophysiologist who runs the Environmental Psychophysiology Lab at Laurentian University in Sudbury, Ontario, to see if he could come up with some ideas for an electromagnetic weapon that would basically dampen a *(continued on page 204)*

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN CRAIG





Playboy All-America guard RUMEAL ROBINSON (Michigan) drives on Anson Mount Scholar/Athlete ALEC KESSLER (Georgia).

PLAYBOY'S COLLEGE BASKETBALL PREVIEW

our comprehensive pre-season guide to the nation's top teams and players

sports

By GARY COLE

with research by NANCY MOUNT

A COUPLE OF YEARS AGO, *Playboy* published a photograph of a basket hanging on the side of a barn to symbolize the traditional American roots of the sport, invented in Springfield, Massachusetts, almost 100 years ago by Dr. James A. Naismith as a way to pass time on rainy days. As American as the light bulb, blue jeans or the Ford Mustang, basketball is America's cross-cultural stew, the rich-kid/poor-boy recipe that gets cooked to its delicious culmination at the collegiate level.

But, as Bob Dylan (who, by the way, had no jump shot at all) would say, the times, they are a-changin'. The first hint came when a bunch of three-point-shooting Brazilians shot the *Yanquis* down in the 1987 Pan American Games. Then the Russians routed us in the 1988 Olympics, this time without the benefit of a clock that wouldn't run. Last year, the Hollywood Lakers made Yugoslavian Vlade Divac their first-round draft pick, and last year's Collegiate Player of the Year and two-time Playboy All-America Danny Ferry signed a $1,000,000 contract to play for Il Messaggero of Rome, Italy.

The handwriting on the wall in this we-are-the-world phenomenon came to its ultimate, irrevocable conclusion when the Golden State Warriors signed Soviet guard Sarunas Marciulionis, a 6'5" Lithuanian who maintains, "We [Lithuanians] are the best basketball players in the world, next to black Americans." So there it is, flag wavers—the common market of basketball. The game is no longer ours.

PLAYBOY'S TOP 25

1. Syracuse	13. Notre Dame
2. Nevada–Las Vegas	14. Clemson
3. Louisiana State	15. Oklahoma State
4. Michigan	16. Pittsburgh
5. Georgetown	17. Minnesota
6. Illinois	18. Indiana
7. Duke	19. Florida State
8. Arizona	20. Arkansas
9. UCLA	21. Texas
10. Florida	22. Lauisville
11. North Carolina	23. Missouri
12. Georgia Tech	24. Oklahoma
	25. North Carolina State

POSSIBLE BREAKTHROUGHS

St. John's, Villanova, Temple, Ball State, DePaul, Texas–El Paso, Creighton, Kansas State, Alabomo-Birmingham, Houston, Loyola-Marymount, Iowa State.

For a complete conference-by-conference listing of the final standings, see page 212.

The upcoming college season will reflect a healthy dose of this new internationalism. True, Seton Hall's Andrew Gaze is back down under, playing for the Aussie nationals. But players born outside the United States will be liberally sprinkled throughout Division I rosters around the nation. And college teams open their schedules against teams from such far-flung locations as Finland, Australia, Holland, Estonia and the Soviet Union, to name just a few.

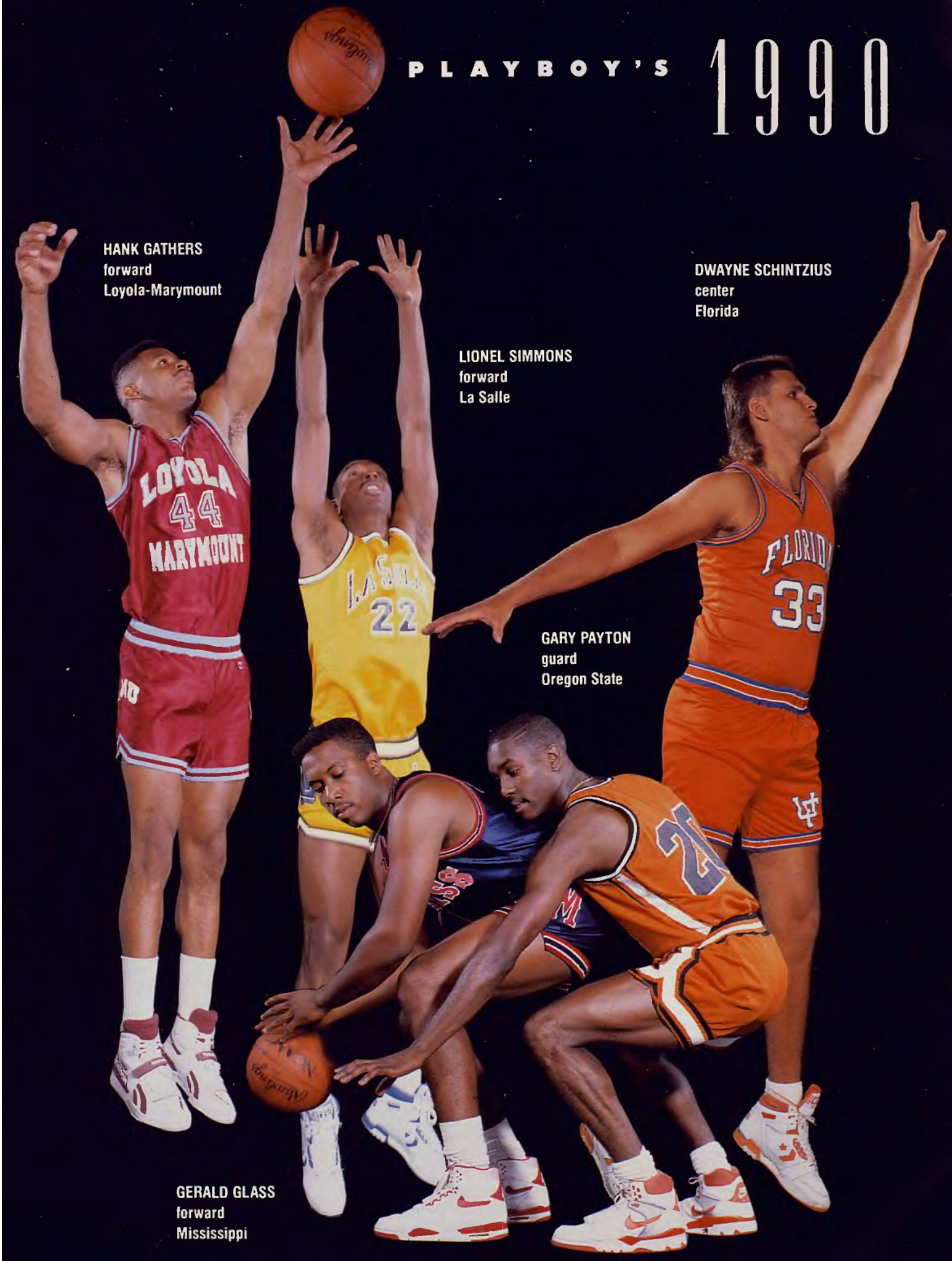
The mind boggles at the prospect of trying to decipher next year's stats from Armenia, Chad and Botswana. It was already a formidable task to track 292 Division I teams and more than 3000 players to prepare our pre-season predictions and select our Playboy All-America Pre-Season Basketball Team. So, before our headache gets too intense, let's run through this year's top American college teams and spot the winners.

AMERICAN SOUTH

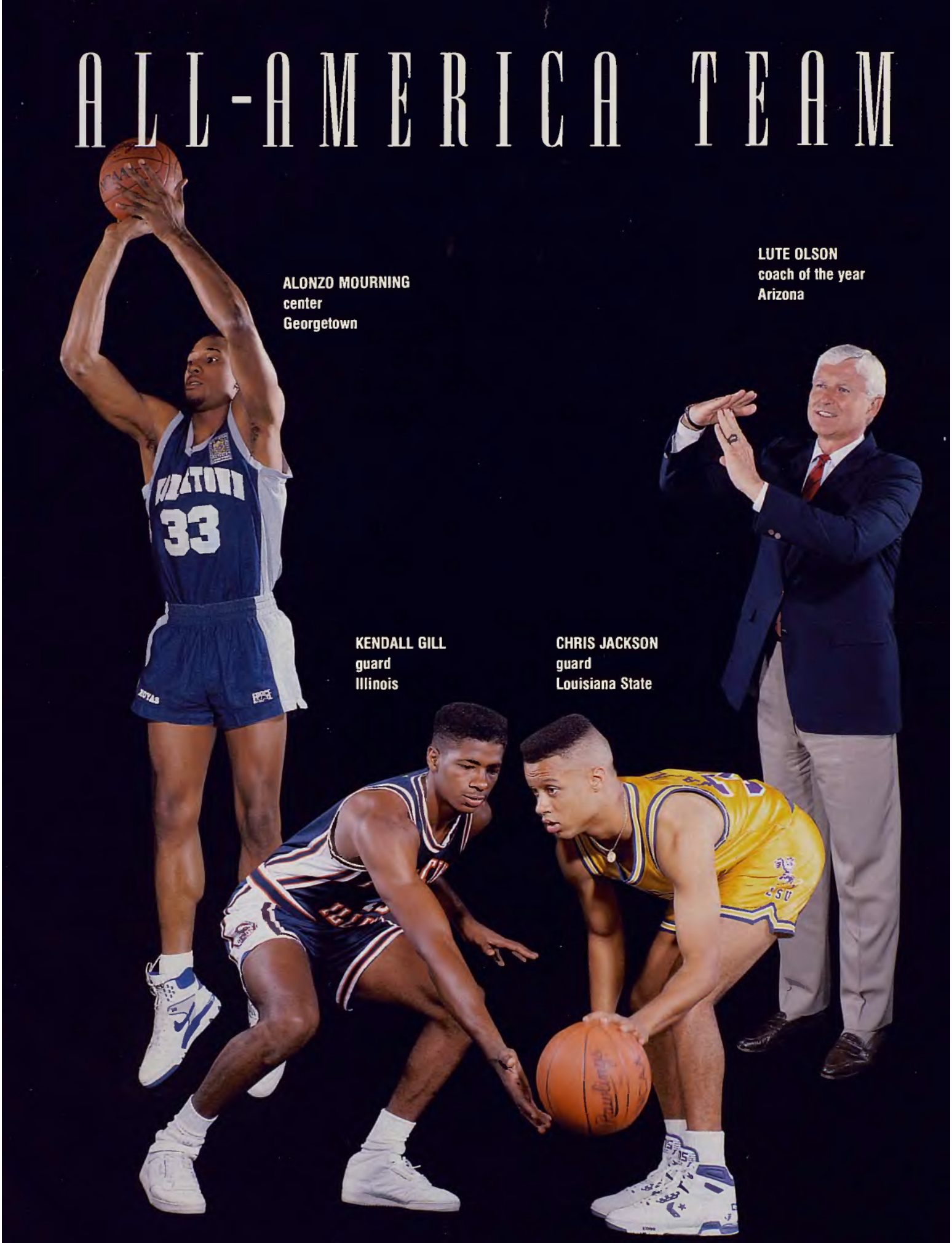
Southwestern Louisiana's nickname, Ragin' Cajuns, sounds more like this week's special at the local seafood restaurant than like the favorite to take the American South Conference crown. Coach Marty Fletcher's crew is quick and can shoot the three-pointer (201 team total last season). Almost everyone is back this year, including guard Sydney Grider (23.4 points per game) and 6'8" forward Kevin Brooks (20.7 p.p.g.).

Last year, *(continued on page 164)*

PLAYBOY'S 1990



ALL-AMERICA TEAM



ALONZO MOURNING
center
Georgetown

LUTE OLSON
coach of the year
Arizona

KENDALL GILL
guard
Illinois

CHRIS JACKSON
guard
Louisiana State

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD IZUI

SPECIAL THANKS TO SHERATON WORLD HOTEL, ORLANDO, FLORIDA

THE PLAYBOY ALL-AMERICAS

GARY PAYTON—Guard, 6'4", senior, Oregon State. Averaged 20.1 points, 8.1 assists and three steals per game last season. Has a chance af breaking national career-assist recard set last year by Syracuse's Sherman Douglas and setting OSU all-time career-scoring mark.

RUMEAL ROBINSON—Guard, 6'2", senior, Michigan. Averaged 14.9 points and 6.1 assists per game last season. Made two free throws with three seconds remaining to seal Michigan's 80–79 overtime victory over Seton Hall for last year's national championship.

KENDALL GILL—Guard, 6'4", senior, Illinois. Averaged 15.4 points per game last season. Illinais was 23–1 last year with Gill in the line-up.

CHRIS JACKSON—Guard, 6'1", sophomore, Louisiana State. Averaged 30.2 points per game last season, the most ever by a freshman. His 55-point single-game mark against Mississippi was also a Division I record for a freshman.

GERALD GLASS—Forward, 6'6", senior, Mississippi. Finished fourth in the nation in scoring last season with a 28-point-per-game average. Set S.E.C. record with a three-steals-per-game average.

HANK GATHERS—Forward, 6'7", senior, Loyola-Marymount. Only the second player in N.C.A.A. history ta lead the nation in both scoring (32.7 points per game) and rebounding (13.7 rebounds per game).

DERRICK COLEMAN—Forward, 6'10", seniar, Syracuse. Already Syracuse's all-time leading rebounder, Coleman needs 509 points (scored 625 last season) and 76 blocks (had 127 last season) to become all-time school leader in those categories.

LIONEL SIMMONS—Forward, 6'6", senior, La Salle. Twa-time Metro Atlantic Player of the Year. Averaged 28.4 points and 11.4 rebounds per game last season.

DWAYNE SCHINTZIUS—Center, 7'2", senior, Florida. Consensus All–Southeastern Conference as a junior. Averaged 18 points and 9.7 rebounds per game.

ALONZO MOURNING—Center, 6'10", sophomore, Georgetawn. Led nation in blocked shots last season with 169. Averaged 7.3 rebounds and 13.2 points per game.

LUTE OLSON—Playboy's Coach of the Year, Arizona. Olson has compiled a 328–148 record in 16 years of coaching at Long Beach, Iowa and Arizona. In the past five years, his Arizona teams have won three Pacific Ten championships and last year's team finished the regular season as the number-one team in the nation.

REST OF THE BEST

GUARDS: Marc Brown (Siena); Vernell "Bimbo" Coles (Virginia Tech); Steve Henson (Kansas State); Bo Kimble (Loyola-Marymount); Mark Macon (Temple); Travis Mays (Texas); Rodney Monroe (North Carolina State); Brian Oliver, Dennis Scott (Georgia Tech); Keith Smith (California); LaBradford Smith (Louisville); Steve Smith (Michigan State).

FORWARDS: Stacey Augmon (Nevada–Las Vegas); Willie Burton (Minnesota); Cedric Ceballos (Cal State–Fullerton); Dale Davis (Clemson); LaPhonso Ellis (Notre Dame); Don MacLean (UCLA); Kevin Madden (North Carolina); Terry Mills (Michigan); Billy Owens (Syracuse); Mark Randall (Kansas); Brian Shorter (Pittsburgh); Doug Smith (Missouri); Stephen Thompson (Syracuse); Jayson Williams (St. John's); Trevor Wilson (UCLA).

CENTERS: Victor Alexander (Iowa State); Elden Campbell (Clemson); Duane Causwell (Temple); Chad Gallagher (Creighton); Chris Gatling (Old Dominion); Tom Greis (Villanova); Luc Longley (New Mexico); Alan Ogg (Alabama-Birmingham); Loy Vaught (Michigan); Brian Williams (Arizona).

Playboy All-Americo forward Derrick Coleman was sidelined by a foot operation during this year's photo session. He should recover in time for Syracuse's season opener.

Tim Floyd took over as coach at **New Orleans,** a team that had lost all five starters from the previous season and averaged a wimpy 6'2½" per man. Most experts picked the Privateers to finish last. But, as Floyd said, "I wasn't prepared for life at the bottom." He used good defense, two overachieving 6'3" forwards—Tony Harris and Willie Richardson—and mirrors to win 19 games and the conference championship.

Louisiana Tech has a knack for turning out awesome power players. First there was Karl Malone, then Randy White. Anthony Dade may be the Bulldogs' next contribution to the N.B.A. The 6'7" forward averaged 14 points and 7.3 rebounds a game last year as a freshman. Jerry Loyd replaces Tommy Joe Eagles, now at Auburn, as head coach.

ATLANTIC COAST

It's changing-of-the-guard time in the Atlantic Coast Conference. Goodbye, J.R. *Arrivederci*, Danny. Make way for the superstars of tomorrow: Duke's Christian Laettner, Tech's Dennis Scott, Clemson's Elden Campbell, NC State's Rodney Monroe. But while the names of the rising players are new, the teams on top of the conference standings will have that familiar ring—as in Duke and North Carolina. With better balance in the conference, look for the difference to narrow between first place and last.

Duke won't be as good as last season, because it won't have Danny Ferry. But with chief rival North Carolina down a notch, the Blue Devils have enough young talent to win the conference. Coach Mike Krzyzewski will count on 6'11" Christian Laettner and 6'5" forward Robert Brickey to provide the bulk of the Blue Devils' offense. Alaa Abdelnaby will handle the middle. Guard Phil Henderson, who considered transferring to Illinois, stayed put in Durham.

North Carolina will be without some

(continued on page 210)

I WANT

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I CAN

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You want to win. You focus. Play it in your head. Before the game. Cut. Drive. Stop. Pop. Two. Get that mental edge. And get the right shoe. adidas Torsion moves the way your foot moves. In two parts. Naturally. Designed with one thing in mind. Winning. If you really want it, you can.

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE REVIEW

WHO DO YOU THINK SHOULD BE PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR?

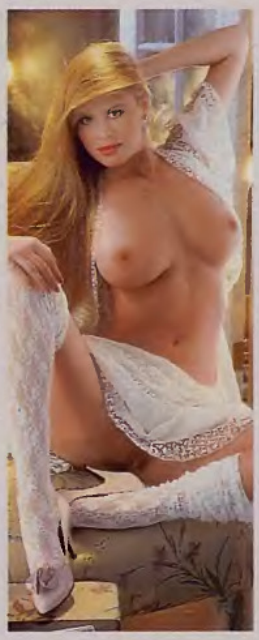
AS THE EIGHTIES' fast track recedes in the rearview mirror, it's time for *Playboy* readers to help us with a difficult New Year's resolution—of the question Who was the top Playmate of the Month in 1989? Choosing a Playmate of the Year is never an easy matter, not when every twelvemonth features a dozen—this year, a baker's dozen—of the loveliest women in the world. And the contest for the title Playmate of the Year 1990 carries added significance. The winner will take over the crown from "Kimberella" Conrad and lead us into the Nineties. So get on the horn and help us out. Call the 900 number next to your fave. Phone lines are open 24 hours a day, November 21 through December 24. And in this contest, unlike the past Presidential race, there is no shortage of worthy candidates. We have sensational names—Tawnni Cable, Monique Noel, Gianna "That's" Amore. We have twins—the Euro beauties Mirjam and Karin van Breeschooten. We have a disclaimer, too. Each call will set you back 50 cents; calls from outside the U.S. will be charged at long-distance rates. Previous disclaimers have not kept hundreds of thousands of callers from all over the globe from reaching out with their finger tips; we figure that you, the Playmate fan, will ante up four bits to do the right thing. So, to make your choice even more wrenching, we present a review of all the 13 Playmates of 1989 on the next 11 pages.

Playmate of the Year 1989 Kimberley Conrad wears two crowns—in July, she became Mrs. Hugh M. Hefner. Who knows what the new year holds for the first P.M.O.Y. of the Nineties?

TAKE A CHANCE ON TALKING WITH YOUR FAVORITE PLAYMATE

Ever dream of talking to a real, live Playmate? You can. During the phone-in, which ends Christmas Eve, Playmates of 1989 will be standing by to pick up calls from their fans. A computer will decide which calls are recorded for posterity and which get through to an in-the-flesh Playmate. So when you call, have a clever line or two ready. Suppose she picks up the phone. You impress her. You two get married. Stop the presses!

A ROUNDUP OF THE PAST DELIGHTFUL BAKER'S DOZEN



Miss January

1-900-702-6001

Supermodel Fawna MacLaren (below), centerfold girl in *Playboy*'s 35th Anniversary Issue, has found that fame has its drawbacks. She can hardly dance a tune at her favorite L.A. night club, Vertigo, without stopping to sign autographs. "I love it, though. To all the people who ask for my autograph or call in, I want to say 'Thanks.' Doing *Playboy* has been a great, great thing for me."

Miss August

1-900-702-6008

A fan of classical music and backwoods retreats, Gianna Amore (right) is a smart beauty who made the transition from teen beauty queen to Playmate in no time. Now pursuing an acting career, she is weary of the glib lines Hollywood mashers try out on her. One line she *likes* is "I'll bet there's more to you than beauty." That line is accurate, at least, for a renaissance woman.

Miss July

1-900-702-6007

Water and cool were the first words Erika Eleniak (left) cited as turn-ons on her Playmate Data Sheet. Miss July turned out to be a prophetess—she now plays rookie lifeguard Shauni McLain on the wet, California-cool NBC series *Baywatch*. It's "an honor" to be a Playmate, she says. To Erika watchers who call her 900 number, she says, "I appreciate your call—and watch *Baywatch*."

Miss June

1-900-702-6006

Since June of 1989, Hawaiian eyes have turned to Tawnni Cable (right). The Aloha State now lures tourists with travel posters featuring Miss June in one of her now-famous fluorescent bikinis. "Since my centerfold came out, I haven't been able to spend much time on the beach," says Tawnni. Her tan, she says, has not faded yet, but fans would be wise to call their travel agents today.

Miss May

1-900-702-6005

On off days between promotional appearances, Monique Noel (left) wrote a cookbook, *Aphrodisiacs and Love Bites*. Her Fantasy Fruit and French Kiss Toast are sure to warm the cockles of her many fans. Our Miss May also had a close call with a Utah volcano. Her guides made as if to toss her in, Monique says, laughing, "but they decided not to sacrifice me, 'cause I wasn't a virgin."

Miss February

1-900-702-6002

Simone Fleurice Eden (left) blossomed in 1989. She turned 19, wowed the crowd as a Playboy Channel rep at a national cable-TV convention and came close to fulfilling her New Year's resolution—"To be nice *all* the time." Simone's Playmate Data Sheet featured one of the year's most intriguing hobbies, a form of therapy that calls for a water bed, a masseur and a gallon of baby oil.

Miss October

1-900-702-6010

Of the 28,000 citizens of Lufkin, Texas, Karen Foster (right) has long been the prettiest. In October, she became the most famous. "The radio stations called, the [Lufkin] *Daily News* called—everyone was thrilled," Karen says. The ex–Houston Rockets cheerleader now makes two bits, four bits and much more as a model in Houston. For four bits, you can cheer Karen on for P.M.O.Y.

Miss March

1-900-702-6003

A sensuous spokeswoman for the institution of marriage, old-fashioned girl Laurie Wood (right) shares wedded bliss with her husband in her beloved Pacific Northwest. "I feel so lucky to be a Playmate," says Laurie. "And it's exciting—I never get over being surprised when someone asks for my autograph. But, if anything, all this has made me even *more* conservative." There's a first.

Miss April

1-900-702-6004

Nine months ago, Jennifer Jackson (left) told us of a recurring nightmare—"Waking up bald!" Instead, she woke up as the darling of the Kent State campus. A business-management major—"We learn how to read *The Wall Street Journal*"—Miss April manages mob scenes in off-campus bars by using a shorthand autograph. "I scribble J.J. and get out of there if things get too wild."

Miss December

1-900-702-6012

"Bitten with the acting bug big time," Petra Verkaik (right) ponders her filmic future with infectious delight. "I want to play sexy, elegant," says Petra, who is already two for two. "And mature. À la Sigourney Weaver." Miss December fears that she looks too young for mature roles and almost looks forward to the morning when she finds a few wrinkles under those enchanting eyes.

Miss November

1-900-702-6011

Reneé Tenison (below) grew up on "fresh-picked potatoes." Not unusual for an Idaho girl but quite a testimonial for the spuds industry. She works for a manufacturer in Boise, putting circuit boards in computers. On weekends, she gets feline. "I'll be at the lions' cage at the zoo or at the Red Lion," a Boise night spot. At both of her hangouts, Reneé's admirers roar.

Misses September

1-900-702-6009

Karin and Mirjam van Breeschooten (right) are easy to tell apart. Karin, on the left, measures 89-59-86. Mirjam, on the right, is 92-60-87. That's in centimeters. Their beauty is identical, which is why Karin is currently modeling in West Germany, while Mirjam plays model citizen in the twins' native Netherlands. To vote twice with one call, go Dutch—they're waiting to hear from you.

PHANTOM BLOOPER *(continued from page 148)*

"The Kid pulled an R&R in Japan. He scarfed up beaucoup *sake, took hot baths with naked jailbait."*

a ground attack and our peak killing hour, the Kid from Brooklyn, our radioman, hops over the sandbagged trenchline along the perimeter and slides down into the wire while heavy monsoon rain slants down, battering him in translucent sheets.

Down in the kill zone, the Kid from Brooklyn ditty-bops through budding gardens of metal planted thick with deadly antipersonnel mines. Stepping cautiously through Claymores, trip flares and tanglefoot, he quietly and efficiently robs dead men of their postage stamps.

Communist grunts hang in our wire all the time, little yellow mummies who have paid the price, enemy military personnel who got caught in the wire and gunned down, their moldy mustard-colored khaki shorts and shirts splotched with brown, their nostrils clogged with dried blood, bugs crawling on their teeth.

Enemy sappers crawl into our wire every night. Your basic operational model gook will take six hours to crawl six yards. Sappers cut attack lanes in the wire, tape the wire back, then smear the tape with mud. They turn our Claymores around. Sometimes a gung-ho sapper will get close enough to heave a 14-pound satchel charge into a perimeter bunker. Those who don't blow themselves up on an antipersonnel mine get hung up in the wire or trip a flare. Then we demonstrate leatherneck hospitality by grenading them and shooting them to death.

Incoming patrols sometimes bring in confirmed kills and throw them into the wire as war trophies.

The North Vietnamese army likes to probe us with ground attacks. It drags its wounded off to tunnel hospitals. It buries its dead in shallow graves in mangrove swamps. Wasted gooks unlucky enough to get left behind hang in the triple-strand concertina wire until maggots hollow them out from the inside and they fall apart.

Rotting corpses can get to smelling pretty bad sometimes. We really should bury them, but we don't. Nobody likes to police up dead gooks. You grab confirmed kills by the ankles or by the wrists, and their arms and legs come off in your hands like sticks. If you try to pick up what's left of the torso, sometimes your fingers slip into an exit wound, and then you're standing there with a handful of maggots.

Besides, we enjoy throwing dead gooks into the wire. A dead gook hanging in our wire in less than mint condition is a handy audio-visual aid to keep our enemies honest. We want everybody we do business with to know who we are and what we stand for and take seriously.

•

Now, down in the rain in the dark, the Kid from Brooklyn is digging into mildewed pockets for colorful bits of gummed paper.

It all started when the Kid from Brooklyn pulled an R&R in Japan. He took the bullet train to Kyoto, scarfed up *beaucoup* sake and Japanese bennies, took long, hot baths with slant-eyed naked jailbait.

"I'm a salty lance corporal who is short, short, short," the Kid from Brooklyn said when he came back from Japan. "I'm so short I could fall off a dime. I'm so short the gooks probably can't even see me."

In Tokyo, the Kid souvenired himself a small black stamp album. Now he's back in-country to pull his tour of duty in a world of shit. Only he's different now. He has changed. Now the Kid from Brooklyn is a dedicated stamp collector.

Enemy postage stamps depict exciting scenes of war and politics. North Vietnamese troops shake hands with smiling Viet Cong under a Communist red star and wreath. Columns of ragged and forlorn American prisoners of war are marched off to Hanoi prison camps. A helicopter gunship with an oversized U.S. on its side plunges to earth in flames to the cheers of an all-girl peasant militia crew behind the village anti-aircraft gun. An old papa-san walks along a paddy dike, a hoe in one hand and a rifle in the other.

I watch the Kid from Brooklyn, hunched over a suspended carcass, indulging himself in his grubby hobby. I know that my job is to climb down there and drag his section-eight ass back behind the wire where it belongs.

I know that I should do that, most ricky-tick, but I don't. I need him as bait.

"Damn," the Kid from Brooklyn says, gently shaking his leg loose from a wild strand of tanglefoot that has caught him in the ankle. He bends down to another shredded lump of shadow and frisks it for diaries, wallets, piasters, love letters and crumbling black-and-white photographs of gook girlfriends. Everything that looks like it might have postage stamps on it gets stuffed into one of the cargo pockets on the front of his baggy green trouser legs.

In the monsoon rain, the Kid is a black silhouette. His poncho is outlined by silver blips. He is a perfect target. Gook snipers in the dark can hear the rain bouncing off his poncho. The Phantom Blooper can see the black butt plate of the Kid's M16, slung barrel-down to keep the rain out of the bore.

I should try to save the Kid from Brooklyn's bacon, but I won't. I can't. Marines are not elite amphibious shock troops anymore. We've been demoted to expendable seafood. In Vietnam, we're only cheap live bait impaled on an Asian hook, wiggling until we draw fire and die. Dying, that's what we're here for. Our Parris Island drill instructors would say, "Blood makes the grass grow."

I pick up the handset to the Kid from Brooklyn's field radio. It has been taped up inside a clear plastic bag. I whistle softly. I grunt. I say, "This is Green Millionaire, Green Millionaire, First Platoon actual. I want illumination, ladies, and I want it immediately fucking now."

First Platoon is sleeping, totally exhausted after an 18-hour day of loading six-bys.

An endless convoy of trucks has been hauling off live howitzer shells, wooden pallets stacked high with cases of C rations, mountains of plywood and building beams and tons of sheets of perforated steel planking torn up from the airfield.

First Platoon is cutting a few well-earned zulus. Time to wake them up. Time to wake the whole base up.

The handset sizzles with static and someone says, "Rog. Pop one. Shot out."

•

I heft my M60 to port arms the way they do it in the movies and I squint harder and harder into an expanding darkness. But my night vision is not what it used to be. There's no movement. No muzzle flashes. No sound but the rain.

One word from me and the Phantom Blooper will be in the bottom of a red-mud swimming pool shitting Pittsburgh steel. If a frog farts, I will bury that frog under a black iron mountain of American bombs. And even if this dirty zero-zero weather keeps the big birds grounded, I can always get arty in. One magic set of two-word, six-number map coordinates spoken into my radio handset and the cannon cockers get wired and in 40 seconds I can crank up more firepower than a *Panzer* division.

Somewhere in the rear, a mortar tube *fumps*.

My finger squeezes up all of the slack on the trigger. I take a deep breath. I've got the jungle covered. I'm looking forward to working the 60 and cutting up the black night with red lines of bullets.

Five hundred yards down range and moon high, a muted *pock*. Light vast, harsh and white spills out across the black sky, melts, then floats down with the

"No other luggage? . . . Just a sack of goodies, Mr. Smith?"

rain. An illumination flare sways under a little white parachute, squeaking and dripping sparks that hiss and pop.

I hold my breath and freeze. Now is not the time to make a wrong move. The Phantom Blooper is just waiting for me to do something stupid like a New Guy.

Down in the wire, the Kid from Brooklyn stops and looks up at the light. Near Sorry Charlie, a human skull mounted on a stake in the wire, the Kid hunkers down, pounded by cold gusts of wind and monsoon rain.

Black laughter drifts in from No Man's Land. The Kid turns outboard and slowly unslings his rifle. Behind his rain-fogged glasses, his eyes are big in his face.

There is the sound of a metallic wine bottle popping open and there is the moment of perfect silence, and then one M79 blooper fragmentation grenade hits the Kid from Brooklyn and he does a very bad impression of John Kennedy campaigning in Dallas and in silent slow motion the Kid from Brooklyn's head dissolves into a cloud of pink mist and then *bam* and he falls into pieces all over the area, blown away, killed in action and wasted, shot dead and slaughtered.

The Kid from Brooklyn's headless body is a contorted blob of wax in the ghost light of the illumination flare. One arm gone. One arm converted to pulp. Legs bent too far and in the wrong directions. Ribs curving up incredibly white from inside a glistening black cavity, which, as though on fire, is steaming.

Abruptly, illumination fades. Night falls on my position. A shadow walks across my field of fire.

I cling to the cold metal of my machine gun, mouth dry, teeth gritted, fingers aching, knuckles bleeding where I've bitten them, sweat stinging my eyes, stomach pumping in and out and I'm shaking.

The Phantom Blooper knows where I am now. He knows where I live. Out there beyond the wire, in that deep black jungle, the Phantom Blooper can hear the sound of the gong that is the beating of my heart.

I try to let go of the machine gun, but I can't.

Hunkered down, I hold my breath, afraid to fire.

•

Life in the V-ring:

Inside the only guard bunker still standing in our area, our New Guy is busy choking his lizard. His teenaged horny brain has left Khe Sanh and has gone back to the World and has wrapped itself up inside Susie Rottencrotch's pretty pink panties. He groans, abusing Government property, polishing his bayonet, just a little early-morning organ practice to cut the edge off the cold; the Marines have landed and the situation is well in hand.

I hop down into the bunker.

A field radio buzzes. I pick up the handset while the New Guy fumbles frantically with the buttons on his fly.

Some fucking pogue lifer standing radio watch in the Sandbag City command post demands a sit-rep, then yawns.

Instead of saying "All secure" in a mechanical monotone, I say with an exaggerated gook accent, "This is General Vo Nguyen Giap speaking. Situation normal, all fucked up."

The fucking pogue lifer laughs and says, "Wait one." Then he says to someone in the background. "It's Joker. He says he's a Jap." Both pogues laugh and talk about how crazy I am, and then the radio voice says, "Affirm, Joker. Roger that," and I put down the handset.

The New Guy is waiting for me, standing almost at attention.

Since the Phantom Blooper started wasting the grunts with the most T.I.—time in—all I've got left are New Guys. The replacement pipeline pulls cherries out of high school and ships them to Khe Sanh.

New Guys have to be watched. Along about midnight, when the Phantom Blooper walks and talks, New Guys wet their pants. Nobody wants to die alone and in the dark.

•

"What's your name there, dipshit?"

"Private Owens, sir." He steps forward. I shove him back.

"Been in-country long, hog?"

"All week, sir."

I turn away. I don't laugh. After a few cadence counts, when I trust myself, I do an about-face.

"The correct answer to that question is 'All fucking day.' And stow the Parris Island 'sir' shit, lard ass. Shut your scuzzy mouth, fat body, and listen up. I am going to give you the straight skinny, because you are the biggest shitbird on the planet. Don't *even* play pocket pool when you're supposed to be pulling bunker guard in my area. You *will* police up your act and get squared away, most ricky-tick, or you are going to have your health record turned into a fuck story. In Vietnam, nice guys do not finish at all and monsters live forever. You got to bring ass to get ass. A few weeks ago, you were the hot-rod king of some hillbilly high school, stumbling around in front of all the girls and stepping on your dick, but be advised that Vietnam will be the education you never got in school. You ain't even been born yet, sweet pea. Your job is to stand around and stop the bullet that might hit someone of importance. Before the sun comes up, Prive, you could be just one more tagged-and-bagged pile of nonviewable remains. If you're lucky, you'll only get killed."

The New Guy looks at me as though I've slapped him but does not reply.

I say, "We are teenaged Quasimodos for the bells of hell and we are as happy as pigs in shit, because killing is our business and business is good. The commandant of the Marine Corps has ordered you to Khe Sanh to get yourself some trigger time and pick up a few sea stories. But you are not *even* here to win the D.F.M., the Dumb Fucker's Medal. The only virtue of the stupid is that they don't live long. The Lord giveth and the M79 taketh away. There it is. Welcome to the world of zero slack."

The New Guy swats away a whining mosquito, looks at his boots, says sweetly, hating my guts, "Aye-aye, sir."

I don't say anything. I wait. I wait until the New Guy looks up, looks at me. He snaps to attention, a ramrod up his ass, chin tucked in. "Yes, *sir*!"

I stroll down the muddy catwalk of rope-handled ammo crates. I pick up a short black cardboard cylinder from the firing parapet. I tear off black adhesive tape from around the cylinder until it breaks open. An olive-drab egg drops into my hand, heavy, hard and cold. There is tape around the spoon; I tear it off.

I say, "I know that you've seen all of John Wayne's war movies. You probably think that you are in Hollywood now and that this is your audition. In the last reel of this movie, I'm supposed to turn out to be a sentimental slob with a heart of gold. But you're just another fucking New Guy and you're too dumb to do anything but draw fire. You don't mean shit to me. You're one more nameless regulation-issue goggle-eyed human fuck-up. I've seen a lot of ol' boys come and go. But it's my job to keep your candy ass serviceable. I'm the most squared-away buck private in this green machine lash-up, and I *will* do my job."

I hold down the spoon on the grenade with a thumb and I hook my other thumb into the pull ring. I jerk out the cotter pin. I put the pull ring into my pocket.

The New Guy is staring at the grenade. He thinks now that maybe I'm a little *diên cai dau*—crazy. He tries to move away, but I punch him in the chest with the frag and I say, "Take it, New Guy, or I *will* get crazy on you. Do it *now*."

Awkward, stiff and scared shitless, the New Guy touches the grenade with his finger tips to see if it's hot. His trembling fingers get a slow grip on the spoon. I let him breathe his bad breath into my face until I'm sure that he's got control of the spoon, then I let go.

The New Guy holds the grenade out at arm's length, as though that will help if it goes off. He can't take his eyes off it.

I say, "Now, if you need gear, do not go to supply. They sell all of the good stuff on the black market. Supply will not issue you any gear, but they might sell you some. No, what you do is you wait until

WHAT THE GENTLEMEN DRINK WHEN THE LADIES LEAVE THE ROOM.

Old Grand-Dad Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey. 43% Alc/Vol (86 Proof). Distilled and Bottled by The Old Grand-Dad Distillery Company, Frankfort, KY.

OLD GRAND-DAD

you hear an inbound medevac chopper or until somebody says that some dumb grunt has been hit by incoming. Then you double-time over to Charlie Med. Outside Charlie Med there will be a pile of gear the corpsmen will have stripped off the dying grunt. While the doctors cut the guy up, you steal his gear.

"After that, the first thing you need to know is to always tap a fresh magazine of bullets on your helmet in case it's been in your bandoleer long enough to freeze up due to spring fatigue. The second thing you need to know is this: Don't you *even* piss in my bunker. You need to pee, you just tie it in a knot. And the last piece of skinny I've got for you, New Guy, is this: Don't *ever* put a Band-Aid on a sucking chest wound."

The New Guy nods, tries to talk, tries to pull some air down and cough some words up at the same time. "The pin. . . ." He swallows. "Do you *want* me to be killed?"

I turn to go. I shrug. "Somebody's got to get killed, it might as well be you. I'm not training you to keep from getting killed. I'm training you so you don't get *me* killed."

•

I look down at the wrist watch hanging from the buttonhole of the breast pocket of my utility jacket. I say to the New Guy, "I *will* inspect this position again in two hours, you gutless little pissant. You will not *even* fall asleep. When I give you the word, you *will* return my personal hand grenade in a serviceable condition. You will not *even* allow my personal hand grenade to blow itself up and hurt itself. You will not *even* mess up my favorite bunker with the horrible remains of your disgusting fat body."

The New Guy swallows, nods. "Aye-aye, sir." He's really scared shitless now. He's scared of me, scared of the frag, scared of everything and everybody on the planet.

I say, "When the Phantom Blooper comes, do not work the sixty. Pop a frag. Or call in for artillery support. Pop frags all over the area if you want to, many, many of them. When you're standing lines, frag first and forget about asking the questions. Keep your shit wired tight at all times, but do not work the sixty. The tracers in the sixty will give away your position."

But the New Guy is not listening. He's distracted.

Down in the wire, a squad of Marines is coming in off a night ambush. Somebody pops a star-cluster flare and five glowing green balls of beautiful fireworks swoosh up and sparkle down. A bone-weary squad leader issues a military order: "Hippity hop, mob stop."

I say, "What is your major malfunction, numbnuts? How long will it take me to forget *your* name?" Without warning, I get a firm grip on the New Guy's Adam's apple and I slam him hard into the bunker wall. Most of the air is knocked out of him. I choke out what's left.

I get right up in the New Guy's face. "I can't hear you, you spineless piece of low life. Are you going to cry? Go ahead—squirt me a few. You better sound off like you got a pair, sweetheart, or I will personally unscrew your head and shit in your shoulders!"

His face red, Private Owens tries to speak. His eyes are bulging out and he's crying. He can't breathe. His eyes lock on me, the eyes of a rat in a trap. I stand by to make my hat most ricky-tick. The New Guy looks like he's just about ready to faint and drop the grenade.

"*Aye-aye, sir!*" he screams, crazy, desperate. He shoves me back. He makes his free hand into a fist and hits me in the face. His eyes are turning to the dark side now; he sees himself in my face as though in a mirror. He hits me again, harder. We're relating now, we're communicating. Violence: the international language. The New Guy glares at me with pure, uncut hatred in his puffy red eyes.

The New Guy shoves me back again, sneering at me now, daring me to stop him, inviting me to get in his way, meaning it, not afraid now, not caring what I might do, a little crazy now, nothing to lose now, nothing standing between him and that one short step into the Beyond. Nothing but me.

"I'll kill you," he says and cocks his arm, threatening me with the frag. "I'll kill you," he says, and I believe him, because, finally, the New Guy has become a very dangerous person.

I can't keep the smile off my face, but I do try to make it look like contempt. "Carry on, Private Owens," I say, and I let him go.

I do an abrupt about-face and ditty-bop down the catwalk. I pause. I dig the pull ring from the hand grenade out of my pocket. I flip it across the bunker to Private Owens, who actually catches it.

"Don't play with it anymore tonight, Private Owens."

Private Owens nods, looking glum and totally confused. He brings the hand grenade up to the tip of his nose and picks at the firing mechanism with a fingernail, then pokes around with the cotter pin, trying to reinsert it into the grenade.

"Carry on," I say, aiming a forefinger between his eyes, "*after* I'm gone."

Private Owens nods, stands still and waits, a human Marine monument to an ignorance as hard as iron.

•

Dawn at Khe Sanh. As the day suddenly turns real, dew glistens on a shanty-town of tents built with shelter halves and muddy ponchos. From the last of the decaying bunkers still standing and from the mouths of man-made caves, hard reptile men poke steel-helmeted heads out into the cold morning air, squinting, their faces stubble-bearded, bulky in their flak jackets and baggy jungle utilities, with weapons growing out of their hands like black-metal deformities. They walk hunched over and fast in the Khe Sanh quick step, humping ankle-deep in red mud, grunts, scuzzy field Marines, slouching half-awake toward burlap-wrapped piss tubes that no longer exist, scratching their balls.

A Skycrane helicopter lifts a howitzer off the deck and *whack-whacks* into a sky the color of lead. The howitzer dangles like a big toy on the end of a steel cable.

I crawl up into my gray metal hole inside a Conex box and I try to sleep.

Outside, an engineer yells, loud and bored, "*Fire in the hole! Fire in the hole!*"

Whomp.

Thuds and thumps are doing what enemy gunners have been having wet dreams about for months. They are tearing up some of the perforated steel planking from the airfield and loading it onto trucks. There are so many fires that most of the guys are wearing gas masks. The engineers are blowing up the last bunker with blocks of C-4, while working parties of tired grunts chop into sandbags with E-tools and machetes. Growling bulldozers bury any remaining trash that's left beneath tons of red mud.

I curl up into a ball to hide and to wait for darkness. I close my eyes and I try to dream. If I'm going to go one on one with the Phantom Blooper, I need my beauty sleep.

If I don't kill the Phantom Blooper before we leave Khe Sanh, he will live forever.

Sometimes my dreams are too noisy, and sometimes my dreams are too quiet, and sometimes I can hear the sound of shrapnel going off in my mind.

•

The monsoon rain is coming down hard and cold and the New Guy I put through grenade school is falling asleep on guard duty, hunkered down in a hole where the guard bunker used to be, a poncho liner wrapped around his shoulders like an Indian blanket.

Cutting zulus, the New Guy nods forward, pulls himself a little rack time, then jerks his head up, opens his eyes and looks around.

Within two minutes, the New Guy's eyes narrow to slits and his head starts to nod forward again. When you're on guard duty, sleep is the most valuable thing in the world.

Staring into a night as black as hell's steel door, I slide past the dozing New Guy and down into our wire.

I salute Sorry Charlie. The napalm-blackened skull is wearing a pair of felt

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Mickey Mouse ears.

Naked except for the beat-up old Stetson on my head, armed with an M79 grenade launcher, and with the Kid from Brooklyn's prick-25 field radio on my back, I double-time into No Man's Land across a postatomic dark and bloody ground.

From sterile red soil that has been blasted with more firepower than a six-pack of Hiroshima bombs, dragons of ground mist rise up to swallow me. Gigantic bomb craters pockmark the deck. If I fall into a shell hole, I'll either break my neck or drown.

Mud sucks at my naked feet and slows me down as it always does in nightmares when the monster is chasing you. The sucking of the mud is embarrassingly noisy.

A star-cluster flare shoots up to the north. I squat and freeze. Somebody on a night ambush is coming in early. They must have wounded.

I wait until No Man's Land is silent, so silent that even the frogs have shut up. Then I hump, and every piece of darkness has something mean and ugly hiding in it, and every shadow is full of ghosts with iron teeth, but I don't care.

The Phantom Blooper laughs.

I stop and listen. The Phantom Blooper laughs again.

The grunts standing lines on the perimeter hear the Blooper and get wired. There's shouting and movement. In ten seconds, illumination flares are going to be popping all over this A-O.

I get a feeling that tells me that I am rapidly becoming someone's favorite sight picture.

The Phantom Blooper starts talking, but I can't quite hear what he's saying and I hope that the grunts on the perimeter can't hear him either, because the Phantom Blooper's grasp of the situation is too damned precise and if we listen to him, we'll all go plain fucking crazy.

Using my ears like an animal, I stalk the Blooper. My ears pick up each dot of sound.

Bam. An M79 grenade lifts a chunk of the deck in front of me, splattering me with mud and shrapnel.

Dark shadows dance and turn into monsters and larger shadows swallow them.

Someone screams into my ear, "*More Illum! More Illum! Goddamn, more light!*"

Hunkered down in the dark, butt-naked in a bombed-out wasteland, I'm muddy and stung by shrapnel. And my feet are cut all to shit.

A lone illumination shell from the 81 mike-mike mortars section hisses up in a high arc, pops, burns, pours down a football field of harsh white light.

The air I'm breathing turns into bullets and angry blips of red neon try to find my eyes. I know that the New Guy was sleeping, woke up when the Blooper laughed, got scared enough to shoot his own shadow, started working the 60 without remembering that I ordered him to use a frag or call in arty so that he wouldn't give away his position.

The New Guy has just fired a shot in anger; he's not a New Guy anymore.

I hear footsteps.

A hot sledge hammer hits me and knocks me down. I try to get up. My mouth goes dry in an instant and my stomach turns sour. I can't breathe. I've been shot. That fucking New Guy has shot me and I try to say to him, "You're in the hurt locker now, sweet pea." But all that comes out is a cough.

I lift myself up onto an elbow and I hold my M79 in one hand and I fire *bloop* at the expansive target of the New Guy's ignorance. There's a silence, and then the New Guy's area comes all to pieces in slow motion. A cadence count later, the fragmentation round *thuds*.

The whole perimeter opens fire. Tracer rounds probe the darkness.

I think maybe I'm dying.

Cold hands grip my ankles. I kick. I try to kick the hands away, but they are too strong. The field radio on my back hangs on a root and is pulled off. I'm being dragged away, toward the jungle.

Struggling to stay conscious, I try to talk tough to the Phantom Blooper. I want to see his black bone face.

My head bumps on a rock; I drop my M79.

•

While my mind drowns in a red-and-black river, the Phantom Blooper is dragging my body off into the jungle to bury it alive in a Viet Cong tunnel as a wire-strapped fetus stuffed forever into a damp, silent wall hundreds of feet beneath the impenetrable rain forest.

I can smell the moist black stink of jungle and I think, halfheartedly, So this is dying; it don't mean nothing, not even.

The darkness is cold, solid and total.

I see a floating light. But I am a United States grunt and I know that what I am seeing is a false light, a phosphorescent glow imprinted upon the jungle floor by the decayed remains of some animal that has died there.

In the glow of the false light, I can see where I've been hit. My naked shoulder looks like an old piece of saddle leather after a maniac has worked it over good with an ice pick. The skin is hard, dry, yellow-brown and stretched too tight. In the center of the ice-pick holes is one big hole, angry, red and moist.

As my eyes focus, I can see that deep down in the bottom of some of the little holes are hard brown eggs. My shoulder is hot and itchy. I can't stand it anymore. I scratch hard, digging into brittle flesh with dirty fingernails, exposing the tunnel system constructed under my skin by Viet Cong worms.

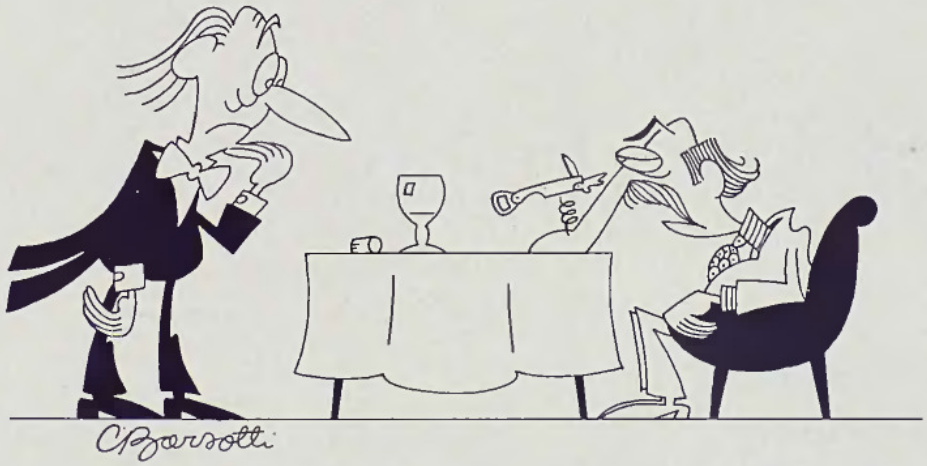
Maggots come out of the holes. Maggots as white as egg flesh crawl out of the holes. Blind worms with shiny brown heads burrow beneath the thin yellow surface of my skin. Maggots crawl out of my skin through the tunnels they have made. Maggots pour out of the holes by the hundreds, wiggling wildly and squirming.

The jungle gets lighter and lighter and then brighter and brighter until it is as lit up as a nighttime carnival. Every tree trunk and every plant and every leafy vine begins to radiate a strange green-yellow phosphorescent light.

Elephant grass and creepers and each leaf and gnarled root and even the interlocking triple-canopy roof of the jungle glows with light. All around me are living jungle plants full of a perfect, wondrous green, and I am bathed in a warm green light of blinding intensity and everywhere I look, I see jungle vines and ancient trees with light glowing deep down inside them and I surrender to the hypnotic enchantment of the world of green light and the Phantom Blooper drags me deeper and deeper into a vast and beautiful forest of green neon bamboo.

The Phantom Blooper laughs.

I laugh, too.



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THE NINETIES *(continued from page 81)*

"We'll see more fury, more vindictive legislation, more intrusions of Government into private lives."

will be so exquisitely refined that *any* body traces will help us identify a person. We will be able to identify the perpetrator of an extortion attempt, for instance, by examining the stamp on the letter and discovering who licked it. We'll be able to track down a criminal using a cigarette he might have left or a hat he might have worn with sweat on the band. The A.C.L.U. can yell all it wants, but there are going to be DNA banks on everyone, because you can't stop progress.

BARRY BLUESTONE, *professor of political economy, University of Massachusetts:* The kind of living situation Tom Wolfe described in *The Bonfire of the Vanities*, the contrast of Upper West Side and South Bronx—the widening gap yet the proximity between the rich and the poor—is something we'll see much of in the Nineties, especially in big cities. The Eighties were a decade of consumption. Unless the Nineties are a decade of investment in technology and education of our people, we will see a continued erosion of our living standards relative to the rest of the world, devastating gaps in equality, and we'll lose the ability to compete. My fear is that we will continue to let selfish interests prevail and continue to live beyond our means, selling off more and more of America to foreign countries to pay for more imports and, as a result, becoming a second-rate nation.

TIMOTHY LEARY, *futurist and performing philosopher:* The Nineties will be the decade of unparalleled change. Since change makes everyone nervous, there will be a tendency to clutch at old religions. Tribal leaders always create demons to distract attention from real issues—in our country today, it is the tremendous problem of the poor. Our demon will be the continued war on drugs. It has become the central, critical spiritual and political issue, not because there's a problem—alcohol kills more people—but because no one is going to oppose it. Since there is no real problem, there will be no real solution. We'll just see more fury, more vindictive legislation, more police, more intrusions of Government into private lives. Our hope will be the children of the Sixties generation. Their parents went to Woodstock and they've been playing with computers since they were kids.

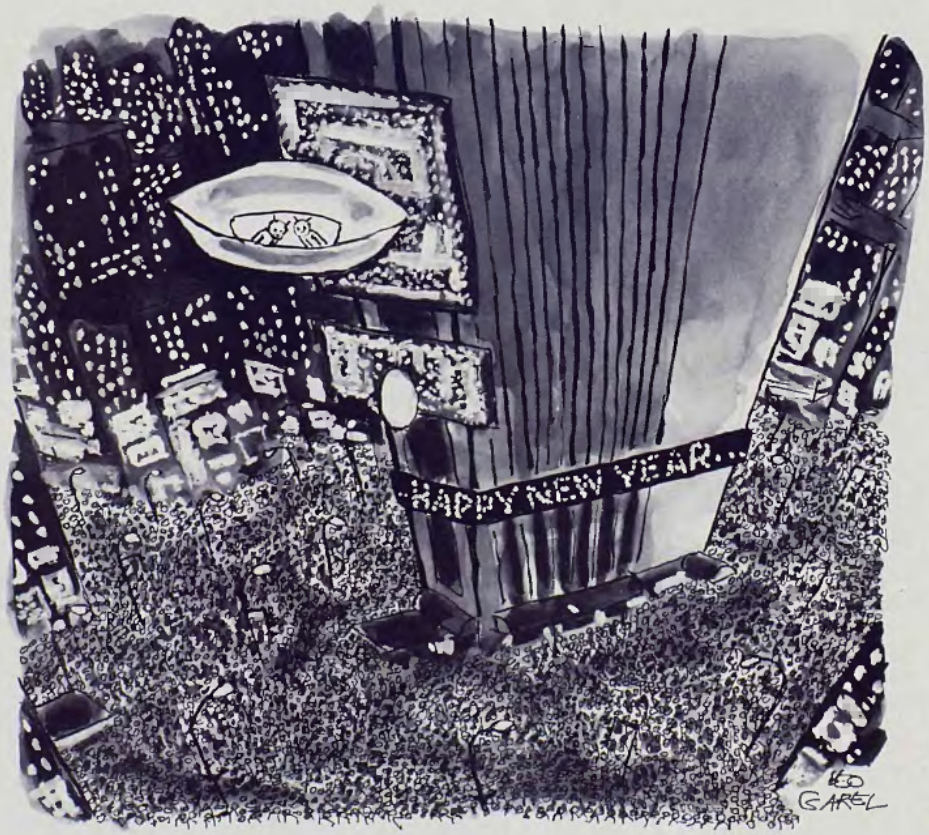
KURT BROUWER, *president, Brouwer & Janachowski, an investment-advisory firm:* The Nineties will be a decade in which volatility will be the norm. For the long-term investor, who views the downs as buying opportunities, it will be a good decade for stock. No-load mutual funds will be the investment of choice. But you'll have to take a long view, decide on strategy, take advantage of targets of opportunity and not panic every time something happens.

THOMAS R. MC DONOUGH, *astrophysicist, coordinator of the Search for Extraterrestrial Intelligence program at the Planetary Society, an international organization founded by Carl Sagan and colleagues:* If E.T. is out there, trying to communicate with us, our chances of detecting him are better than ever. Everyone is monitoring the skies, from Ma Bell to the CIA and the K.G.B. Also, greatly increased numbers of people will work at home as the result of increasing power and decreasing prices of hardware such as personal computers and faxes, as well as the opening up of optical-fiber telephone networks. Companies will be motivated to encourage working at home by the desire to reduce the amount of expensive office space. Cities will be less congested and smoggy, fewer highways will be needed, petroleum use will be eased. By the end of the Nineties, a kind of artificial photosynthesis may be practical that will break water down into oxygen and hydrogen—the ideal fuel. That could eliminate the need for petroleum for energy.

DR. ANTHONY S. FAUCI, *director, National Institute of Allergy and Infectious Diseases:* The Nineties will be known as the second decade of AIDS, because we have as yet to begin to see all the implications of the disease. It will be the decade in which we will face health-care-delivery problems. How do you take care of hundreds of thousands of people who are infected and need medical care? Even if we cut down dramatically the rates of new infection—which is happening among the homosexual population—the likelihood is, unless drugs currently in use prove to be effective in delaying the onset of AIDS for a significant period of time, we're going to see hundreds of thousands of new cases.

DAVID COLE, *director, University of Michigan's Office for the Study of Automotive Transportation:* The car of the Nineties will be more aerodynamic, lighter but not downsized, more fuel efficient. We'll see a dramatic increase in the use of electronics to provide functions such as traction control, antilock-brake systems, driver-information systems, transmission and engine control. New plastics, new processing technology will mean the continued acceleration of new shapes. The G.M. all-purpose van is the shape of things to come.

JEFFREY GOODBY, *cochairman, Goodby, Berlin & Silverstein, an advertising agency:* We will see images everywhere. There will be videos in the back of taxicabs and in



"It's obvious there's no room on this planet to set up a colony."

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men's rooms. They will replace outside billboards. There will be a much higher rattle and hum going on around us. The Nineties will be a decade that will really alter the way people look at the American landscape and the kind of imagery they'll accept in their world.

MICHAEL J. FUCHS, *chairman and C.E.O., Home Box Office:* All the things that seemed revolutionary in the Eighties will be institutionalized in the Nineties. Sixty-seven percent of America now gets its TV through cable. Everything we see today—the skipping from channel to channel, the increased number of cables, the democratization of TV—will continue. There will be new technology—high-definition TV and pay per view. Because of intense competition, imitation will persist, but there will be more energy devoted to carving a niche.

DR. MICHAEL HYSON, *biologist, rocket scientist:* By 1999, we have reason to hope that we will have extended our maximum life span by 20 percent. There are many vitamin and free-radical scavenging compounds that are potentially useful for extending life. For instance, recent studies have shown that Hydergine, a treatment for stroke and senility, increases the average life span of rats by 50 percent. Herbal products are another interesting category: Certain mushrooms lower cholesterol and may cause certain forms of cancer to regress. Finally, there's electromedicine, which shows promise of regenerating limbs and reconnecting spinal cords.

ANTHONY J. ADAMS, *vice-president of marketing research, Campbell Soup Company:* In the food business, the big heat is on time. With all the working women, no one will want to cook and clean up. There will be a lot more frozen food. The home-delivery and takeout-food business will be explosive. Supermarkets will be entertainment centers with demonstrations and jazz bands. There will be a lot more hand-held food, so we can eat while we're at the PC or on the phone. We're looking at weird things such as the soup bar and reinventing the cereal bar. There will be microwaves in cars and in half of the rooms in your house. But the food of the future won't be bland. We'll be into highly intensive flavors—spicy food, hot food, big flavor hits that will knock your socks off.

SCOTT TRIMINGHAM, *president, Sea Shepherd Conservation Society:* I hope the Nineties will be the Decade of Awareness, where we become aware that we are not on this planet alone, that we are members of an interdependent community of life spinning through space and that our physical and economic health depends on the health of the forests, the seas and the harbors. We did not inherit earth from our parents; we are borrowing it from our children.

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NAME THE NINETIES CONTEST

THEY'RE PART of history: The Roaring Twenties, The Gay Nineties, The Naughty Aughties, The Ike Age, The Age of Reason, the Iron and Stone ages. Sure, they were big times, but do you think for one minute that anybody asked the people who lived then how they felt about those names? Not on your life.

When you think about it, there are two big problems with the way decades get named: (1) It always happens after a decade is at least half over (Tom Wolfe didn't produce The Me Decade until 1976), so you can't take advantage of the times while you're living them; and (2) somebody else always does the naming. What sort of trick is that, stealing the right to name our times right out from under us, when *we* don't even know what kind of decade it will be?

That's why *Playboy* and Cognac Hennessy are sponsoring this very special Name the Nineties Contest, to give you—the age-defining reader—a chance to put a title to our times while it can still do us some good. All you have to do is distill the essence of the ten years ahead into a catchy phrase (examples: The Why Me? Decade, The Neurotic Nineties, The Bush-League Years), write a 40-word (or fewer) explanation for why it will fit and send it—postmarked no later than January 31, 1990, please—to:

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So don't let the Nineties limp off unnamed and unknown. Come up with a title that sticks and start a decade you can call your own.

CONTEST RULES

❶ Entries, including your name, address, home and work phone numbers, must be postmarked no later than January 31, 1990. One entry per person. You must be 18 or older to enter. Employees and families of Playboy Enterprises, Inc., and Schieffelin & Somerset Company, their affiliates and agencies are not eligible. ❷ Winners will be selected by *Playboy* editors by April 30, 1990, and their decisions are final. *Playboy* reserves the right to withhold prizes if no submitted entries meet its usual standards of publication. All entries become the property of *Playboy* and will not be returned. ❸ First prize includes round-trip air fare to Los Angeles, hotel and Playboy Jazz Festival tickets for two for the weekend of June 16 and 17, 1990; all other costs are the responsibility of the winner. Winners will be notified by mail and asked to sign and return an Affidavit of Eligibility and Release (including publicity rights to use name and photograph without further compensation) within 30 days of notification. Noncompliance with this time period, undeliverability of notification letter or inability of first-prize winner to travel on the dates indicated will result in forfeiture of prize. *Playboy* is not responsible for prize merchandise of independent suppliers or for any liability in connection with or acceptance of any prize. No prize or cash substitutions or transfer of prizes allowed. All taxes on prizes are the winners' responsibility. Contest void where prohibited or restricted by law.

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TURNER *(continued from page 76)*

"'You, I, most people worry a couple of weeks, a month ahead. Turner lives five years ahead.'"

could change viewing habits forever. He rapidly established its programing as a viable alternative to the 22-minute, cut-and-polished news nuggets of the Big Three, seriously eroding their hegemony. "He knew people would get tired of being commanded by networks," says Daniel Schorr, hired from CBS News by Turner in 1979. "They wanted to control their lives—and turn this [news] thing off and on like a water tap."

What's more, Turner has significantly broadened CNN's global impact. He now sees a future in which CNN will become an information center for the entire planet, uplifting the world's populace on a tide of microwave transmissions.

The vision may or may not come to pass, but skeptics need only look back to 1980 to remind themselves of Turner's prescience. "Let me tell you about Ted Turner," says Ed Turner, the news director of CNN. "You, I, most people—we live in 1989. We worry a couple of weeks, a month ahead. Ted lives five years ahead. This is all behind him. Ted is thinking about what's going on in 1995."

Nineteen eighty-nine marked a watershed year for Ted Turner. It was the first year in which the CNN signal became a truly global transmission, beamed overseas from five satellites that span the earth from the Indian Ocean to the Caribbean, from Maputo to Moscow. Turner, a consummate deal maker, managed to hammer out an agreement with Intelsat, the satellite network jointly owned by 115 member countries, which slashed the costs of overseas transmission by as much as 90 percent. Suddenly, carrying CNN's signal overseas became both politically desirable and financially feasible.

Last summer, thanks to the warming trends brought on by *glasnost* and *perestroika*, Turner also secured a deal with Intersputnik, the Soviet satellite group. That allowed CNN to both uplink and downlink the Middle East, Asia and Africa. Says Paul Amos, CNN's executive vice-president for programing, "Ted is the Armand Hammer of satellite technology."

The global reach of CNN now gives Turner a powerful medium for spreading his oft-stated alarum: The world is going to hell, and only by disseminating The Word around the globe via television can we save it. It's a message that has long transcended politics for Turner. In his eyes, the struggle to reduce the arms race, preserve the ozone layer and feed the children of the Third World outweighs all East/West tensions. Small wonder that *The New Republic* branded him a "zealot in search of a cause."

Turner maintains a strong sense that you can be a moral crusader and win fame, power and money, too. Tom Belford, executive director of Turner's Better World Society, founded to spread warnings about the environment and the arms race through TV, describes him as "two thirds do-gooder, one third entrepreneur." By creating CNN, and stringing together an international satellite-TV network just as he did with American cable TV, Turner has found a means to satisfy both personae.

Spend a day at the $120,000,000 CNN Center in downtown Atlanta and you come away with a powerful sense of the world that Turner has wrought. Walking through the Portmanesque atrium feels like a visit to Turner Land, a dazzling electronic village imbued with both a sense of mission and a cult of personality: Turner might be viewed as the Kim Il Sung of the American media.

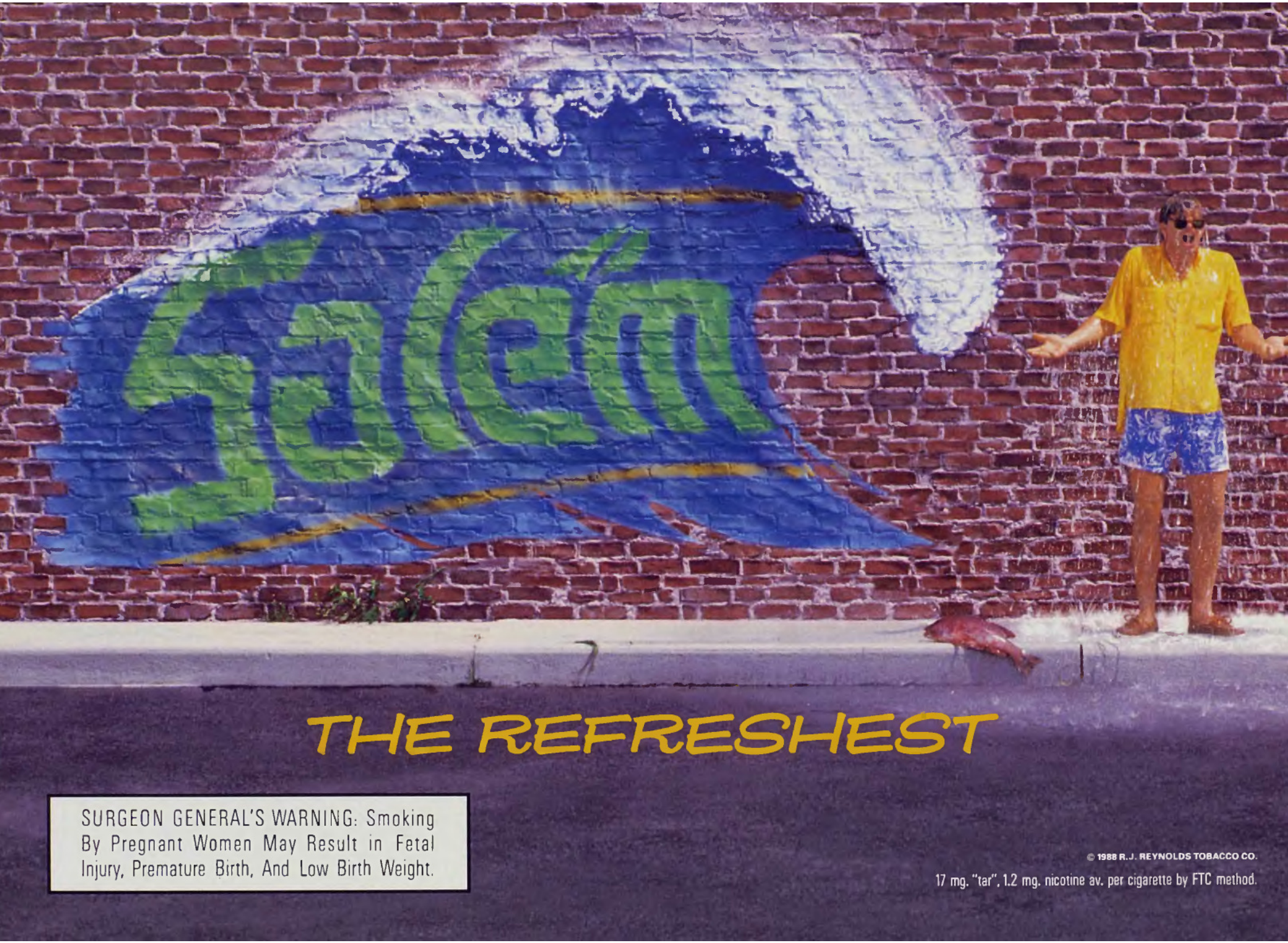
When Turner is in Atlanta, he meets weekly with top CNN officials to talk budgets and offer some editorial ideas of his own. "Some of them we accept, some of them are unworkable," says Ed Turner. The boss recently pushed through a series on the environment, a 30-part six-week series called *Waging Peace*, examining attempts to negotiate settlement of regional wars. He also initiated CNN's *Newsroom*, a TV news magazine for kids meant to compete with Christopher Whittle's controversial *Channel One*. Yet Turner's no fool. He usually keeps his interference light, knowing that nobody wants the feel-good message shoved down his throat. Mostly, he is content to give his editorial people free rein, concentrating on fortifying his relations with cable operators and disseminating his network abroad.

Overseas expansion is the logical next step of Turner's business vision. That vision was formulated in the early Sixties, when he took over his late father's billboard company. Cable television was an infant medium, and Turner knew its operators were hungry for product. He made his first moves into the cable business in 1970, when he paid $2,500,000 for channel 17, a financially troubled Atlanta UHF station. The decision was considered so reckless by colleagues that it drove his accountant to submit his resignation. But Turner had more in mind than distributing warmed-over reruns of *Gilligan's Island* and *Leave It to Beaver*. Channel 17 eventually became TBS, the Atlanta SuperStation that today reaches 51,600,000 cable-equipped homes.

Moving on to CNN, Turner's goal was to change the way people thought about the news, and he saw cable TV as the ideal medium for his experiment. "The vision he expressed in 1979 was electrifying," remembers Schorr. "He talked about forthcoming oil shortages and that we'd steadily replace transportation with communication. 'What is a newspaper?' he asked. 'You cut down this tree, mash it, make paper, deliver it by truck to somebody's house, another truck takes it away. Every stage requires fuel—compared with the tremendous energy savings when you use electronics.'"

Borrowing more than $100,000,000, Turner launched CNN in June 1980 with a

"Would you like to see my vasectomy scar?"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staff of 300, many of them fresh out of college. It was a time of continuous humiliation. Schorr remembers trying futilely to persuade the capital's "domes" to participate in talking-head segments. "Nobody watched us," he says. "There was no cable TV in Washington, and everyone wondered what I was doing [for a living]." In its first year, CNN spent $40,000,000—less than a third of the news budget for each of the Big Three—but wound up $11,000,000 in the red.

So how did the network manage, within five years, to attract audiences, turn a profit (after losing $77,000,000 between 1980 and 1985) and establish credibility? Ed Turner says the coming of age came in 1984, "when our anchor booth appeared on the floor with the other networks' at the Democratic Convention. Then in June 1985 came a demonstration of what we could do with an unscheduled story." It was one of those dramas that Ted Turner knew would thrust CNN into the spotlight, the perfect melding of satellite technology and the "water-tap" concept: the hijacking of a TWA jetliner by Shiite terrorists. CNN hooked a big audience and kept it for days.

The networks began to feel threatened by the upstart. Schorr noticed that in California, "people would switch from three-hour-delayed reruns of Cronkite to CNN," he says. More live coverage began to creep into the network-news schedules. "The networks said, 'Christ—if we don't cover it, CNN will,'" says Schorr. The Big Three began plotting their own cable challenges to CNN's dominance in the all-news arena. Yet ABC failed with its Satellite News Channel. CBS abandoned plans for a similar network, and CNBC—NBC's financial-news channel—has met stubborn resistance from cable operators.

Perhaps the most telling symbol of the Turner network's advantage in broadcasting breaking stories was the acquisition of a delicate piece of hardware—a $300,000 portable transmitter known as a "flyaway uplink." Months before the democracy movement erupted in Beijing, CNN executives had urged the boss to invest in an international flyaway unit, arguing that the importance of the "live satellite feed" required CNN to be able to broadcast from anywhere. They also pointed out that portable uplinks could free CNN from its dependence on government-controlled satellite stations. Turner gave the nod.

It turned out to be a brilliant decision. Armed with its new transmitter, CNN was able to broadcast live images of the Beijing protest and the dramatic attempts by Chinese authorities to shut down the network. That fragile instrument demonstrated how CNN, as Turner predicted, could bring drama into the world's living rooms, link cultures and fan the winds of political change. "History was wedged between the videos on MTV and cable's home-shopping networks," wrote one television critic.

The key question for Turner is, Now that CNN is firmly entrenched domestically, can the network become anything more than a novelty overseas? CNN pays a $2,600,000 annual fee to Intelsat, and the network's international operations continue to bleed money. Some experts doubt that CNN will ever attract a viewership abroad beyond a few hundred thousand American expatriates and tourists. English is still not a universal language and the Western perspective may not travel.

"Oddly, Turner understands audiences, but he doesn't grasp news very well," says Schorr. "News is a product of your culture, and it's not transferable from one culture to another. I don't think American journalism will ever be accepted in the Third World."

As the global audience grows fitfully, Turner hasn't ignored the domestic market. Tapping the expanding *Latino* population in the U.S., CNN last year began producing an evening news program for the Spanish-language network Telemundo. The network reaches an over-the-air audience in 35 markets across the U.S. and also broadcasts to a dozen countries in Latin America. While the Big Three networks slash budgets and cut back their overseas reporting staffs, Turner is beefing up his foreign bureaus. He's opening six more in 1990, giving the network 18 overseas bureaus. In its most direct challenge yet to the Brokaw-Rather-Jennings troika, CNN last summer announced that it would launch a six-o'clock nightly news broadcast.

To many observers, Turner now faces his biggest test. He has already proved that, in the words of Schorr, "he can put out a basic minimal product." But CNN hasn't come close to the Big Three in terms of ratings, the quality of its analysis or the depth of its reportage. In part, this is a direct reflection of Turner's priorities. The mogul has concentrated his resources on live coverage and attaining global scope, until recently budgeting little cash for the month-in-the-making investigative pieces that CBS made famous. Schorr left the network in 1985 in a dispute with Turner over "editorial independence." He says Turner showed little interest in incisive commentary.

"He certainly hasn't matched the quality of network-news coverage," says Richard Salant, the former president of CBS News. "CNN's got an unfinished quality about it."

Many media critics and analysts believe that CNN will always be an also-ran, a distant fourth in the Nielsen wars, content in its role as a kind of broadcast wire service. Yet Turner has confounded skeptics before. Recently, after nearly bankrupting himself by purchasing MGM/UA's film library for 1.5 billion dollars, he used the movies as the backbone of his wildly successful TNT network.

Having weakened the networks' hammer lock on news and entertainment broadcasting, Turner's next goal is to establish the world's first truly global network. It is a quixotic goal—yet a challenge that must have the boys of Black Rock and 30 Rock fidgeting nervously in their executive suites. Given Ted Turner's achievements of the past decade, no one is foolish enough to dismiss his chances in the ten years ahead.

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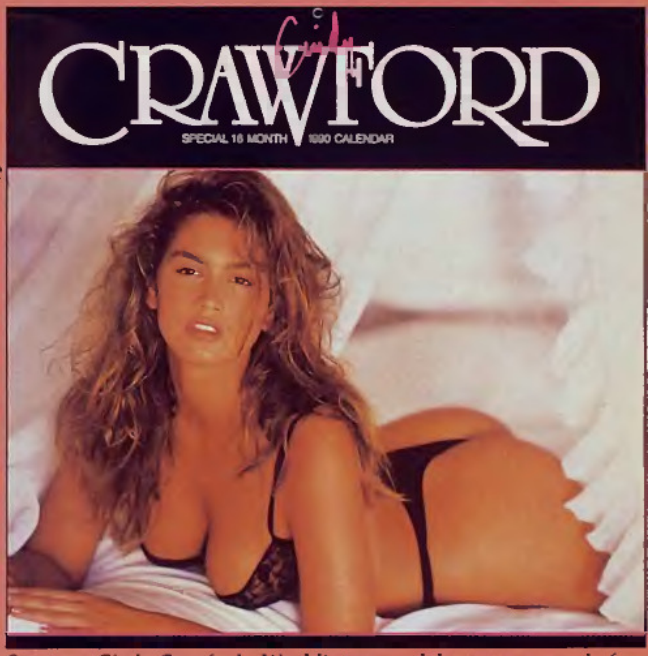

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JAN P

MIKE MILKEN

(continued from page 82)

suggest that the evidence points to grasping cynicism on his part. An investigation by a Congressional oversight committee headed by Michigan Congressman John Dingell suggested that it often was Milken's practice to cut himself and his associates in on juicy junk-bond deals before offering them to their clients. Once the bonds' values had risen, Milken and crew would then sell them to outsiders and skim off an extra profit. If Milken saw that kind of manipulation as mere game playing, then he may have had a twisted idea of how the game could be played fairly.

The spectacles surrounding the ethics of Reagan Administration figures such as Michael Deaver and Edwin Meese demonstrated that although Americans were willing to accept looser ethical standards in the Eighties, they expected corners to be cut with a little finesse. But Milken seemed incapable of finesse. His self-righteousness, his application, even his deep belief in money grew out of the ethos of his era. But he took his enthusiasms too seriously, which was decidedly unfashionable in an age led by Ronald Reagan, a man who could not take even himself seriously.

Some liberal commentators were outraged at the orgies of conspicuous consumption that signaled the end of the Eighties: the $1,000,000 birthday party staged on Long Island last summer for financier Saul Steinberg, one of Milken's occasional clients; the $2,000,000 birthday party Malcolm Forbes threw for himself in Morocco, flying tycoons and celebrities to the site by chartered Concorde. Milken is one icon of the decade who did not throw himself similar galas, and whose name, if anything, was conspicuous by its absence from the Forbes and Steinberg guest lists. But his unwillingness to enjoy his wealth may be just another reason the American public has come to loathe him. In the end, Michael Milken's least endearing quality may be that, with all his money, he was a man incapable of having fun.

"Oil."

RAINY RIVER

(continued from page 108)

and laid them on the table.

"Call it even," he said.

"No."

"Pick it up. Get yourself a haircut."

The money lay on the table for the rest of the evening. It was still there when I went back to my cabin. In the morning, though, I found an envelope tacked to my door. Inside were the four 50s and a two-word note that said EMERGENCY FUND.

The man knew.

•

Looking back after 20 years, I sometimes wonder if the events of that summer didn't happen in some other dimension, a place where your life exists before you've lived it, and where it goes afterward. None of it ever seemed real. During my time at the Tip Top Lodge, I had the feeling that I'd slipped out of my own skin, hovering a few feet away while some poor yo-yo with my name and face tried to make his way toward a future he didn't understand and didn't want. Even now, I can see myself as I was then. It's like watching an old home movie: I'm young and tan and fit. I've got hair—lots of it. I don't smoke or drink. I'm wearing faded blue jeans and a white polo shirt. I can see myself sitting on Elroy Berdahl's dock near dusk one evening, the sky a bright, shimmering pink, and I'm finishing up a letter to my parents that tells what I'm about to do and why I'm doing it and how sorry I am that I never found the courage to talk to them about it. I ask them not to be angry. I try to explain some of my feelings, but there aren't enough words, and so I just say that it's a thing that has to be done. At the end of the letter, I talk about the vacations we used to take up in this north country, at a place called Whitefish Lake, and how the scenery here reminds me of those good times. I tell them I'm fine; I tell them I'll write again from Winnipeg or Montreal or wherever I end up.

•

On my last full day, the sixth day, the old man took me out fishing on the Rainy River. The afternoon was sunny and cold. A stiff breeze came in from the north, and I remember how the little 14-foot boat made sharp rocking motions as we pushed off from the dock. The current was fast. All around us, I remember, there was a vastness to the world, an unpeopled rawness, just the trees and the sky and the water reaching out toward nowhere. The air had the brittle scent of October.

For ten or 15 minutes, Elroy held a course upstream, the river choppy and silver-gray, then he turned straight north and put the engine on full throttle. I felt the bow lift beneath me. I remember the wind in my ears, the sound of the old outboard Evinrude. For a time, I didn't pay attention to anything, just feeling the cold spray against my face, but then it occurred to me that at some point, we must've

passed into Canadian waters, across that dotted line between two worlds, and I remember a sudden tightness in my chest as I looked up and watched the far shore come at me. This wasn't a daydream. It was tangible and real. As we came in toward land, Elroy cut the engine, letting the boat fishtail lightly about 20 yards offshore. The old man didn't look at me or speak. Bending down, he opened up his tackle box and busied himself with a bobber and a piece of wire leader, humming to himself, his eyes down.

It struck me then that he must've planned it. I'll never be certain, of course, but I think he meant to bring me up against the realities, to guide me across the river and to take me to the edge and to stand a kind of vigil as I chose a life for myself.

I remember staring at the old man, then at my hands, then at Canada. The shore line was dense with brush and timber. I could see tiny red berries on the bushes. I could see a squirrel up in one of the birch trees, a big crow looking at me from a boulder along the river. That close—20 yards—and I could see the delicate latticework of the leaves, the texture of the soil, the browned needles beneath the pines, the configurations of geology and human history. Twenty yards. I could've done it. I could've jumped and started swimming for my life. Inside me, in my chest, I felt a terrible squeezing pressure. Even now, as I write this, I can still feel that tightness. And I want you to feel it—the wind coming off the river, the waves, the silence, the wooded frontier. You're at the bow of a boat on the Rainy River. You're 21 years old, you're scared, and there's a hard, squeezing pressure in your chest.

What would you do?

Would you jump? Would you feel pity for yourself? Would you think about your family and your childhood and your dreams and all you're leaving behind? Would it hurt? Would it feel like dying? Would you cry, as I did?

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I tried to swallow it back. I tried to smile, except I was crying.

Now, perhaps, you can understand why I've never told this story before. It's not just the embarrassment of tears. That's part of it, no doubt, but what embarrasses me much more, and always will, is the paralysis that took my heart. A moral freeze: I couldn't decide, I couldn't act, I couldn't comport myself with even a pretense of modest human dignity.

All I could do was cry. Quietly, not bawling, just the chest chokes.

At the rear of the boat, Elroy Berdahl pretended not to notice. He held a fishing rod in his hands, his head bowed to hide his eyes. He kept humming a soft, monotonous little tune. Everywhere, it seemed, in the trees and the water and the sky, a great world-wide sadness came pressing down on me, a crushing sorrow, sorrow like I had never known before. And what was so sad, I realized, was that Canada had become a pitiful fantasy. Silly and hopeless. It was no longer a possibility. Right then, with the shore so close, I understood that I would not do what I should do. I would not swim away from my home town and my country and my life. I would not be brave. That old image of myself as a hero, as a man of conscience and courage, all that was just a threadbare pipe dream. Bobbing there on the Rainy River, looking back at the Minnesota shore, I felt a sudden swell of helplessness come over me, a drowning sensation, as if I had toppled overboard and was being swept away by the silver waves. Chunks of my own history flashed by. I was a seven-year-old boy in a white cowboy hat and a Lone Ranger mask and a pair of holstered six-shooters; I was a 12-year-old little-league shortstop pivoting to turn a double play; I was a 16-year-old kid decked out for my first prom, looking spiffy in a white tux and a black bow tie, my hair cut short and flat, shoes freshly polished. My entire life seemed to spill out into the river, swirling away from me, everything I had ever been or ever wanted to be. I couldn't tell which way to swim. A hallucination, I suppose,

but it was as real as anything I would ever feel. I saw my parents calling to me from the far shore line. I saw my brother and sister, all the townsfolk, the mayor and the entire chamber of commerce and all my old teachers and girlfriends and high school buddies. Like some weird sporting event: everybody screaming from the side lines, rooting me on—a loud stadium roar. Hot dogs and popcorn—stadium smells, stadium heat. A squad of cheerleaders did cart wheels along the banks of the Rainy River; they had megaphones and pompons and smooth brown thighs. The crowd swayed left and right. A marching band played fight songs. All my aunts and uncles were there, and Abraham Lincoln, and Saint George, and a nine-year-old girl named Linda who had died of a brain tumor back in fourth grade, and several members of the United States Senate, and a blind poet scribbling notes, and L.B.J., and Huck Finn, and Abbie Hoffman, and all the dead soldiers back from the grave, and the many thousands who were later to die—villagers with terrible burns, little kids without arms or legs—yes, and Bobby Kennedy was there, and a couple of Popes, and a first lieutenant named Jimmy Cross, and the last surviving veteran of the American Civil War, and Jane Fonda dressed up as Barbarella, and an old man sprawled beside a pigpen, and my grandfather, and Gary Cooper, and a kindly faced woman carrying an umbrella and a copy of Plato's *Republic*, and a million ferocious citizens—people in hardhats, people in headbands—waving flags of all shapes and colors, all whooping and chanting and urging me toward one shore or the other. I saw faces from my distant past and distant future. My wife was there. My unborn daughter waved at me, and my two sons hopped up and down, and a drill sergeant named Blyton sneered and shot up a finger and shook his head. There was a choir in blue robes. There was a cabby from the Bronx. There was a slim young man I would one day kill with a hand grenade along a red-clay trail outside the village of My Khe.

The little aluminum boat rocked softly beneath me. There was the wind and the sky.

I tried to will myself overboard.

I gripped the edge of the boat and leaned forward and thought, *Now.* I did try, but it just wasn't possible.

All those eyes on me—the town, the whole universe—and I couldn't risk the embarrassment. It was as if there were an audience to my life, that swirl of faces along the river, and in my head, I could hear people yelling at me. *Traitor!* they yelled. *Candyass! Pussy!* I felt myself blush. I couldn't tolerate it. I couldn't endure the mockery, or the disgrace, or the patriotic ridicule. Even in my imagination, the shore just 20 yards away, I couldn't make myself be brave. It had nothing to do with morality. Embarrassment, that's all it was.

And right then, I submitted.

I would go to the war—I would kill and maybe die—because I was embarrassed not to.

I was a coward. That was the sad thing. And so I sat in the bow of the boat and cried.

It was loud now. Loud, hard crying.

Elroy Berdahl remained quiet. He kept fishing. He worked his line with the tips of his fingers, patiently, squinting out at his red-and-white bobber on the Rainy River. His eyes were flat and impassive. He didn't speak. He was simply there, like the river and the late-summer sun. And yet, by his presence, his mute watchfulness, he made it real. He was the true audience. He was a witness, like God, or like the gods, who look on in absolute silence as we live our lives, as we make our choices or fail to make them.

"Ain't biting," he said. Then after a time, the old man pulled in his line and turned the boat back toward Minnesota.

•

I don't remember saying goodbye. That last night, we had dinner together, and I went to bed early, and in the morning, Elroy fixed breakfast for me. When I told him I'd be leaving, the old man nodded as if he already knew. He looked down at the table and smiled.

At some point later in the morning, it's possible that we shook hands—I just don't remember—but I do know that by the time I'd finished packing, the old man had disappeared. Around noon, when I took my suitcase out to the car, I noticed that his old black pickup truck was no longer parked in front of the house. I went inside and waited for a while, but I felt a bone certainty that he wouldn't be back. In a way, I thought, it was appropriate. I washed up the breakfast dishes, left his $200 on the kitchen counter, got into the car and drove south toward home.

The day was cloudy. I passed through towns with familiar names, through the pine forests and down to the prairie, and then to Vietnam, where I was a soldier, and then home again. I survived, but it's not a happy ending. I was a coward. I went to the war.

"If you ask me, I can't think of anything Santa could put in your stocking that's more exciting than what's in there right now."

DEEP IN THIS LAND

(continued from page 140)

the ceiling with both hands pressed over her mouth; light flashed on her tears and through that brightness he saw the blue bottomless depth of her sadness. He got down beside her and drew her head in and felt her arm cross him and touch his shoulder, and felt the great wave of misery rise and wash everything before it, and shake her body with its crowding. Her breath thickened, and then she was crying without restraint, her fingers digging into his shirt, the warm tears rolling along his arm. Her eyes were closed, her face stern, her mouth vibrating with actual pain. She closed her fingers on him until she hurt him unknowingly, she rolled her head into his chest and poured out the formless thing, the everything and the nothing, death and blizzard and being lost and bravery that could no longer be brave, and pieces of strength and chunks of hope, and endurance that had borne too much—it all came out faster and faster, in greater volume and harsher physical punishment; and when there was nothing left within her, she lay silent, every muscle loose. He waited until he was sure she was asleep and got his arms away from her, covered her with the blankets and returned to his bunk. He put a hand on the solid wetness of his sleeve and lay for an hour awake.

•

She had risen before him to light the fire and make breakfast—oatmeal in the pot, the coffee steaming, bacon spitting in the pan. She had changed into her dress and had done her hair. Her eyes were a light blue, the strain gone from them, and she moved about her work with the first show of certainty he'd seen in her. Coldness struck him when he stepped out to the yard—it was like walking straight into a board wall; the snow had stopped, but the first stain of daylight showed him the low-hanging pall in which more weather hung suspended, and all around him silence lay not soft but hard and unpeaceful. She had, he saw, knocked the ice from basin and bucket and she had gone to the creek to fill the bucket, her tracks breaking the deep carpet of snow.

He came into the room half angered. "I don't expect you to do any rough work." Then he saw the strike of the remark in her, the moment's blurring of her brightness, and he was sorry.

"I've done it all my life. If I'm to be here till spring, I can't be helpless."

"Well," he said, "do as you wish. I'll be gone most of the day. There's a rifle in the corner—Spencer. Know how to use it?"

"Yes. But what for?"

"Nothing, I expect." He sat across the table from her and fell to his meal. He shook his head. "Now that you ask, it occurs to me maybe I have got the habit of bracing myself against things that won't happen. That's from livin' alone. There's nothing around here but space. When you

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look at space a long time, you get the idea that something's ready to break out of the timber—and you're not sure it'll be anything good." He finished the meal and stood a short time at the fire with his pipe to soak in heat against the long day he would be abroad. "You look better."

"I slept. Have you got any meat besides bacon?"

"Piece of venison hanging in the shed."

He got into his coat, made sure he had matches and tobacco, took his Winchester and went out to saddle his horse. Riding back, he found her waiting at the doorway with a package wrapped in cloth, a pint whiskey bottle filled with coffee and a small tin bucket. "Bacon and bread. Light a fire and heat the coffee. You always ride without something to eat?"

"Never bother."

"Well, bother. It's twenty below this morning."

He rode the incline into the valley and turned to see her raise her hand to him from the doorway. He lifted his hat and gave out a quick call that shot through the stillness and set the morning-salted horse into a fit of bucking. He stiffened his back and jammed his legs full length in the saddle. Breakfast fed its lustiness into him; he felt good, he felt restless. Riding toward the valley's foot, he counted the cattle standing dumb around the haystacks and he read the ground for animal prints, and meanwhile tried to guess the weather. There was no motion anywhere, a steel-colored ceiling hung low, a dirty-wool twilight lay packed in the trees of the roundabout ridges. The earth had quit breathing, but when it let out that accumulated wind, it would come with a rush. At the foot of the valley, he turned and followed the far ridge back toward the pass where the valley began. From this distance, he had no view of the cabin.

He found an old cow standing half-stalled near the timber and spent half an hour driving it into the flats and he went on with the weather in his mind, and the cattle in his mind—and the girl in his mind. He remembered the way he had seen her at the wagon after three days of being alone, her eyes like two holes bored deep in wood; and he remembered this morning, the lighter blue come back, the woman's look come back. He thought, I'll leave out Salt Meadow today and get home a couple hours earlier. What the hell I been going over there for, anyhow? He rose into the deeper snows of the pass and looked into the narrow corridor of another valley running east, only the foreground visible; and on this high spot, he got the shock of being alone, as sometimes he did. From this place, the land ran away in every direction to hidden valleys and pine-black ridges and clay-yellow canyons and sagebrush flats mixed in with lava-flow reefs; mile after mile of it, so empty that sometimes he felt his own queerness for having pushed this deep into it. Strange things were out yonder that nobody'd set eyes on, deep places in the earth, high places, places so old with timber that it couldn't be ridden through; thousands of years of emptiness pushing against him to make him feel he didn't belong here.

He scraped away a patch of snow at noon, lighted a fire to boil his coffee and went over a ridge into afternoon's grayness. He crossed a meadow and drifted west; he got down to buck through a breast-high patch of snow caught in the timber and came upon a small clearing in the middle of the trees—an old burn round as a saucer and not much more than 50 feet across. In the center of the clearing, a cow lay down and dying, bleeding at her back quarters, torn at the throat; and a gray shadow scurried across the corner of his vision at the same time he plucked his rifle from its boot and pumped a cartridge into the chamber. In the trees, at the very margin of the trees, he saw the shadow stop and harden into the shape of a wolf—a big one sitting on its haunches to watch with its sharp shoulders sticking up from the shaggy winter coat, stiff ears erect, lean face set in its solemn intelligence, eyes burning green even in this low light.

He threw the gun to his shoulder for a snap shot but held fire, for the wolf was at once gone; and he lowered the weapon and caught the evasive blur of other bodies moving in the timber around him, half a dozen shadows, a dozen shadows—a pack driven by hunger from the higher hills. He put a bullet into the dying cow and heard the shift and scutter of feet on the crusty snow in the trees; he got down, leading his nervous horse forward with a good grip on the reins, feeling the watchfulness of hidden eyes upon him. They had their meat and they'd not go away. He got his knife and slashed the cow in a dozen places and, still hanging to the reins—for he was careful in a situation like this—he got an envelope from his pocket and dosed the knife slashes with strychnine. Deeper in the trees, he saw a wolf broadside, one foot lifted and head turned, clever mind thinking about him and not much afraid of him. He eased the rifle across his saddle, let it lie idle a moment before the wolf's watchful eyes; then he drew it rapidly before him and fired. The wolf leaped high and fell and threshed briefly on the ground before it died, and other gray bodies, stirred by the shot, went flickering in and out of the trees, lightly running and stopping, and waiting, cautious but not afraid. He turned over the small clearing to retrace his way through the trees and found a big gray shape halted before him. He looked about, his thoughts running close and careful and quick, for now he knew he was in narrow quarters. If hunger and bravery hit them at the same moment, they'd rush in to hamstring his horse, and they might make a try at him. The big one still stood before him, head stretched forward, the crease of its mouth lean against the long snout; there was no wind, but its muzzle trembled as though it caught the blood smell, and it made a brief motion forward and froze, the greed-shining eyes round with thought. Beachey tipped the gun's muzzle for a snap shot and caught the beast in the hind quarters as it leaped aside. When he ran forward, he lost sight of the wolf in the darkness of the trees, but he saw the drip of blood and scurried snow lead away into the quickening gloom.

He moved back along the tracks he had previously made through the timber, sharp-watching to either side and to the rear; the horse pulled back and surged forward and tossed its head against the reins. Behind, he heard a swift snarling among the animals and a quick fading of the quarrel; then he noticed shadows flickering in and out of the trees to his right, ducking near, retreating—but flanking him with a calculated intention almost human in its insolence. He bucked through the drifts and was knocked down by the surge of the anxious horse against him; he sprang to his feet and saw the swift retreat of a gray body that, in that single moment, had rushed forward for attack. He threw a shot into the trees and went on over the ridge and came upon the valley. He walked a hundred feet into the valley before he stopped to rest, knowing the pack wouldn't follow him into the open. His mouth was dry and sweat dampened his hands and his legs shook; then he got onto the saddle and turned home.

It was late afternoon, the sooty shadows moving in, and as he rode along the valley, he discovered that the stock were feeding on hay pitched out from the stacks. Light trembled through the pall and towed him home. The girl waited at the doorway.

"I heard shots."

"Big pack of wolves. They had a cow down."

"Hungry beasts."

He said, "Who pitched the hay? That Indian won't work."

"I had time on my hands," she said.

Short anger stirred him again and the shadow of it came to his face.

She said, "I can't be idle—I have got to keep busy."

He shook his head and put away the horse and brought his gear into the cabin and found his washed clothes hanging on lines across the rafters. The fragrance of fresh-baked bread was sweet in the room, the big kettle bubbled with supper; she had spread a canvas wagon cover over the dirt floor. He washed, he sat up to a venison roast, browned onions and potatoes, dumplings, a dried-apple pie; and he rose from the table with a wonderful contentment and stood at the fire with his pipe. He watched her move about the dishes; he watched the quick turns of her body, the changing curves of her body as she worked, the flash of light in her eyes, the broad white hands lightly moving.

"Long time," he said. "Long time alone."

"How long?"

"Came in here summer before last. In a

year and a half, I have seen four white faces—till you came." He found a dish towel to wipe the dishes, but she shook her head, almost sharp with him.

"This is my business. Where was your home?"

"At The Dalles. My people had a farm and twelve children. The country was filled up and no room to spread, but I had to spread. Had to make my try. So I worked till I got a herd together and drifted south across central Oregon, just kept going. What I wanted was grass that wouldn't die and water that wouldn't stop—and no neighbors close enough to keep me from spreading. I have got ten lean years waiting for the beef to multiply and cover the range. But when that's over, I'll look down from Bald Peak and see my range run out yonder till she drops off."

She put away the dishes, she swept the floor and moved about the narrow space to take down the dried clothes; she stacked them and said half to herself, "I will iron tomorrow." She was through with her work, but she stood idle at the doorway and looked through it into the darkness with a closed-down expression, so that he knew she was thinking of her men buried on the hill. She came to the fire and spread her hands together before it; she was idle, but even in idleness, energy moved out of her and whirled around him until it was as though he stood braced against water fast-running. Firelight ran gloss-bright tracks across her hair. Her lips lay soft-rolled together, motionless but impatient for motion. She looked at him and the violet blue was a sudden opening of a bottomless place; then she looked away and her lips stirred and came to their broad, soft rest.

Beyond the cabin, toward the lodge, feet broke the snow's surface with squealing sounds and the old Indian's voice lifted, and a woman's voice—the girl's voice—answered, and the footsteps ceased.

The white girl said, "How do Indians get married?"

"Man makes a present to the old man. Indian girl moves in. That's all."

She nodded. Presently, he knocked out his pipe, lowered the canvas from the rafter and went to bed.

•

There was no snowfall; into the gloom of first daylight a yellow cast appeared, and the silence around them had a strained and trembling quality to it. From the saddle, Beachey listened into it and swung his glance from valley to hills. She handed him his sandwich and flask of coffee and little tin bucket. "Take care, this will get worse." The old man and old woman were at the flap of the lodge, watching, and as soon as Beachey rode down the incline, they drew back into the lodge; a moment later, the old man appeared again and walked toward the ridge, soon disappearing in the trees.

Maria crossed the yard and stepped into the lodge. The girl and the old woman were squatted at a little fire, half talking and half whispering. They quit, they raised their eyes to her and she saw that they hated her; the old woman's eyes gleamed with it, the girl's eyes were flat-colored by it. She looked about her for some white man's object that would tell her that Beachey had bought the girl for his wife, but she saw nothing that wasn't Indian except a long butcher knife in the old woman's lap. No, she thought, that's not a thing a white man would trade for a woman, and turned back to the cabin. The man didn't value this girl enough to buy her; the girl wasn't in his heart.

She stood a short time in the center of the cabin room, hands folded, slowly turning to look at everything about her, and restlessness disturbed her hands and a determined expression came over her face and she set to work. She dragged everything to one end of the cabin and swept it, ceiling, walls and floor; she transferred the things to the clean end and swept the other end. In the lean-to, she found some pine poles and chopped them to proper length and made a kind of half attic over part of the room and stored part of Beachey's possessions there; she got a big canvas tarpaulin from her wagon and spread it on the floor and arranged the food stores and the gear and the clothes around the room to please her sense of order. At noon, she drank coffee, ironed the clothes and filled the fireplace; then she stood by it to listen into the strangled stillness of the day and she thought of her people, and she thought of Beachey, and of the Indian girl, and of herself. Fire's light danced against the indigo shade of her eyes; and she turned to Beachey's bunk and watched it with her round mouth rounded into its calm; her shoulders rose and settled. It was a gesture, but it was the outward ripple of her mind's decision. She turned out to the lean-to and brought in a wooden tub, and set forth with the bucket to fetch water from the creek.

The old Indian, returning from the ridge, watched her. He called into the lodge, bringing out both women. The

"Who gave out my fax number?"

three stood with bent heads, glances slanted on her, thinking about her and angered by her; and the old woman stepped into the lodge and came back with the butcher knife and, issuing a shrill cry, rushed forward.

Halfway to the cabin with a filled bucket, Maria turned in time to dash the water into the old woman's face. The woman checked herself, the old man growled at her, the Indian girl stood back intent with her watching. The old woman made a gouging motion toward Maria with the knife, pointed at the cabin and pointed into the valley, her fingers making a signal of walking away. She waited until she saw that the threat was no good and crouched and crept forward, old knuckles white against the knife's handle. Maria stepped sideways, circling as the squaw came on; and she raised the bucket and swung it toward the squaw. The old woman jumped and ran straight in, slashing the knife downward. Maria brought the bucket across the woman's arm and knocked the knife to the ground; and as the old one dropped in the snow to recover her weapon, Maria ran into the cabin, seized the rifle and came out. In the day's strained silence, the bolt made a hungry sound when it drove a shell into the gun's breech. Squaw and man and girl were all at once shouting at her with their rage, and the shouting went on until the squaw rose to her feet; then the three stopped their crying and stared.

Maria aimed her finger at the lodge. She made a turning, dropping motion with her hand, she pointed to the ridge. Old man and old woman shouted at her again, but the Indian girl spoke to the old people and went into the lodge. Maria retreated to the cabin's doorway and watched the old man go into the valley to catch up his ponies; there was furious motion inside the lodge, both women talking, the skin walls trembling, and as soon as the old man got back, the women knocked down the lodge in a dozen quick motions, lashed it to its poles and hitched the poles to one of the ponies. They didn't look at her; old man and travois moved away toward the ridge, the two women riding behind, and in a little while, they were gone and there was nothing in the yard to mark them save the round circle where the lodge had been.

Maria drew back the gun's bolt, lifted out the shell in the chamber and laid the gun aside. She watched the valley a moment and took her bath and combed her hair. Twilight came in and somewhere not far off there was the rumor of great motion in the sky, and the motion reached forward until the trees began to tremble and first wind sighed on the cabin. She had supper half done when Beachey called through the quickening fall of snow. From the doorway, she saw him break through the dense gray wall of weather, bent forward on the horse, eyes black as coal against the beaten redness of his face. He noticed the lodge's absence and his glance went along the churned tracks in the snow. "They gone?"

"Yes."

"Trouble?"

"I had the gun."

"I'll feed the stock," he said, and faded into the blind night.

Wind shook the cabin and its beginning cry was at the eaves. She put on the supper when she heard him drive the horse back to the lean-to. She waited at the fire, listening to the door of the cabin open and close. She waited for him to speak of the change in the room.

"Looks good," he said, and sat down to his supper, ate it and dropped before the fireplace with his pipe.

"Floor wouldn't hurt this place," he said.

"Be cleaner," she said, and went at the dishes.

"I'll make it soon as the storm lifts."

She did her chores and came to the fire, standing beside him and above him. Her hands lay quietly together. Wind struck its steady hammer blows on the cabin; the night was a void—and the void was a cold and bitter and unbearable thing; and there was no world save this lone bright cell. He sat up and raised his glance.

"There's no way of getting out of here until spring. You understand? No way until the passes clear."

She kept her eyes on the fire. "People have to live," she said.

He bent to catch some thin torn echo wavering in the flood of other sounds rushing by. She listened with him, thinking she heard the sound of wolves. She looked down upon the top of his head and her mouth stirred and made a new line. He saw that, he had been watching for it, and his eyes drove his thought into her. Her hands began to stir with their restlessness and she sank slowly to her knees and her body began to turn inward as he rose to meet her.

"After Christmas, I imagine you hang out and kick back for a while."

MAGNA

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ANDREW DICE CLAY

(continued from page 157)

pipe is all ready to go, and all of a sudden, she's saying, "No, I don't think so." "Why, whatsa matta? I thought you weren't mad." "No, I'm not mad at you." "Well, what's the problem?" "I just wanta sleep." Oh! I give women a lot of credit. I just goof on 'em, and I think they're smart enough to know that, which is why they can come to my show and laugh. They're thinking, Hey, he can say whatever he wants, but I can wrap him around my finger.

9.

PLAYBOY: Who won't you pick on?

CLAY: I got a little barraged with the gay material I used on the HBO special. I have nothing against gay people. When I started doing that kind of humor, with the kind of character that I am, I asked myself who a tough, Brooklyn-attitude kind of guy would go after, living in Hollywood. Gay guys. So I tore 'em apart, but not because I dislike them. In my new stuff, I don't even talk about gays. That's done. Besides, gays often joke about themselves.

I'll pick on anybody, and that's the point. People shouldn't take it seriously. They wouldn't laugh at gay stuff if there weren't gay people. They wouldn't laugh at black material if there weren't black people. When I talk about the black penis, people laugh about it. And I'm actually saying I *idolize* it. Right now, I'm talking a lot about midgets and handicapped, but again, as a joke. I do jokes like "What do you do when a midget is missing? Put his picture on a container of half-and-half." It's funny. You're in a restaurant. A couple of midgets come in for dinner. Whaddaya say, "Table for three quarters"? Oh! It's a way of recognizing these people—as sick as it may sound—for also being people. Why should they be left out?

10.

PLAYBOY: These days, most entertainers have a cause. Jerry Lewis has his kids; Billy Crystal, Robin Williams and Whoopi Goldberg have Comic Relief for the homeless. What matters to you?

CLAY: People look at me and think, This guy's gotta be whacked out of his mind. But on stage and off, I'm very straight. Drugs and drink are what's fucking up everything. Not the blue comedy that I do, but what you see in the streets: kids doing crack, walking around with guns. That's bad news. You can be cool without being stoned. I'm not gonna say I've never smoked pot. I've smoked pot. But not in over four years, and when I did, only once in a blue moon. And I stopped because even that sucked. I get criticized for the dirty nursery rhymes that kids go to school repeating, but I'd rather see kids doing my lines than the lines they snort up their nose. And that's no Hollywood bullshit.

11.

PLAYBOY: Give us a sneak preview of a new nursery rhyme.

CLAY: "Rockaby baby on the treetop / Your mother's a whore, and I ain't your pop." Oh!

12.

PLAYBOY: Can you tell if a woman has real breasts without touching them?

CLAY: Yeah. Hot Tub Johnny West, my road manager and best friend, and I study these things. The real tit always has a slight sag to it, and a nice jiggle. The fake tit has that solid approach that you could bounce marbles off of. Very solid. I don't go for that. I'd rather have a little less tit, but make it a real tit. Girls come out here to Los Angeles thinking, The bigger the tits, the more money I can make. Girls, don't put on the fake tits. You've heard my poem: "Any tit is great / Big tits, little tits / Tits that skip and hop / A happy tit, a sad tit / A tit used as a mop." By Edgar Allan Poe, right?

13.

PLAYBOY: What can you say that will always shut down a heckler?

CLAY: "Here's to you, sucking my dick" always works. But now that I've said it, I'll have to come up with something new. Which I will, because I've got a brilliant comedic mind.

14.

PLAYBOY: You worked with Priscilla Presley on your new film, *Ford Fairlane*. Say Elvis has returned from the grave, has called you and wants to hang out. What's on the agenda?

CLAY: First we go shopping, pick up a couple glitter outfits, some goggle sunglasses. I like that stuff. I'd also get him into training. He wouldn't be fat. We don't want a fat Elvis. *He* doesn't want a fat Elvis. That's part of the reason he's gone today. Whatever his troubles were, he couldn't help himself. Then we'd talk a lot. I really dug what he did. There are a lot of performers today who dance, who have great moves, but when he started, there was nobody. So everything he did on stage was natural and raw and it wasn't like he said, "Yeah, I like the way this guy moves, I'm gonna imitate him." Elvis was an original. I'd also have him teach me some of that stuff. *I* don't mind imitating somebody if he's just fucking fantastic.

15.

PLAYBOY: How have you been influenced by the British comedy tradition?

CLAY: Is there comedy over there?

16.

PLAYBOY: You live near a Hollywood intersection known for its bums, hookers, trash and traffic. Why do you call this magic area home?

CLAY: I call it Crack Alley. I've been living here a year and a half. It's a pretty rough section. There's a guy who lives in a box about four blocks down from here. It has DO NOT DISTURB on it. We have bums, hookers, pimps, drug addicts. And struggling showbiz types—not that hookers aren't showbiz. I've had some incidents here. In one day, there was a drug bust, a fire and a chick trying to commit suicide in the lobby. When I moved in here, things were already going pretty good for me. But staying hungry's real important in show business. If you don't stay hungry, you turn into a big fat pig. When that happens, you're showing people that you're just letting yourself go, that you're satisfied with life. You're acting like "I've got it *all* now; I'll do what I want with it." It's no good. This particular section of town, it keeps me awake, you know what I'm saying?

17.

PLAYBOY: Is Dice a Jockey or boxer man?

CLAY: I like boxers. Jockeys are too confining. I got a nickname for boxers: ball hangers. The three-piece set is not confined to one area. You can swing around all day, check out the street action. But if you put 'em in Jockeys, he's confined. He's like in jail. You meet a nice chick, you get excited, boxer shorts allow for some expression. Even on the beach, you see these guys wearing "the grape holders." No way. You just wanta *hang* on the beach. Chicks look great in boxers, too, especially if they're mine. Oh!

18.

PLAYBOY: Take us on a tour of your leather jackets.

CLAY: Now that I'm playing bigger venues, I've got fancier jackets. I like to give them the full show. They get the high collar—I do the Elvis-collar thing now—which is working nicely. I used to wear just the plain motorcycle jacket, a few zippers, you can buy 'em in any store, a hundred and forty-nine bucks on sale. Now the jackets are more like five thousand apiece, with rhinestones, studs, my name, an eagle. But there are some things I wouldn't put on a leather jacket. I'm not into the whole thing with the skulls and the Devils. I'm more into a Vegasy look. More of a show jacket.

19.

PLAYBOY: Whom would you immediately arrest if you caught him wearing leather?

CLAY: Pee-wee Herman. Unless he was doing his impersonation of me.

20.

PLAYBOY: Describe the perfect Dice woman.

CLAY: Two tits, a hole and a heartbeat; that's all it takes.

 (continued from page 120)

"The only way to deal with racism is to bring it out into the open—not suppress it."

that the paintings be removed. The administration gingerly upheld the artist and the very core of a university's reason for being: the right to freedom of expression. But under the university's new code of propriety, that exhibition would be scrapped as fast as you can say "Edwin Meese."

Furthermore—and this is a poignant dimension of the rush to virtuous censorship—it won't do a bit of good. Let us suppose these codes were in place on every campus in the country. Would racism go away? No, it would go underground, in the dark, where it's most comfortable.

The language on campus could become as pure as bottled water, but racist attitudes would still fester. The only way to deal with racism is to bring it out into the open—not suppress it.

One approach is to examine particular incidents on a particular campus and get people—and that includes blacks—to talk about their own racist attitudes. This approach won't work wonders, but, depending on the honesty and incisiveness of the faculty and the students leading these probes, whatever happens will be a lot more useful than squashing expression. And it may lead to specific, durable changes on campus, which will also be a lot more productive than quibbling over who created a hostile atmosphere and whether or not it was done intentionally.

But the way the lemmings—administrators as well as students—are going, the anti-free-speech movement may intimidate and harass students for some time to come. And it's scary. As Lee Dembart—a former *New York Times* reporter who is now a student at Stanford Law School—said in the *Times*:

"It is distressing that the 'politically correct' view on campus these days seems to favor curtailment of speech. Oddly, defense of the First Amendment is now an antiprogressive view. Yes, speech is sometimes painful. Sometimes it is abusive. That is one of the prices of a free society. Unfortunately, this is a lesson that has to be learned over and over again. No victory endures."

Yet Dembart's views are held by only a besieged minority. The voice of the regulatory majority is that of Sharon Gwyn, a 1989 graduate of Stanford who wrote in *The New York Times*:

"As a black woman attending Stanford University, I feel that no one should be allowed to promote racially derogatory ideas on this campus."

And beginning with that simple preliminary statement, campuses are being caught in a web of such restrictions as these from Emory University:

Forbidden is "discriminatory harassment," which "includes conduct (oral, written, graphic or physical) directed against any person or group of persons because of their race, color, national origin, religion, sex, sexual orientation, age, handicap or veteran's status and that has the purpose or reasonably foreseeable effect of creating an offensive, demeaning, intimidating or hostile environment for that person or group of persons."

Anything you say can and will be used against you.

As an indication of the degree to which America's colleges have retreated from their reason for being, here is a section from the 1975 *Report of the Committee on Freedom of Expression at Yale* (the celebrated C. Vann Woodward report):

"If expression may be prevented, censored or punished because of its content or the motives attributed to those who promote it, then it is no longer free. It will be subordinated to other values that we believe to be of lower priority in a university."

Yale has now reaffirmed the thrust of that report, but it is incomprehensible to too many colleges and universities.

I lecture at colleges and universities around the country every year, and I intend to say what I think about these shameful speech codes. At some schools, I may thereby be creating a hostile atmosphere in lecture halls where there are students who say they crave censorship.

And that is precisely my intention: to create an atmosphere hostile to suppression of speech—for any reason.

Recently, friends of the First Amendment were given reason for hope when a Federal district court in Michigan struck down the University of Michigan's restrictions on student speech as unconstitutional. They are too vague and overbroad, said Judge Avern Cohn, and therefore in violation of the First Amendment. The suit was brought by the A.C.L.U.

This is the first court decision on university suppression of speech, and since it is so clear, it may influence other courts in other parts of the country to remind colleges and universities that they are in the business of free thought, not regulated thought.

"You're in luck; the 'naughty and nice' guidelines just got revised."

MIND CONTROL *(continued from page 158)*

"Nothing, Dr. Persinger thought, diminishes a man's aggression quite as much as a little fit of vomiting."

crowd's zest for aggression in a swift and definitive manner.

Nothing, Dr. Persinger thought, diminishes a man's appetite for aggression quite as much as a little fit of vomiting. So he asked himself, How could I get our rioters to york up their dinners from a distance—without having to feed them a lot of bad oysters?

His answer was to look at the MAST cells in our brains. They release that cold remedy, histamine, into our bodies. In humans and rats, those cells happen to be in an area of the brain that, if overdosed with histamine, will produce an instant fit of nausea. So could he find a way to set off a few of the cells from a distance electromagnetically, dumping a load of histamine into the area around them? Then, wouldn't everybody get sick and want to go home?

The logical first step for Persinger was to see if he could find a field that would produce the effect he was looking for in rats. Guess what? He found it.

Using what are called time-varying fields of low intensity in the extremely low-frequency range from one to ten hertz, Persinger was consistently able to make a cage of rats sick. Now, animals are not people and Persinger's power source was only a couple of feet away from the rats' cage. Still, the implications of what he did are disturbing, indeed. It is the conviction of both Persinger and the Navy scientists who studied his data that if you can produce that effect in rats, you almost certainly can produce it in human beings. The question is how to get from point A to point B without violating one of the most rigorous commandments of Government ethics—thou shalt not conduct experiments like that on human beings.

No one, for the moment, is saying. The test results have disappeared into someone's bureaucratic IN box and the usual veil of silence has been drawn over the project. However, given those first results, it is hard to imagine they're sitting around gathering dust somewhere.

•

The notion that an electromagnetic current or an electromagnetic field could be used to influence or alter behavior is neither new nor revolutionary. It goes back to work done a quarter of a century ago by three pioneering brain scientists, Dr. Wilder Penfield, a Canadian; Dr. Jóse Delgado, professor of physiology at Yale University Medical School; and Dr. W. Ross Adey, an Australian-born physiologist at the Brain Research Institute of UCLA.

Dr. Penfield experimented with the implantation of electrodes into the cortices of the brains of patients undergoing surgery for epilepsy and found that he could stimulate near-total recall of long-forgotten memories. The brain, in other words, was a kind of massive information storage bank. Dr. Adey placed tiny transmitters in the brains of cats and chimpanzees that could broadcast the electrical activity going on in their brains to a nearby receiver. The receiver, in turn, was used to broadcast signals back to the radio in the animals' brains that modified their behavior on order.

Dr. Delgado developed a procedure for implanting gold, platinum and stainless-steel electrodes into precise areas of the brains of animals and humans. By sending a tiny electric current into the selected area, he could make a cat screeching mad, a monkey lethargic or set a human being to reflexively jerking one of his arms up and down. In his most famous experiment, he planted 21 electrodes into the area of a fighting bull's brain that controlled its motor activity. Delgado would then send the bull a signal that would turn it into a pussycat. Switch off the signal and the bull was ready to tear into anyone who went near it.

Much of Delgado's work was indirectly financed by the CIA through one of those fake charitable foundations the agency likes to employ to keep its interest in a project secret and spare scientists the indignity of being associated with spooks.

Inspired by Delgado's work, the agency set out on a research program of its own under the direction of Dr. Ivor Browning, now a futurologist in New Mexico. Dr. Browning's job was to develop ways to control animals' behavior by implanting electrodes in the "sweet spot" of their brains, an area in the hypothalamus that, when stimulated, will produce a sense of euphoria as intensely satisfying as that you'd get from a couple of full-bore orgasms going off simultaneously.

He was remarkably successful. On one occasion, he wired up a donkey with an antenna and a receiver-amplifier that picked up a five-micro-amp transmission and sent a little electric zing into the donkey's sweet spot, giving it a jolt of instant happiness. Using it, Browning and his associates sent the donkey up a 2000-foot mountain in New Mexico and back to the spot from which it had started, employing the old Pavlovian technique of reward and punishment. When the donkey was on course, it was happy time. Wander off it and the signal stopped.

"You've never seen a donkey so eager to keep on course in your whole life," Browning chortles, recalling the experiment.

The same technique was used by the agency, this time to a practical purpose, in Paris. A trained pigeon flew to the window ledge of a K.G.B. safe house, where it obligingly deposited a tiny listening device that for months allowed the agency to eavesdrop on conversations inside. Wire up a bear, sew a small nuclear device in its belly, one agency prankster suggested, then send it ambling into the Kremlin to put an end to the Cold War.

The clear implication of Browning's work was that if those experiments could be carried out successfully with animals, then, presumably, they could work on humans, too. A recommendation to do that, using as guinea pigs non-Americans or prisoners, went up to the White House but was turned down on ethical grounds.

What was more worrying, however, was the conviction of the scientists such as Delgado that if you could do these things by sending a direct electric current into the brain, eventually you ought to be able to do them from outside the brain with a very precise electromagnetic field. As Delgado points out, everything that happens to us from elation to aggression must be related to a series of electrochemical events in our brains. Can electromagnetic fields generated outside the brain somehow worm their way past our skull's remarkable natural shielding and trigger off those processes themselves?

People in the intelligence community began asking the same questions in the early Sixties when the Soviets were bombarding the U.S. embassy in Moscow with low-intensity microwaves. No official in Government has ever come up—publicly, at least—with the definitive explanation of what the Soviets were trying to do. There were three theories. First was the idea that the K.G.B. was activating its bugs in the embassy. The second, and most likely, held that they were trying to jam supersecret U.S. listening devices in the embassy that were allowing the National Security Agency to pick up all sorts of secret Kremlin conversations. The third suggested that the microwaves were somehow meant to affect the brains of the diplomats inside the embassy and alter their behavior. That is the least likely of the three theories, but it was and is still seriously debated by U.S. scientists pondering the problem.

One of the reasons that question still concerns them is that a lot of the radiation being aimed at the embassy was way down in the frequency spectrum, under 100 hertz, in what is called the extremely low frequency—ELF—area. That's intriguing, because it just so happens that the major power spectrum of the human brain, and, indeed, every biological system we've been able to study, operates in that ELF range. Could those ELF fields somehow have been getting into our diplomats' brains and messing them up?

No way, the conventional scientific establishment assured us for years. Those ELF

"I hope that's not Government property you've got there, Baxter!"

waves are nonthermal and nonionizing, which to us laymen means that they carry very little energy or heat. How could they possibly have an effect on anything, right? Well, as it now turns out, that's another of those bold scientific dicta about which people are beginning to have second thoughts. We have the U.S. Navy to thank for that.

One of the most fetching characteristics of those ELF waves is that they will penetrate sea water to great depths. Ho, ho, said the Navy, here's the way to communicate with our submerged nuclear submarines. (Communicate is a big word. About all those waves can, in fact, do is set off a reassuring buzz in the submarine's receivers that tells the captain all's still well with the world.) Booming the signals out, however, requires a huge power source. To do it, the Navy put together something called Project Sanguine, which was basically designed to form a massive underground power grid by burying 6000 miles of electric cables in northern Wisconsin and Michigan's Upper Peninsula.

Suddenly, once it started operating, the residents up there discovered that they would sometimes get an electric shock turning on the water faucet or an unfriendly jolt of electricity brushing up against a previously neighborly barbed-wire fence. Gee whiz, they asked the Government, could all this electricity be bad for us?

Nah, the Navy kept assuring them, there's nothing at all to be concerned about. To make their point, they periodically trotted out bodies of experts to give the locals a reassuring stroke of scientific jargon.

By the mid-Seventies, however, an active minority of scientists were no longer ready to accept those reassurances. The Soviets, in a rare public paper on the subject, revealed that sailors working close to their own ELF generators were showing an abnormal incidence of psychiatric problems, disorders of the central nervous system and stress-related symptoms. Were those ELF fields the cause?

Adey and his associates in California discovered that ELF-modulated fields could alter the pattern of animals' brain waves. They found that by employing precise externally generated electrical fields on monkeys, they could get the monkeys' brains to fall into phase with their field, entrain them, in other words, into a predetermined pattern. Think, for a moment, about the implications of that for mind control. Most important, Adey demonstrated that human cells in a culture in his lab could detect and respond to the passage of weak ELF fields. If the cells in your liver can do that, then why not the neurons of your brain? Because that charming ability of ELF waves to get through virtually anything will, as it happens, allow them to pass through the natural protective barrier the bone of our skulls provides our brains.

Why not, indeed? says Dr. Elizabeth Rauscher, who runs the Technic Research Lab in San Leandro, California, across the bay from San Francisco. Dr. Rauscher looks and sometimes talks like a relic of the Haight-Ashbury days. Nevertheless, there is the diploma of a doctor of nuclear physics on her office wall.

"Official policy remains that ELF has no significant effect, positive or negative. Well, that's a false policy," Rauscher asserts with an air of calm authority. She has reason for that superior air. Hers is probably the only lab in the U.S. that is actively experimenting on human subjects with ELF fields. Her subjects are all volunteers who know exactly what they're letting themselves in for.

"We have played with the effects of several different frequencies," she says. In general, the effects they produce wear off quickly, her studies have shown. She notes, however, "I've found one that produces nausea [in its subject] for more than an hour." Remember our Iranian friends storming the Tehran embassy?

One of her frequencies she calls "the marijuana frequency. It gets us all laughing."

"Give me the money and three months," Rauscher swears, "and I'll be able to affect the behavior of eighty percent of the people in this town without their knowing it. Make them happy—or at least they'll think they're happy. Or aggressive."

And our Soviet friends? Have they got a Dr. Rauscher out there someplace working with this stuff? They aren't saying. We do know, however, that they have been exploring the possible links between behavior and ELF fields for years. And last May, the CIA learned that the K.G.B. subjects people undergoing interrogation to an electromagnetic field that makes them highly agitated, close to panic and, therefore, more likely to break down during interrogation. Clearly, the prisoner being interrogated has no idea of what's happening to him. The CIA has no technical information explaining how they do it. But it would be a very good bet that the fields they're using involve ELF frequencies.

•

All this ELF work is, basically, one on one—how to mess up the behavior of one carefully selected individual. But how about using these things as weapons? On the battlefield? Are we really ready for Buck Rogers' zap gun as an infantry weapon?

When the Government wanted to look into why the Soviets were bombarding the embassy in Moscow with microwaves, it handed the job over to DARPA, the Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency. DARPA is engaged in pursuing the whole

DID YOU HAVE THE EGGNOG?
TOO MUCH ALCOHOL FOR ME.
TOO MUCH CHOLESTEROL FOR ME.
I LOVED THE ROAST GOOSE.
WASN'T THE SOUP GOOD?
TOO SALTY FOR ME.
TOO SPICY FOR ME.
THE STUFFING WAS EXCELLENT.
HAVE SOME MINCE PIE.
TOO MANY CALORIES FOR ME.
WONDERFUL PLUM PUDDING.
TOO SWEET FOR ME.
J. Harris

problem of developing electromagnetic weaponry. That is an area so tightly guarded in Washington today that even the code names of its projects are classified top secret. The guru behind it, Dr. Jack Vorona, a high-level official at the Department of Defense, is a man so secretive he probably doesn't even return President Bush's telephone calls.

The first public indication that the U.S. military was contemplating the possibility of these electromagnetic weapons didn't come until 1982, despite the fact that the subject had been under active discussion for at least a decade. It was squirreled away in a few paragraphs of the U.S. Air Force's annual review of biotechnology. Studies—the review didn't say by whom—indicated that "specifically generated radio-frequency radiation (RFR) fields may pose powerful and revolutionary antipersonnel military threats." Loosely translated, that means you might be able to zap somebody from a distance with a radio beam. The human brain, the review pointed out, "is an electrically mediated organ" and, therefore, there was a "serious probability" that external electromagnetic fields "can be disruptive to purposeful behavior." Then the review dropped the clanger. There was every likelihood, it concluded, that you could develop "a rapidly scanning RFR system" that would have "stun or kill capability over a large area."

Two years later, in March 1984, Captain Paul E. Tyler, a Navy doctor, presented a paper at the Air University Center for Aerospace Doctrine, Research and Education at Maxwell Air Force Base in Alabama asking how electromagnetics might be employed on the battlefield. It was a subject Captain Tyler was well prepared to address. At the time, he was running the Navy's Radiation Lab, set up to study the effects of radiation on humans. He had also run herd on the Navy's efforts to quell all those doubts the people in Wisconsin and Michigan had about the ELF radiation the Sanguine transmitters were tossing off.

Yes, Tyler revealed in a 180-degree turn from the Navy's stand in the ELF controversy, "specific biological effects can be achieved" with electromagnetic fields if you know just what kinds of fields to employ. That technology could be used, he acknowledged, "in many military or quasi-military situations." Then he tossed out a phrase that set the bells ringing in every combat officer in the room. "The ability of individuals to function [on the battlefield]," he declared, "could be degraded to such a point that they would be combat ineffective."

Combat ineffective? A platoon of elite Red Army troops zonked out of their minds by electromagnetic beams while the tanks of the Big Red One go rumbling by? This may be Dream Wars we're talking about here, but can anyone imagine the enthusiasm an image like that can produce in a gung-ho Infantry officer?

Exactly what are these electromagnetic weapons Tyler was alluding to? Fundamentally, the concept is a kind of stun gun not so different—in theory, at least—from Buck Rogers' gun. The power source would be a transmitter that could hammer out a stream of very short, very high-powered bursts of microwave or millimeter-wave radiation. Their primary targets would be the silicon chips that are the brains behind most modern conventional arms, such as the M-1 tank and the F16 fighter.

The F16, for example, is an inherently unstable aircraft guided in flight by an elaborate network of computers and sensors. Fry those chips with a burst of high-powered energy, and the F16 could spin out of control. Going from the notion of burning out a tank or airplane's microchips to the idea of burning out those ultimate microchips, the neurons in our brains, does not require a prodigious leap of the imagination. It should come as no surprise, therefore, that such possibilities are on the drawing board. These were undoubtedly the sort of weapon Tyler was referring to in his paper. In fact, it is probably easier to develop a weapon for short-range battlefield use than it would be to develop one to knock out an F16 careening through the sky at 30,000 feet.

Dr. Jóse Delgado, who follows these things closely, is convinced that the Soviets already have a weapon that can kill by burning up vital brain cells at up to half a mile. At somewhat longer distances, the rays emitted by such a device would presumably produce disorienting effects on humans caught in their path.

The critical element in such weaponry is a device called a gyrotron, which uses magnetic fields to hammer out high-powered bursts of microwaves and millimeter waves of radiation. (These waves are at the opposite end of the spectrum from the ELF waves that concerned the folks in Wisconsin and Michigan. The shorter the wave, the more energy and information it can carry.)

Guess what? Experts in the field, including the experts in the Pentagon who annually review the state of play in technology, put the Soviets well ahead of us in developing gyrotrons.

The size of the power source is still a key imponderable, but there are those now convinced that one adapted for battlefield use could be carried around in a good-sized truck. That feeds into the notion of an RFR weapons battery that could "sweep" a battlefield at short range, killing enemy troops without devastating the landscape.

As if that prospect weren't scarifying enough, scientists at the Lawrence Livermore National Laboratory in Livermore, California, have looked at the possibilities of a "brain bomb." The idea would be to use a bomb that would generate primarily microwaves, which would affect the

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functioning of the minds of people inside the bomb's impact area. The Soviets, too, have looked at the same theoretical possibility, though there is no evidence that either the U.S. or the U.S.S.R. has done any more than think about the possibility of such a device.

There is something particularly chilling in the notion of electromagnetic death, despite the fact that blowing people apart with high explosives, as we've been doing for generations, is probably much more painful and certainly more gruesome. Early last summer, the Soviet Union offered us a concrete indication of just how close we may be to those macabre horizons. Their action came, surprisingly, at the Strategic Arms Reduction Talks in Geneva.

To the astonishment of their U.S. counterparts, the Soviet delegation tabled a proposal for a U.S.-Soviet ban on the development, deployment and use of electromagnetic arms.

Why would the Soviets do a thing like that? Why would they offer to toss away their edge in a field in which it is widely acknowledged they are well ahead of us? After all, no one in Washington had even thought of putting forward such an idea.

No one but the Soviets themselves knows the answer to that question. But might it be that in their research they have peered into the future and been horrified by what they have seen?

Sleeping Beauty, Buck Rogers' stun gun, a platoon of soldiers unhinged by some magic beam—it all sounds like science fiction. Today's science fiction, however, is often tomorrow's scientific reality. Early in this century, Santiago Ramón y Cajal, the great Spanish scientist, suggested that man's most transcendental achievement would be the conquest of his own brain. As the century closes, that conquest beckons from just beyond the horizon. It is a conquest full of promise, mystery and danger. For, as our knowledge increases of how that wondrous instrument the brain works, so, too, does our ability to influence it, modify it, eventually destroy it.

Is this the outline of some Faustian bargain with the gods of science? Must man learn to control the advances of wisdom lest his thirst for knowledge ultimately destroy him?

Who knows? One thing, however, is certain—what will come out of all this is going to make the impact that splitting the atom had upon our existence pale in comparison.

Welcome to the 21st Century.

"C'mon, lady; as long as there's no penetration. . . ."

WARHOLS

(continued from page 106)

pornographic pictures. They will look blank. When you turn on the black lights, then you see them—big breasts. If a cop came in, you could just flick out the lights or turn on the regular lights—how could you say that was pornography?"

By the late Sixties, Warhol came to the conclusion that the shock appeal of sex might help gain wider recognition and bigger profits for his movies. Films such as *Fuck* (a.k.a. *Blue Movie*), with a Warholian close-up of his superstar Viva going down on her leading man, took this to an extreme. The first issue of his film magazine *Interview* appeared in the fall of 1969, its cover showing nude actors and actresses from his own company for newsstand shock value.

Playboy ran a long story about Warhol in September 1969, commissioning the subject himself to supply the artwork to illustrate the feature, titled *What Is a Warhol?* The artist submitted perhaps the most extraordinary self-portraits that he ever made: a group of seven death-mask-like images on copy-machine paper—the single most moving record of Warhol's otherwise relatively private career during an especially precarious moment in his life. They followed soon after the artist's near-fatal encounter with a gun-wielding would-be actress who emptied her weapon at Warhol in his studio, called the Factory.

For those seven images, Warhol dispensed with both photography and painting in favor of copy-machine technology. Closing his eyes tight against the machine's long flash, Warhol placed his face on the large glass screen in profile and full-face poses that might be interpreted as stills of a see-hear-speak-no-evil philosophy. Less than fully satisfied with the downbeat works, Art Paul returned them to Warhol with the request that he add some color. Ever compliant to the needs of a client, Warhol (or one of his associates) scribbled graffitilike beards and borders on three of them.

Before that time, Warhol had always used photographs that he found in magazines or appropriated from other photographers. Now he began to take his own in the spirit of the *Playboy* copy-machine series. Warhol tried his hand at all sorts of snapshots, many of them to be published in books designed to document and satirize Seventies and Eighties society. He became the ubiquitous token artist, welcomed with his camera into the privacy of Jimmy Carter's back yard to play with Amy and into the dressing room to watch Bianca Jagger shave her underarms.

It was as a photographer that Warhol next appeared in *Playboy*, in August 1974. Paul believes that Warhol himself may have submitted the seven astounding photocollages now in the *Playboy* collection in order to publicize *Dracula* and *Frankenstein*, two Warhol-produced films that were

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distributed in 1974. Those works, each a surreal overlapping sequence of disjointed photographs of consecutive close-up views of undraped figures, are perhaps Warhol's most ambitious photographic works. Predicated on careful poses so that each shot in each sequence is a photograph of interest in its own right, the interlocking shots make cubist compositions of cockeyed originality. Four of them were recently selected for a Warhol retrospective in Japan.

With the success of *Interview* during the Seventies, Warhol emerged as a publisher and advocate for hedonistic consumerism. His subject was no less than modern society, and he interacted with its most staid, and outlandish, fringes whenever the occasion presented itself. He debunked what he found on those reconnaissance missions, pointing out in *Exposures*, his book of photographs published in 1979, that today "anyone rich, powerful, beautiful or famous can get into Society." Hugh M. Hefner and his girlfriend Barbi Benton are included in Warhol's extensive group portrait of late-Seventies society, just as much a part of the American scene in Warhol's view as the Carters or John and Elizabeth Taylor Warner.

Warhol's next assignment for *Playboy* involved another celebrity—his personal idol, Tennessee Williams. When Warhol went to New York in 1949, he would give copies of Williams' plays and stories to friends as gifts. By April 1973, Warhol was able to run his own interview with his hero in his own magazine, simultaneously with the feature that appeared in *Playboy*. To mark Williams' death, *Playboy* commissioned Truman Capote to write an article for its January 1984 issue and commissioned his friend Warhol to paint posthumous portraits based on photographs of Williams that had appeared with the April 1973 *Playboy Interview* with him. Befitting Warhol's attachment to his subject, the portraits are among the finest he ever completed.

The Rabbit Head cover of the January 1986 *Playboy* tells much about Warhol's tremendous success as an artist and as a businessman. Ever the crafty professional, he submitted four paintings in different colors to *Playboy*. The magazine was entitled to select one of the four as its cover image in exchange for Warhol's fee for the work. The artist knew that the three other versions would potentially increase his fee ten- or 20-fold when sold to art dealers. What he did not seem to realize was that *Playboy* would need to have its version signed to add an extra cachet to the cover, which bore Warhol's unmistakable imprint with or without his signature. What's more, the artist himself, who would readily sign anything for any souvenir collector, never signed his paintings. But *Playboy* approached the artist for a signature, and he obliged, sending one to be attached to the cover mock-up. So the cover is a rarity of rarities: a signed Warhol.

In his nearly 30-year-long relationship with *Playboy*, Warhol was illustrator, artist and even rival publisher. The results of this collaboration, and competition, go far in defining his life and work. It is a remarkable legacy, and one that *Playboy* readers have enjoyed from an advantageous viewpoint: the pages of the magazine you hold in your hands.

"You're right, Charley. This does look like a great place to pan for gold."

COLLEGE BASKETBALL PREVIEW

(continued from page 164)

of its scorers—J. R. Reid, Jeff Lebo and Steve Bucknall—from last season. Kevin Madden, the Tar Heels' 6'4" senior forward who averaged 14.6 p.p.g. last season, and Rick Fox (11.5 p.p.g.) figure to be the main men for coach Dean Smith. Guard King Rice and 6'9" junior forward Pete Chilcutt will have to contribute heavily if the Tar Heels are to challenge.

Georgia Tech immediately retired Tom Hammonds' number-20 jersey after he finished last season as only the third 2000-point career scorer in Tech history. The Yellow Jackets will miss Hammonds' per-game average of 20.9 points and 8.1 rebounds. But coach Bobby Cremins, one of the best recruiters around, quickly lined up a superstar of tomorrow: guard Kenny Anderson, regarded as the best high school prospect in the nation. While Anderson develops, Dennis Scott (20.3 p.p.g.) and Brian Oliver (16.1 p.p.g.) will provide the points for Tech. If 6'11" James Munlyn or freshman Malcolm Mackey can hold up the middle, Tech can sneak up on Duke and North Carolina.

Clemson returns four starters from last year's squad that won 19 games. Elden Campbell and Dale Davis, two 6'11" intimidators, give the Tigers a strong game underneath. Coach Cliff Ellis needs a solid performance outside from guards Derrick Forrest and Marion Cash.

The recent problem at **North Carolina State** is that coach Jim Valvano gets more attention than his Wolfpack teams. That situation grew worse with the publication of *Personal Foul*, a largely unattributed diatribe against Valvano and the NC State basketball program. If only ten percent of what the book says is true, he may be available to fill Dick Vitale's dead-air time on TV's college basketball coverage. In the meantime, Valvano has another team capable of making noise in post-season play. Rodney Monroe (21.4 p.p.g.) and Chris Corchiani (10.5 p.p.g.) are the best backcourt tandem in the conference.

Virginia coach Terry Holland enters his 16th and final season with the Cavaliers before becoming athletic director at alma mater Davidson next year. Holland, who never managed to win a national championship during the Ralph Sampson era, again gave solid evidence of his coaching skills as Virginia won 22 games last season without benefit of a standout player before falling to Michigan in the regionals of the N.C.A.A. tourney. He has three starters back from that team, plus some talented freshmen recruits, including Chris Havlicek, son of former Ohio State and Boston Celtic star John Havlicek.

Wake Forest has a new coach, Dave Odom, but returns four starters from last year's team. Sam Ivy, slowed by injury last season, hopes to return to his All-A.C.C. form of two years ago. Georgetown transfer Anthony Tucker, a 6'8" forward, will

get a lot of court time.

In college coaching, one man's failure is often another man's opportunity. Bob Wade, who took over at **Maryland** after the Lefty Driesell/Len Bias incident, is gone after a season that produced only nine wins. For new coach Gary Williams, most recently at Ohio State, the opportunity at alma mater Maryland "is a dream come true." Williams will have the Terps fast breaking on offense and playing a 94-foot, man-to-man press on defense.

ATLANTIC TEN

Coach John Chaney will have the **Temple** Owls perched back atop the Atlantic Ten Conference this season. Last year, he lost his top three freshmen prospects to Proposition 48, the N.C.A.A. eligibility rule that requires incoming freshmen to score a minimum of 700 on their S.A.T.s or a 15 on their A.C.T.s, but his team was still good enough to win 18 games and qualify for the N.I.T. Still just a junior, Mark Macon (18.3 p.p.g.) is back at the two guard spot. Freshmen Donald Hodge at seven feet and Mark Strickland at 6'9" are eligible and ready to help out seven-foot Duane Causwell in the paint.

West Virginia will drop a notch or two from its 26–5 performance of last year because of the loss of three starters, including Darryl Prue. The Mountaineers will rely on defense and the emergence of some junior college talent to hold down the conference's second spot.

COLE'S 1990 ALL-NAME TEAM

Bijou Baly	Fresno State
Cheyenne Gibson	Memphis State
Louweegi Dyer	New Orleans
Coco Barry	Maine
Edsel Bester	Central Florida
Tim Jumper	Mississippi
Chuck Lightening	Towson State
Shaquille O'Neal	Louisiana State
Jimmy Apple	William & Mary
Frenchie Tomlin	Rhode Island
Tommy Joe Eagles (coach)	Auburn

COLE'S 1990 ALL-NICKNAME TEAM

Ronald "Popeye" Jones	Murray State
Herman "Skeeter" Henry	Oklahoma
Rodell "House" Guest	Colorado
Vernell "Bimbo" Coles	Virginia Tech
Cameron "Smoke" Burns	Mississippi State
Chester "Instant" Coffee	Florida A&M
Greg "Boo" Harvey	St. John's
Karl "Boobie" James	South Alabama
Ron "Fang" Mitchell (coach)	Coppin State

Rutgers, under second-year coach Bob Wenzel, has talent but not much size. Forward Tom Savage (20 p.p.g.) is the team's offensive leader.

Penn State battled into the 20-win category for only the third time in its history. With the graduation of Tom Hovasse, their best player, the Nittany Lions will struggle to win 20 again.

Rhode Island, a Final 16 team in the 1987–1988 season, fell on tough times last year because of the graduation of guards Carlton Owens and Tom Garrick and the change-over from coach Tom Penders, now at Texas, to former assistant Al Skinner. The Rams will play up-tempo to compensate for their lack of size.

The rest of the conference falls off dramatically in talent and looks unlikely to break into the top half of the standings.

BIG EAST

Surprise! Syracuse and Georgetown will be back on top of the Big East again this year, no small accomplishment in one of the nation's most consistently competitive conferences.

Don't look for **Syracuse** coach Jim Boeheim to hurt his 24-win-a-year average this season. The Orangemen return three of the finest players in the nation in Playboy All-America Derrick Coleman (18 p.p.g.), 6'9" Billy Owens (13 p.p.g.) and the explosive Stephen Thompson (16.9 p.p.g.). The icing on Boeheim's cake came when LeRon Ellis jumped the troubled Kentucky program to join the Orangemen. Boeheim's primary concern is finding a replacement for Sherman Douglas, the N.C.A.A.'s all-time assist leader. Freshman Michael Edwards is the leading candidate. Syracuse, which has come so close in recent years, now has the talent to take it all.

Love him or hate him, coach John Thompson puts a well-disciplined, scrappy team on the floor for **Georgetown** every season. This squad's centerpiece is Playboy All-America Alonzo Mourning. With a shot-blocking ability reminiscent of Bill Russell's, Mourning allows the Hoyas to gamble with full-court pressure. Departed point guard Charles Smith will be missed, but Thompson has some exciting freshmen to help fill the void: Dave Edwards and Michael Tate, who averaged 41 and 23 p.p.g., respectively, in their last year of high school. With a blend of returning veterans, talented freshmen and a bench with the likes of 7'2" Dikembe Mutombo, the Hoyas will not be beaten easily by anyone.

Pittsburgh returns all five starters from last year's talented but sometimes inconsistent team. The Panthers beat several top-ten teams such as Georgetown, Syracuse and Seton Hall, only to drop games to Siena and Duquesne. Coach Paul Evans hopes experience and a better bench will enable Pitt to avoid the upset. The Panthers' main gun is Brian Shorter (19.6 p.p.g.), last season's Big East Rookie of the Year.

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PLAYBOY'S 1990 COLLEGE

AMERICAN SOUTH

1. SOUTHWESTERN LOUISIANA
2. NEW ORLEANS
3. LOUISIANA TECH
4. ARKANSAS STATE
5. TEXAS–PAN AMERICAN
6. LAMAR

STANDOUTS: Kevin Brooks, Sydney Grider, Aaron Mitchell (Southwestern Louisiana); Tony Harris, Willie Richardson (New Orleans); Anthony Dade, P. J. Brown, Brett Guillory (Louisiana Tech); Greg Williams (Arkansas St.); Melvin Thomas (Texas–Pan Am); David Jones (Lamar).

ATLANTIC COAST

*1. DUKE
*2. NORTH CAROLINA
*3. GEORGIA TECH
*4. CLEMSON
*5. NORTH CAROLINA STATE
6. VIRGINIA
7. WAKE FOREST
8. MARYLAND

STANDOUTS: Christian Laettner, Robert Brickey (Duke); Scott Williams, Kevin Madden (North Carolina); Dennis Scott, Brian Oliver (Georgia Tech); Elden Campbell, Dale Davis (Clemson); Rodney Monroe, Chris Corchiani (North Carolina St.); Bryant Stith, John Crotty (Virginia); Chris King, Sam Ivy, Anthony Tucker (Wake Forest); Tony Massenburg, Jerrod Mustaf (Maryland).

ATLANTIC TEN

*1. TEMPLE
2. WEST VIRGINIA
3. RUTGERS
4. PENN STATE
5. RHODE ISLAND
6. ST. JOSEPH'S
7. DUQUESNE
8. ST. BONAVENTURE
9. MASSACHUSETTS
10. GEORGE WASHINGTON

STANDOUTS: Mark Macon, Duane Causwell, Mik Kilgore (Temple); Steve Berger, Chris Brooks (West Virginia); Tom Savage, Earl Duncan, Rick Dadika (Rutgers); Ed Fogell (Penn St.); Kenny Green, Eric Leslie (Rhode Island); Craig Amos, Marlon Miller (St. Joseph's); Clayton Adams (Duquesne); Michael Burnett (St. Bonaventure); Jim McCoy (Mass.); Ellis McKennie (George Washington).

BIG EAST

*1. SYRACUSE
*2. GEORGETOWN
*3. PITTSBURGH
*4. ST. JOHN'S
*5. VILLANOVA
*6. PROVIDENCE
7. SETON HALL
8. BOSTON COLLEGE
9. CONNECTICUT

STANOOUTS: Derrick Coleman, Stephen Thompson, Billy Owens, LeRon Ellis (Syracuse); Alonzo Mourning, Dwayne Bryant, Mark Tillmon (Georgetown); Brian Shorter, Jason Mathews, Rod Brookin (Pittsburgh); Jayson Williams, Greg "Boo" Harvey (St. John's); Tom Greis, Rodney Taylor (Villanova); Eric Murdock, Carlton Screen, Marty Conlon (Providence); Anthony Avent (Seton Hall); Doug Able, Bryan Edwards (Boston College); Chris Smith, Tate George (Connecticut).

BIG EIGHT

*1. OKLAHOMA STATE
*2. MISSOURI
*3. OKLAHOMA
*4. IOWA STATE
*5. KANSAS STATE
*6. KANSAS
7. NEBRASKA
8. COLORADO

STANDOUTS: Richard Dumas, Byron Houston, Royce Jeffries, Darwyn Alexander (Oklahoma St.); Doug Smith, Lee Coward, Anthony Peeler (Missouri); William Davis, Jeff Webster, Skeeter Henry, Smokey McCovery (Oklahoma); Victor Alexander, Mark Baugh (Iowa St.); Steve Henson (Kansas St.); Kevin Pritchard, Mark Randall, Rick Calloway (Kansas); Beau Reid, Rich King (Nebraska); Shaun Vandiver, Stevie Wise (Colorado).

BIG SKY

*1. IDAHO
2. BOISE STATE
3. NEVADA-RENO
4. MONTANA
5. IDAHO STATE
6. WEBER STATE
7. MONTANA STATE
8. EASTERN WASHINGTON
9. NORTHERN ARIZONA

STANOOUTS: Riley Smith, Ricardo Boyd (Idaho); David Lowery (Boise St.); Kevin Franklin, Kevin Soares (Nevada-Reno); Daren Engellant (Montana); Steven Garrity, Craig Murray (Idaho St.); Michael Ostlund (Weber St.); Alonzo Stephens (Montana St.); David Peed (Eastern Washington); Steve Williams, Steve Lizzul (N. Arizona).

BIG SOUTH

1. NORTH CAROLINA–ASHEVILLE
2. RADFORD
3. COASTAL CAROLINA
4. CAMPBELL
5. WINTHROP
6. AUGUSTA
7. BAPTIST

STANDOUTS: Milton Moore, Brent Keck (North Carolina–Asheville); Phil Young, Vernon Brooks (Radford); Robert Dowdell, Bryan Penny (Coastal Carolina); Brad Childress, Mark Mocnik (Campbell); Sean Smith (Winthrop); Keenan Mann (Augusta); David Oliver (Baptist).

BIG TEN

*1. MICHIGAN
*2. ILLINOIS
*3. MINNESOTA
*4. INOIANA
*5. OHIO STATE
*6. IOWA
7. MICHIGAN STATE
8. WISCONSIN
9. PURDUE
10. NORTHWESTERN

STANDOUTS: Rumeal Robinson, Terry Mills, Loy Vaught, Sean Higgins (Michigan); Kendall Gill, Stephen Bardo, Marcus Liberty (Illinois); Willie Burton, Melvin Newbern (Minnesota); Eric Anderson, Lyndon Jones (Indiana); Perry Carter (Ohio St.); Matt Bullard, Ray Thompson (Iowa); Steve Smith, Ken Redfield (Michigan St.); Danny Jones, Willie Simms (Wisconsin); Stephen Scheffler, Tony Jones (Purdue); Walker Lambiotte, Brian Schwabe (Northwestern).

BIG WEST

*1. NEVADA–LAS VEGAS
2. CAL STATE–FULLERTON
3. NEW MEXICO STATE
4. CALIFORNIA–SANTA BARBARA
5. FRESNO STATE
6. PACIFIC
7. LONG BEACH STATE
8. CALIFORNIA-IRVINE
9. SAN JOSE STATE
10. UTAH STATE

STANDOUTS: Stacey Augmon, David Butler, Greg Anthony, Larry Johnson (Nevada–Las Vegas); Cedric Ceballos, Mark Hill (Cal St.–Fullerton); Keith Hill, James Anderson (New Mexico St.); Carrick DeHart, Eric McArthur (California–Santa Barbara); Wilbert Hooker, Tod Bernard (Fresno St.); Don Lyttle, Daryl Wolfe (Pacific); Tyrone Mitchell, Kevin Cutler (Long Beach St.); Rod Palmer, Ricky Butler (California-Irvine).

COLONIAL

*1. RICHMOND
2. JAMES MADISON
3. GEORGE MASON
4. AMERICAN
5. NORTH CAROLINA–WILMINGTON
6. EAST CAROLINA
7. NAVY
8. WILLIAM & MARY

STANDOUTS: Ken Atkinson, Scott Stapleton (Richmond); Steve Hood, William Davis (James Madison); Steve Smith, Robert Dykes (George Mason); Ron Draper, Oaryl Holmes (American); Joe Cherry (North Carolina–Wilmington); Gus Hill (East Carolina); Eddie Reddick (Navy); Jimmy Apple (William & Mary).

EAST COAST

*1. TOWSON STATE
2. DELAWARE
3. HOFSTRA
4. LEHIGH
5. DREXEL
6. LAFAYETTE
7. BUCKNELL
8. RIDER

STANDOUTS: Kurk Lee, Devin Boyd (Towson St.); Mark Murray, Alexander Coles (Delaware); Derrick Flowers, Frank Walker (Hofstra); Dozie Mbonu, Scott Layer (Lehigh); Todd Lehmann (Drexel); Matt Roberts (Lafayette); Mike Joseph (Bucknell); Jim Cleveland (Rider).

IVY LEAGUE

*1. PRINCETON
2. DARTMOUTH
3. YALE
4. HARVARD
5. CORNELL
6. PENNSYLVANIA
7. BROWN
8. COLUMBIA

STANDOUTS: Kit Mueller, Jerry Doyle (Princeton); James Blackwell, Walter Palmer (Dartmouth); Ed Petersen, Dean Campbell, Todd Trimmer (Yale); Ralph James, Ron Mitchell (Harvard); Bernard Jackson, Shawn Maharaj (Cornell); Hassan Ouncombe (Pennsylvania); Chuck Savage (Brown); Dane Holmes (Columbia).

METRO

*1. LOUISVILLE
*2. FLORIDA STATE
*3. MEMPHIS STATE
4. SOUTH CAROLINA
5. CINCINNATI
6. VIRGINIA TECH
7. SOUTHERN MISSISSIPPI
8. TULANE

STANDOUTS: LaBradford Smith, Tony Kimbro, Felton Spencer (Louisville); Tharon Mayes, Irving Thomas (Florida St.); Elliot Perry, Ernest Smith (Memphis St.); Joe Rhett, Barry Manning (South Carolina); Louis Banks (Cincinnati); Vernell "Bimbo" Coles (Virginia Tech); Clarence Weatherspoon (Southern Mississippi); Greg Gary, Michael Christian (Tulane).

METRO ATLANTIC

*1. LA SALLE
2. SIENA
3. ST. PETER'S
4. ARMY
5. MANHATTAN
6. CANISIUS
7. IONA
8. FORDHAM
9. HOLY CROSS
10. NIAGARA
11. LOYOLA-MARYLAND
12. FAIRFIELD

STANDOUTS: Lionel Simmons, Doug Overton, Jack Hurd (La Salle); Marc Brown, Jeffrey Robinson (Siena); Jasper Walker, Chuck Veterano (St. Peter's); Derrick Canada, Todd Mattson (Army); Peter Runge, Kelly Monroe (Manhattan); Ed Book (Canisius); Sean Green (Iona); Dan O'Sullivan (Fordham); Dwight Pernell, Jim Nairus (Holy Cross); Patrick Jones (Niagara); Kevin Green (Loyola-Maryland); Harold Brantley (Fairfield).

MID-AMERICAN

*1. BALL STATE
2. KENT STATE
3. EASTERN MICHIGAN
4. OHIO UNIVERSITY
5. BOWLING GREEN
6. MIAMI UNIVERSITY
7. TOLEDO
8. WESTERN MICHIGAN
9. CENTRAL MICHIGAN

STANDOUTS: Curtis Kidd, Paris McCurdy, Billy Butts (Ball St.); Eric Glenn, Ric Blevins, Harold Walton (Kent St.); Lorenzo Neely, Brian Nolan (Eastern Michigan); David Jamerson, Dennis Whitaker (Ohio University); Ed Colbert, Clint Venable (Bowling Green); Jim Paul, Tim Stewart (Miami); Craig Sutters (Toledo); Mark Brown (Western Michigan); Carter Briggs (Central Michigan).

MID-CONTINENT

*1. NORTHERN IOWA
2. SOUTHWEST MISSOURI STATE
3. CLEVELAND STATE
4. WISCONSIN–GREEN BAY
5. ILLINOIS-CHICAGO
6. WESTERN ILLINOIS
7. VALPARAISO
8. EASTERN ILLINOIS

STANDOUTS: Jason Reese, Steve Phyfe (Northern Iowa); Lee Campbell, Jeff Ford (Southwest Missouri St.); Brian Parker, Kenny Robertson (Cleveland St.); Tony Bennett (Wisconsin–Green Bay); Chris Harris (Illinois-Chicago); Bob Smith, Darrell Richardson (Western Illinois); Mike Jones (Valparaiso); Gerald Jones (Eastern Illinois).

MIDEASTERN

*1. COPPIN STATE
2. MORGAN STATE
3. DELAWARE STATE
4. FLORIDA A & M
5. SOUTH CAROLINA STATE
6. BETHUNE-COOKMAN
7. HOWARD
8. NORTH CAROLINA A & T
9. MARYLAND–EASTERN SHORE

STANDOUTS: Reggie Isaac, Larry Stewart, Phil Booth (Coppin St.); James Jason McCoy, Damone Williams (Morgan St.); Tom Oavis, Emanual Davis (Delaware St.); Terry Giles, Reginald Finney (Florida A & M); Travis Williams (South Carolina St.); Julious Grant (Bethune-Cookman); Tyrone Powell, Skip Bynum (Howard); Glenn Taggart (North Carolina A & T); Keith Williams (Maryland–Eastern Shore).

BASKETBALL PREDICTIONS

MIDWESTERN

*1. XAVIER
2. EVANSVILLE
3. ST. LOUIS
4. MARQUETTE
5. DAYTON
6. LOYOLA-CHICAGO
7. BUTLER
8. DETROIT

STANDOUTS: Tyrone Hill, Derek Strong (Xavier); Dan Godfread, Reed Crafton (Evansville); Anthony Bonner, Charles Newberry (St. Louis); Tony Smith, Trevor Powell (Marquette); Anthony Corbitt, Negele Knight (Dayton); Keith Gailes, Keir Rogers (Loyola-Chicago); Jody Littrell (Butler); Shawn Williams, Bill Wood (Detroit).

MISSOURI VALLEY

*1. CREIGHTON
2. TULSA
3. ILLINOIS STATE
4. SOUTHERN ILLINOIS
5. WICHITA STATE
6. BRADLEY
7. DRAKE
8. INDIANA STATE

STANDOUTS: Bob Harstad, Chad Gallagher (Creighton); Lamont Randolph, Michael Scott (Tulsa); Jarrod Coleman, Rickey Jackson (Illinois St.); Rick Shipler, Freddie McSwain (Southern Illinois); John Cooper (Wichita St.); Luke Jackson, Xanthus Houston (Bradley); Sam Roark, Terrell Jackson (Drake); Eddie Bird (Indiana St.).

NORTH ATLANTIC

*1. BOSTON UNIVERSITY
2. NORTHEASTERN
3. HARTFORD
4. MAINE
5. VERMONT
6. COLGATE
7. NEW HAMPSHIRE

STANDOUTS: Steve Key, Ron Moses, Bill Brigham (Boston University); George Yuille, Dexter Jenkins (Northeastern); Lamont Middleton, Larry Griffiths (Hartford); Dean Smith (Maine); Kenny White, Rahim Huland El (Vermont); Jay Armstrong (Colgate); Eric Thielen (New Hampshire).

NORTHEAST

*1. FAIRLEIGH DICKINSON
2. ROBERT MORRIS
3. MONMOUTH
4. ST. FRANCIS–PENNSYLVANIA
5. MARIST
6. WAGNER
7. ST. FRANCIS–NEW YORK
8. LONG ISLAND

STANDOUTS: Desi Wilson, Glenn Harding (Fairleigh Dickinson); Andre Boyd, Scott Shepherd (Robert Morris); Alex Blackwell, Dave Calloway (Monmouth); Joe Anderson, Harkeem Dixon (St. Francis–Penn.); Steve Paterno (Marist); Dean Borges (Wagner); Anthony Robinson (St. Francis–New York); Timothy Pounds (Long Island).

OHIO VALLEY

*1. TENNESSEE TECH
2. AUSTIN PEAY
3. MIDDLE TENNESSEE STATE
4. MURRAY STATE
5. TENNESSEE STATE
6. MOREHEAD STATE
7. EASTERN KENTUCKY

STANDOUTS: Earl Wise, Milos Babic, Jerome Rodgers (Tennessee Tech); Donald Tivis, Tommy Brown (Austin Peay); Gerald Harris (Middle Tennessee St.); Chris Ogden, Paul King (Murray St.); Nico Childs, Alburey Doss (Tennessee St.); Elbert Boyd, Brett Roberts (Morehead St.); Mike Davis, Mike Smith (Eastern Kentucky).

PACIFIC TEN

*1. ARIZONA
*2. UCLA
*3. OREGON STATE
*4. WASHINGTON
5. CALIFORNIA
6. ARIZONA STATE
7. STANFORD
8. OREGON
9. USC
10. WASHINGTON STATE

STANDOUTS: Brian Williams, Chris Mills, Jud Buechler, Matt Muehlebach (Arizona); Trevor Wilson, Don MacLean (UCLA); Gary Payton, Will Brantley, Teo Alibegovic (Oregon St.); Eldridge Recasner, Mike Hayward, Dion Browne (Washington); Keith Smith, Roy Fisher (California); Tarence Wheeler, Alex Austin (Arizona St.); Adam Keefe (Stanford); Keith Reynolds (Oregon); Ronnie Coleman, Chris Munk (USC); Darryl Woods (Washington St.).

SOUTHEASTERN

*1. LOUISIANA STATE
*2. FLORIDA
*3. ALABAMA
*4. MISSISSIPPI
*5. GEORGIA
6. MISSISSIPPI STATE
7. AUBURN
8. VANDERBILT
9. TENNESSEE
10. KENTUCKY

STANDOUTS: Chris Jackson, Stanley Roberts, Shaquille O'Neal, Wayne Sims (Louisiana St.); Dwayne Schintzius, Livingston Chatman, Dwayne Davis (Florida); Robert Horry, Keith Askins, David Benoit (Alabama); Gerald Glass, Tim Jumper (Mississippi); Alec Kessler, Litterial Green (Georgia); Cameron "Smoke" Burns, Tony Watts (Mississippi St.); John Caylor, Derrick Dennison (Auburn); Eric Reid (Vanderbilt); Greg Bell, Ian Lockhart (Tennessee); Derrick Miller, Reggie Hanson (Kentucky).

SOUTHERN

*1. EAST TENNESSEE STATE
2. APPALACHIAN STATE
3. FURMAN
4. VIRGINIA MILITARY INSTITUTE
5. THE CITADEL
6. MARSHALL
7. TENNESSEE-CHATTANOOGA
8. WESTERN CAROLINA

STANDOUTS: Greg Dennis, Keith Jennings (East Tennessee St.); Sam Gibson, Kemp Phillips (Appalachian St.); Hal Henderson, Bruce Evans (Furman); Ramon and Damon Williams (Virginia Military Institute); Patrick Elmore (The Citadel); Omar Roland (Marshall); Daren Chandler (Tennessee-Chattanooga); Keith Gray (Western Carolina).

SOUTHLAND

*1. MCNEESE STATE
2. NORTH TEXAS STATE
3. NORTHEAST LOUISIANA
4. SAM HOUSTON STATE
5. TEXAS-ARLINGTON
6. NORTHWESTERN STATE–LOUISIANA
7. SOUTHWEST TEXAS STATE
8. STEPHEN F. AUSTIN STATE

STANDOUTS: Anthony Pullard, Mark Thompson (McNeese St.); Ronnie Morgan, Kevie Gulley (North Texas St.); Anthony Jones, Fred Thompson (Northeast Louisiana); Derrick Williams, Dennis Green (Sam Houston St.); Willie Brand, David Allen (Texas-Arlington); Eric Scanlan (Northwestern St.–Louisiana); Stacy Bennett (Southwest Texas St.); Jeff Williams (Stephen F. Austin St.).

SOUTHWEST

*1. ARKANSAS
*2. TEXAS
*3. HOUSTON
4. TEXAS A & M
5. TEXAS CHRISTIAN
6. RICE
7. SOUTHERN METHODIST
8. TEXAS TECH
9. BAYLOR

STANDOUTS: Lee Mayberry, Todd Day (Arkansas); Travis Mays, Lance Blanks (Texas); Craig Upchurch, Carl Herrera (Houston); Tony Milton, David Harris (Texas A & M); Craig Sibley, Reggie Smith (Texas Christian); Dana Hardy, Kenneth Rourke (Rice); John Colborne (Southern Methodist); Jerry Mason, J. D. Sanders (Texas Tech); Julius Denton, Michael Hobbs (Baylor).

SOUTHWESTERN

*1. TEXAS SOUTHERN
2. SOUTHERN
3. GRAMBLING STATE
4. ALABAMA STATE
5. JACKSON STATE
6. PRAIRIE VIEW A & M
7. MISSISSIPPI VALLEY STATE
8. ALCORN STATE

STANDOUTS: Fred West, Charles Price (Texas Southern); Carlos Sample, Joe Faulkner (Southern); Claude Newell, Darrell Harris (Grambling St.); Ivy Dobson, Darrin Mayo (Alabama St.); David Martin, Eric Strothers (Jackson St.); Michael Ervin, Steve Stevenson (Prairie View A & M); Reginald Brown (Mississippi Valley St.); Michael Malone, Steve Thomas (Alcorn St.).

SUN BELT

*1. ALABAMA-BIRMINGHAM
*2. OLD DOMINION
3. JACKSONVILLE
4. SOUTH FLORIDA
5. VIRGINIA COMMONWEALTH
6. SOUTH ALABAMA
7. NORTH CAROLINA–CHARLOTTE
8. WESTERN KENTUCKY

STANDOUTS: Andy Kennedy, Alan Ogg (Alabama-Birmingham); Chris Gatling, Anthony Carver (Old Dominion); Dee Brown, Reggie Law (Jacksonville); Fred Lewis, Radenko Dobras (South Florida); Carl Weldon, Martin Henlan (Virginia Commonwealth); John Jimmerson, Marvin Eackles, Karl "Boobie" James (South Alabama); Henry Williams, Cedric Ball (North Carolina–Charlotte); Jerry Anderson, Roland Shelton (Western Kentucky).

TRANS AMERICA

*1. ARKANSAS–LITTLE ROCK
2. GEORGIA SOUTHERN
3. CENTENARY
4. STETSON
5. TEXAS–SAN ANTONIO
6. SAMFORD
7. HARDIN-SIMMONS
8. MERCER
9. GEORGIA STATE

STANDOUTS: Carl Brown, James Scott, Derrick Owens (Arkansas–L.R.); Mike Harding, Mike Curry, Richard Sherrod (Georgia So.); Larry Robinson, Byron Steward (Centenary); Derrall Dumas, Frank Ireland (Stetson); Bruce Wheatley, Ronnie Ellison (Texas–S.A.); Arnold Hamilton (Samford); Rick Nickerson (Hardin-Simmons); Scott Bailey (Mercer); Chris Collier (Georgia St.).

WEST COAST

*1. LOYOLA-MARYMOUNT
2. PEPPERDINE
3. SANTA CLARA
4. SAN FRANCISCO
5. GONZAGA
6. SAN DIEGO
7. PORTLAND
8. ST. MARY'S

STANDOUTS: Hank Gathers, Bo Kimble, Jeff Fryer (Loyola-Marymount); Tom Lewis, Dexter Howard, Craig Davis (Pepperdine); Jeffry Connelly, Nils Becker (Santa Clara); Joel DeBortoli, Kevin Ellis (San Francisco); Jim McPhee (Gonzaga); John Jerome (San Diego); Josh Lowery (Portland); James Dailey (St. Mary's).

WESTERN ATHLETIC

*1. TEXAS–EL PASO
*2. NEW MEXICO
3. COLORADO STATE
4. HAWAII
5. BRIGHAM YOUNG
6. AIR FORCE
7. WYOMING
8. SAN DIEGO STATE
9. UTAH

STANDOUTS: Antonio Davis, Greg Foster, Prince Stewart (Texas–El Paso); Luc Longley, Rob Robbins (New Mexico); Mike Mitchell (Colorado St.); Chris Gaines, Terry Houston (Hawaii); Andy Toolson, Marty Haws (BYU); Raymond Dudley (Air Force); Reggie Slater (Wyoming); Rodney Jones (San Diego St.); Josh Grant (Utah).

INDEPENDENTS

*1. NOTRE DAME
*2. DEPAUL
3. NORTHERN ILLINOIS
4. MIAMI
5. U.S. INTERNATIONAL
6. AKRON
7. WRIGHT STATE
8. MARYLAND–BALTIMORE COUNTY
9. CHICAGO STATE
10. BROOKLYN
11. CENTRAL FLORIDA
12. CENTRAL CONNECTICUT
13. YOUNGSTOWN STATE
14. DAVIDSON
15. NICHOLLS STATE
16. MISSOURI–KANSAS CITY

STANDOUTS: LaPhonso Ellis, Joe Fredrick (Notre Dame); Curtis Price, Kevin Holland (DePaul); Donnell Thomas, Stacy Arrington (N. Illinois); Joe Wylie (Miami); Demetrius Laffitte (U.S. International); Anthony Buford (Akron); Mark Woods, Dave Dinn (Wright St.); Larry Simmons (Maryland–B.C.); Gerald Collins (Chicago St.); John Shurina (Brooklyn); Ken Leeks (Cent. Florida); Scott Weeden (Cent. Connecticut); Todd Lark (Youngstown St.); Allan Hunter (Davidson); Robert Lee (Nicholls St.); Frank Molak (Missouri–K.C.).

*Our predictions to make the N.C.A.A. post-season tournament.

coaches in the nation, Lou Carnesecca and Rollie Massimino, have teams good enough to upset the conference favorites, if given the chance. Carnesecca's **St. John's** team redeemed itself from last year's 6–10 conference finish, worst in its past ten years of conference play, by winning the N.I.T. championship in convincing fashion. St. John's returns four starters and adds sophomore Chuck Sproling, whom Carnesecca calls his first legitimate three-point shooter. At **Villanova,** Massimino has lost guards Doug West and 'Nova all-time assist leader Kenny Wilson. But 7'3" Tom Greis is back and the Wildcats have added talented freshmen Arron Bain and Calvin Byrd.

Last year, **Seton Hall's** magic lasted to the final overtime seconds of its national-championship game against Michigan. P. J. Carlesimo, the deserving winner of a number of coaching awards, got everything and more from a team picked to finish no better than sixth. Unfortunately for P. J., all five starters from last season are gone, and while this year's group will be physical, it's not clear who will score the points.

BIG EIGHT

With the departure of Missouri's Byron Irvin and Gary Leonard and Oklahoma's Stacey King and Daron "Mookie" Blaylock, there's room for a new name on the Big Eight post-season marquee. **Oklahoma State,** which managed 17 wins last season with ten new players, returns almost everyone this year, including junior forward Richard Dumas (15.7 p.p.g.) and Byron Houston (8.4 rebounds per game). Coach Leonard Hamilton has also picked up 6'11" Mattias Sahlstrom, who averaged 21 p.p.g. on the Swedish National Team.

The loss of three starters will drop **Missouri,** last year's Big Eight tournament winner, down a notch. The Tigers' best player is junior forward Doug Smith (13.9 p.p.g.). Coach Norm Stewart, who returns this season after a bout with colon cancer, has freshman Travis Ford ready to take over as point guard.

Down at **Oklahoma,** coach Billy Tubbs is reloading, not rebuilding. Freshman Jeff Webster, a 6'8" forward, is being called the best player to come out of the state of Oklahoma since Wayman Tisdale. Junior college transfer Smokey McCovery will be Blaylock's successor at point guard. The Sooners, smaller and more inexperienced than in recent years, will still run and gun.

The old fox coach Johnny Orr may surprise some conference rivals with this year's **Iowa State** team. Junior center Victor Alexander (19.9 p.p.g.) is a dominating player in the paint. The Cyclones also have an excellent perimeter shooter in forward Mark Baugh.

Kansas State's Steve Henson (18.5 p.p.g.) is one of the most consistent guards in the country, as well as one of the best free-throw shooters in N.C.A.A. history (89.9 percent). Coach Lon Kruger, who at 36 has already led the Wildcats to three straight N.C.A.A. tournament appearances, will rely on Henson and junior college transfers Keith Amerson and Jean Derouillere to nail a fourth.

Kansas coach Roy Williams will utilize the same concepts of pressure defense he learned as assistant for ten years to Dean Smith at North Carolina. The Jayhawks will get one year from senior Rick Calloway, an Indiana transfer. Mark Randall (16 p.p.g.) and Kevin Pritchard (14.5 p.p.g.) will be Williams' offensive leaders.

BIG SKY

Coach Kermit Davis got a lot done in his first year at **Idaho,** guiding the Vandals to a 25–6 record, the Big Sky championship and a trip to the N.C.A.A. tournament. Despite the loss of six of its top nine players, Idaho appears to be the favorite to repeat this year, thanks largely to 6'8" Riley Smith (15.9 p.p.g.).

Boise State will press Idaho for the top spot even though team leader Chris Childs has graduated. Three Proposition 48 returnees, Arthur Charles, Rafeal Peterson and Archie Wright, will make an impact.

The rest of the conference, all evenly matched, will scramble for any advantage. **Nevada-Reno** hopes that Kevin Franklin, one of the most productive (17.7 p.p.g.) sixth men in the nation, can produce even more in a starting role. At **Montana,** eyes are on future star Daren Engellant, a 6'9" sophomore who was the league's outstanding freshman last year. **Idaho State's** main cog is Steven Garrity, an underrated 6'6" forward who averaged 16.9 p.p.g. last season.

BIG SOUTH

Coastal Carolina, which finished at the top of the regular-season Big South standings the past two years, hasn't been able to win a conference post-season tournament game since the tourney's inception. Not that it matters much, since the winner still doesn't qualify for an automatic N.C.A.A. tournament bid. With the graduation of Derek Wilson, the school's third all-time

leading scorer and last year's Anson Mount Scholar/Athlete, the Chanticleers are likely to experience some fall-off this year.

North Carolina–Asheville and **Radford,** each with four starters back and talented newcomers, will battle for the conference crown and a possible N.I.T. berth.

BIG TEN

Comedian Jerry Lewis once made a movie called *Cinderfella*, in which he played the male equivalent of Cinderella. Last year, **Michigan** assistant coach Steve Fisher may have inspired *Cinderfella II*: After coach Bill Frieder announced on the eve of the N.C.A.A. tournament that he was moving to Arizona State, Bo Schembechler, the evil stepmother in this tale, instantly dumped Frieder and installed Fisher, eyes bright and cheeks ruddy, as head coach. Fisher and the Wolverines promptly won six tournament games and the national championship. Schembechler, still flushed with Michigan's success in the Rose Bowl, had no choice but to make Fisher's temporary appointment permanent.

Fisher has four starters back from last year, including Playboy All-America Rumeal Robinson, 6′10″ forward Terry Mills and 6′9″ center Loy Vaught. Sean Higgins, an immensely talented but inconsistent junior forward, will have the challenge of replacing the offensive firepower of departed Glen Rice. If he succeeds, the Wolverines should win the Big Ten and perhaps get a shot at providing Fisher with his vehicle for *Cinderfella III*.

When **Illinois'** Nick Anderson decided to forgo his final year of eligibility to enter the N.B.A., coach Lou Henson heard the door close on his dreams of a national championship. Henson had factored in the loss of Kenny Battle and Lowell Hamilton to graduation. He had Marcus Liberty, still more potential than performance, primed to step into Battle's spot. He had freshman Deon Thomas, third out of the past four Illinois Mr. Basketballs to play for the Illini. And he had Playboy All-America guard Kendall Gill, the player whose presence was most essential to winning for the Illini last season. The loss of Anderson doesn't mean the Illini can't win the Big Ten title, but it does make them underdogs instead of favorites.

Minnesota, last year's surprise in the Big Ten, may be even more surprising this season. Coach Clem Haskins, who guided the Gophers (19–12) all the way to the Final 16 of the N.C.A.A. tournament, has all five starters back this year, including forward Willie Burton (18.6 p.p.g.). Haskins' biggest challenge is to straighten out the Gophers' Jekyll-Hyde home-road personality. They were 14–2 at home, 5–10 away.

Like Illinois, **Indiana** also lost a star player to an early N.B.A. draft entry. Guard Jay Edwards, Indiana's leader on the floor and an outstanding three-point shooter, went for the bucks with two years of college eligibility remaining. But coach Bob Knight loves a challenge. Last year, he coached a green Indiana team to a record of 27–8 and the maximum of its potential. This year, he'll love melding returning starters Eric Anderson and Lyndon Jones with one of the Hoosiers' best ever recruiting classes. The group includes Indiana Mr. Basketball Pat Graham, 6′10″ Chris Lawson and 6′8″ Lawrence Funderburke.

The heart went out of the season for the **Ohio State** Buckeyes last year when overachieving guard Jay Burson hit the floor against Iowa and cracked a vertebra in his neck. He recovered from the injury well enough to sign with the Houston Rockets. Now the Buckeyes have to find a new, inspirational leader. A likely candidate is junior center Perry Carter (14.2 p.p.g.). In the off season, coach Gary Williams moved to Maryland and Randy Ayers replaced him. Ohio State does not have enough talent to make it out of the middle of a very tough conference.

After three successful years at **Iowa,** coach Tom Davis faces what is likely his most challenging season. The Hawkeyes have lost outstanding starters B. J. Armstrong, Ed Horton and Roy Marble. Davis, who always makes good use of his bench, will spread playing time among several young players and returning starters 7′1″ center Les Jepsen and forwards Ray Thompson and Matt Bullard.

Michigan State will be an improved team this year. Coach Jud Heathcote has all five starters back, including junior guard Steve Smith (17.7 p.p.g.). Mike Peplowski, a 6′10″ center who redshirted last year because of a knee injury, should strengthen the Spartans' inside game.

Wisconsin would like to encore last season's 18 victories, the most by any Badgers' squad since 1940–1941. Danny Jones (20.4 p.p.g.) and 6′11″ Kurt Portmann are back, but coach Steve Yoder will miss the leadership of graduated guard Trent Jackson.

These are the dog days of **Purdue**

"Vince, I'd like you to meet Jerry. Jerry, I'm afraid, is one of last year's people."

basketball. The Boilermakers, who have won more Big Ten championships (18) than any other school, dipped below .500 (15–16) last season. It was the first losing season for Gene Keady in his nine years as coach. Unfortunately for him and for Purdue fans, the Boilermakers will struggle to break .500 again this season. Rich Mount, son of Indiana basketball legend Rick Mount, enters his first year at Purdue.

BIG WEST

Las Vegas, the city that once only conjured up images of gambling casinos, prize fights and Wayne Newton's mustache, has added college basketball to its headlines, thanks to coach Jerry Tarkanian and **Nevada–Las Vegas.** Seven consecutive Big West championships and seven straight N.C.A.A. tournament appearances have finally convinced basketball fans around the country that the impressive win totals rung up every year by the Runnin' Rebels have more to do with great basketball players than with weak schedules. And this year's team may be Tarkanian's best yet: Junior forward Stacey Augmon (15.3 p.p.g.) will lead the shark attack on the national championship, while Larry Johnson is the outstanding junior college transfer in the nation.

Last year, **Cal State–Fullerton's** coach quit two weeks before the season began; adding to their woes, the Titans had no returning starters. Thanks to junior college transfer Cedric Ceballos (21.2 p.p.g.), one of the best players you've never heard of, and some sound coaching by former assistant John Sneed, the Titans finished 16–13. With Ceballos returning, they should be even better this year.

New Mexico State is coming off its first 20-win season in ten years. Only two starters from that squad are back, but coach Neil McCarthy picked up four transfers with Division I playing experience.

COLONIAL

With two consecutive regular-season championships under its belt, **Richmond** will continue to rule the regular-season roost. The Spiders, who first grabbed national attention two years ago by knocking off Indiana and Georgia Tech in the N.C.A.A. tournament, had to settle for a spot in the N.I.T. last season after dropping the conference tourney championship to North Carolina–Wilmington. Coach Dick Tarrant returns three starters, including guard Ken Atkinson (13.9 p.p.g.). Freshman Kenny Wood, the all-time New York State public school scoring champ (31.1 p.p.g.), will make an impact.

Nearly everyone expected **James Madison** coach Lefty Driesell to turn around the Dukes' losing program. But no one thought he could get them over .500 (16–14) his first year. Two transfers, Steve Hood from Maryland and Fess Irvin from LSU, and four returning starters should enable JMU to challenge Richmond.

EAST COAST

Towson State is our pick to take the East Coast Conference crown this year because of the presence of guard Kurk Lee (25.4 p.p.g.). Lee, the conference's M.V.P. last season, is one of the best college players in the nation. However, coach Terry Truax will need strong play from some of his small-sized inside players to hold off an improved **Delaware** team. The Fightin' Blue Hens have super athletes in forward Mark Murray, an E.C.C. 100-meter champ, and 6'6" center Alexander Coles, who has cleared seven feet in the high jump.

IVY LEAGUE

The Princeton-Georgetown first-round N.C.A.A. tournament game last season typified what's right with college basketball and the current 64-team tournament setup. **Princeton,** having won the Ivy League championship in exciting but obscure fashion, shouldn't have had a prayer against the powerful Hoyas, but someone forgot to tell coach Pete Carril's team. The result was one of the most memorable games of the season, with the Hoyas prevailing in score only, 50–49. With four starters returning and 400 career wins for Carril just around the corner, it looks like more bad news for Georgetown.

Dartmouth, a 17–9 winning program last year, also returns four starters. Unfortunately, the one departing starter is leading scorer Jim Barton. Coach Paul Cormier will look to 7'1" Walter Palmer to hold things together for The Big Green.

Last year, **Yale** freshman guard Ed Petersen hit 88.8 percent of his free throws and 51 percent from three-point range as he wrapped up league Rookie of the Year honors. Petersen will be joined by Todd Trimmer, Yale's new freshman whiz. With no seniors starting, the Elis are the upcoming team to watch in the Ivy.

METRO

The **Louisville** Cardinals are usually a good bet to make the Final Four. They've turned the trick four times in this decade alone, winning the national championship in 1980 and 1986. But while Denny Crum's crew looks like a lock for another Metro Conference championship, it may be a little short on size and experience to make it all the way to Denver. Missed most will be Pervis Ellison, Louisville's all-time leading shot blocker and the number-one pick in the N.B.A. draft. Seven-foot Felton Spencer will try to fill the void. Junior guard LaBradford Smith, Crum's next All-American, is the player the Cardinals will go to when the game is on the line.

Florida State has lost one great player, George McCloud, but gained another in Douglas Edwards, a 6'9" forward whom coach Pat Kennedy calls "the best prospect we've ever had at FSU." Kennedy also picked up another 6'9" freshman, Rodney Dobard, who is almost as good. Seminole fans have their fingers crossed that both players will remain eligible.

Memphis State coach Larry Finch has talent returning in the backcourt in Elliot Perry (19.4 p.p.g.) and assist man Cheyenne Gibson. But the Tigers will have to depend on the quick development of

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several freshmen in the front court to offer Louisville a serious challenge.

South Carolina has enough talent to challenge both Memphis State and Florida State for the conference's second spot. The Gamecocks, who had a problem on the boards last year, hope that 6'10" Obrad Ignjatovic from Yugoslavia is the solution.

METRO ATLANTIC

Two teams got all the publicity last year in the Metro Atlantic: one because of a great player, the other because of the measles. The player, Playboy All-America Lionel Simmons of **La Salle,** is back and his presence alone makes the Explorers the favorite to win the conference. Despite playing for a smaller college, Simmons has an excellent chance to be this season's College Player of the Year. The measles, which put **Siena** in the national-media spotlight, probably won't be back, because just about everyone there has already had them. Last season, Siena played six regular-season and three conference tournament games without spectators because of the campus-wide epidemic. Nevertheless, it won 25 games and the opportunity to knock off Stanford in an N.C.A.A. tournament first-round game. Siena's Marc Brown (19.5 p.p.g.) is one of the nation's best guards.

MID-AMERICAN

The Mid-American Conference doesn't often produce national powers in basketball. But last year, **Ball State** (29–3) finished with the best winning percentage (.906) in Division I basketball and got its first-ever victory in the N.C.A.A. tournament by knocking off Pittsburgh before falling to Illinois. And the Cardinals will make some more noise this year, since their top nine players return. In fact, Ball State's only loss of note is coach Rick Majerus, college basketball's Friar Tuck, who moved to Utah. Former assistant Dick Hunsaker, who takes over as coach, will continue to emphasize defense and rebounding.

With all the other teams in the conference returning at least three starters, competition should be keen top to bottom. **Kent State,** a 20-game winner last year under veteran coach Jim McDonald, will likely repeat its second-place finish. **Eastern Michigan,** conference champ two years ago, returns four starters and adds 6'5" Chris Pipkin, last year's Pennsylvania high school Mr. Basketball runner-up. **Ohio University,** picked to finish first last year but ending up last, made a coaching switch to Wittenberg's Larry Hunter.

MID-CONTINENT

Ever since **Cleveland State** was placed on N.C.A.A. probation, not only has it been denied post-season play but the Mid-Continent Conference has not recorded the Vikings' wins or losses in the conference standings, even though they continue to play the regular conference schedule. The folks at Cleveland State have resorted to playing for an L.P.L. ("Let's Pretend League") title. Last year, CSU won the L.P.L. with an unofficial 11–3 record, while conference champion Southwest Missouri State finished at 10–4. However, with the departure of Kenny "Mouse" McFadden, Cleveland State may not even be able to pretend it's the champion this year. **Northern Iowa,** coached by Eldon Miller, has four starters back, including 6'8" center Jason Reese (22.3 p.p.g.), the best player in the conference. And **Southwest Missouri State,** which lost four starters from last year's squad, has a host of talented junior college and redshirt players ready to go.

MIDEASTERN

Coppin State coach Ron "Fang" Mitchell got 18 wins last season out of a starting five consisting of three sophomores, a freshman and a junior. With experience on their side this season and the addition of 6'9" center James Mitchell, the Eagles are a narrow favorite to capture the Mideastern championship from a crowd of contenders. **Morgan State** rates a close second, as it returns four starters, including conference standout Damone Williams (18.3 p.p.g.). **Delaware State** expects a dramatic improvement over last season's 11–17 mark behind high-scoring power forward Tom Davis (25.2 p.p.g.) and an influx of talent recruited by coach Jeff Jones. Terry Giles (14.1 p.p.g.) and Reginald Finney give **Florida A & M** an excellent backcourt, but the Rattlers are small up front. **South Carolina State,** last year's conference champ, graduated its top six players but will still be tough.

MIDWESTERN

Xavier has won four straight Midwestern Collegiate Conference tournament championships and the four N.C.A.A. berths that go with them since coach Pete Gillen took over the Musketeer program. Gillen has enough muscle returning from last year's squad to make it five. Strongest of the strong is 6'9" Tyrone Hill, an 18.9-p.p.g., 12.2-r.p.g. power forward. Xavier has the distinction of losing its first-round N.C.A.A. tournament game the past two years to the eventual champions, Michigan and Kansas.

Evansville, the M.C.C. regular-season champ last year, will push Xavier for the conference top spot. Five of coach Jim Crews's six top scorers are back, but the Aces will miss conference Player of the Year Scott Haffner.

St. Louis won 27 games last season and still had to settle for an N.I.T. bid. The Billikens made the best of it, going all the way to the finals before losing to St. John's. Coach Rich Grawer will have a solid squad but will miss Monroe Douglass and Roland Gray, St. Louis' one-two all-time scorers.

Marquette joins the M.C.C. after 72 years as an independent. New coach Kevin O'Neill, formerly an assistant under Lute Olson at Arizona, is considered one of the best recruiters in the nation. O'Neill inherits four starters from last season, but none of them are taller than 6'6".

MISSOURI VALLEY

Creighton, last year's Missouri Valley regular-season and post-season tournament champion, looks like a lock to repeat. Coach Tony Barone's best players are 6'10" center Chad Gallagher and 6'6" forward Bob Harstad. Barone's biggest headache will be finding a replacement for all-conference guard James Farr, the only starter from last season not returning.

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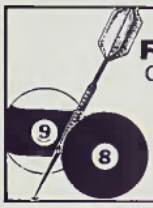

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Tulsa improved its backcourt depth by picking up Reggie Shields, last year's Junior College Player of the Year in Florida, and Cornal Henderson, a junior college Division I 24-p.p.g. scorer.

Bob Bender, the new coach at **Illinois State,** has virtually the same team as his highly respected predecessor Bob Donewald, since there were no seniors on last year's team. The Redbirds were inconsistent and lacked rebounding last season.

Southern Illinois has a host of talented young players. Coach Rich Herrin is also looking forward to seeing 6'8" Emeka Okenwa. Herrin recruited Okenwa, whom he had never seen play, by mail from his Imo State team in Nigeria, where he averaged 34.7 p.p.g.

NORTH ATLANTIC

The competition won't be quite as keen as usual in the North Atlantic, because three teams—Canisius, Niagara and last season's champ Siena—have switched to the Metro Atlantic. Confusing, huh? The move leaves **Boston University,** the winningest Division I team in the nation (21–9) not invited to a post-season tournament last year, as the conference favorite. The Terriers have traded some of last season's backcourt finesse for up-front muscle.

Northeastern is deep and big, sporting a front line that goes 6'9", 6'9", 6'10". However, the Huskies will miss the scoring punch of graduated Derrick Lewis (19.1 p.p.g.). **Hartford** can challenge if coach Jack Phelan finds a point guard to go along with last season's New England Rookie of the Year Lamont Middleton (16.4 p.p.g.).

NORTHEAST

There are four teams in the Northeast with a very similar story: They all have four starters returning, but each lost one starter who was an impact player. **Fairleigh Dickinson** comes out of the quartet in the best shape because of Desi Wilson, last year's conference Newcomer of the Year. **Robert Morris** will depend on West Virginia transfer Brett Vincent to replace some of the scoring provided by departed Vaughn Luton, last year's conference Player of the Year. Alex Blackwell, who sat out his freshman year last season because of Proposition 48, should put **Monmouth** in the upper half of the conference standings. **St. Francis–Pennsylvania** gets plenty of scoring punch from players such as Joe Anderson (22 p.p.g.) but needs to improve defense and rebounding numbers to challenge.

OHIO VALLEY

It doesn't do much for a team's confidence when the head coach resigns right in the middle of an early-season tournament. That's exactly what happened to **Tennessee Tech** last season in Hawaii. Assistant Frank Harrell picked up the pieces, but Tech finished 10–20. However, Harrell is back for a full season this year, and so are

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four of last year's starters, including forward Earl Wise (21.7 p.p.g.), the best player in the conference. If the Golden Eagles get some solid three-point shooting from Samford transfer Joey Coe, they can surprise.

PACIFIC TEN

Last year, we predicted that **Arizona** would be the best college basketball team in the nation. Until a last-second three-point shot by Nevada–Las Vegas in the third round of the N.C.A.A. tournament, we were right. The Wildcats finished the regular season ranked number one in the nation. They breezed to a second straight Pac 10 championship, outshooting, outrebounding, out–shot blocking everyone they played. Their dominance during the regular season may have been their downfall, as they momentarily lost their poise when things got tough against UNLV.

With Sean Elliott in the N.B.A. and Anthony Cook playing pro ball in Greece, you'd expect Arizona to have a down year. But Lute Olson, Playboy's Coach of the Year, has another team that has the talent to win the conference championship and make a run at the national title. Olson has some solid performers returning from last year's squad in Jud Buechler, Matt Muehlebach and 6′11″ Sean Rooks. But the key to this team will be 6′10″ sophomore center Brian Williams, a transfer from Maryland, one of the quickest big men in the nation. Another transfer, 6′7″ Chris Mills from Kentucky, will be a factor if he is eligible.

Under the guidance of coach Jim Harrick, **UCLA** is again a national basketball power. The Bruins have two super forwards, Trevor Wilson (18.4 p.p.g.) and Don MacLean (18.6 p.p.g.). Darrick Martin, who played the off guard last season, moves to his natural position at point, where he'll fill the spot vacated by the departed Jerome "Pooh" Richardson.

Oregon State has four starters back from a team that was 22–8 last year. New head coach Jim Anderson, who replaced the retired Ralph Miller, isn't exactly a new kid on the block. He has 30 years' experience at OSU as a player and assistant coach. The Beavers' best player is Playboy All-America guard Gary Payton.

Lynn Nance is the new coach at **Washington.** Nance played for the Huskies back in the mid-Sixties and was most recently coach at St. Mary's, last year's West Coast Conference champion. The Huskies, who return all five starters from last year, are not a good defensive team. Defensive-minded Nance will change that soon.

We're happy to report that Bill Frieder is not still in a hotel room in Seattle pondering the ironies of life and the fact that Michigan athletic director Bo Schembechler dumped him on the eve of the N.C.A.A. tournament (Frieder had announced his intention to switch jobs after the season). He is alive and well at **Arizona State,** recruiting his tail off and sleeping on the couch in his office in Tempe, just as he did in Ann Arbor. He has improved the locker room and basketball arena floor, moved the ASU band behind the visitors' bench and sold a bunch of tickets to the local community. Give him a year or two and he'll have the Sun Devils on the national basketball map.

SOUTHEASTERN

Louisiana State coach Dale Brown, college basketball's high priest of positive thinking, works himself into a state of optimism about even run-of-the-mill LSU teams. The talent on this year's Fighting Tigers squad may launch Brown into orbit.

Playboy All-America Chris Jackson is the most dazzlingly pure offensive basketball talent since Pete Maravich hitched up his socks at Baton Rouge. In addition, Brown has corralled not one but two seven-foot Parade All-Americans: Stanley Roberts, who sat out last season because of Proposition 48, and Shaquille O'Neal. Brown thinks all three of these players will eventually be N.B.A. first-round picks.

Florida, the defending Southeastern Conference champion, returns the strongest front line in the nation. Playboy All-America Dwayne Schintzius, a cinch lottery pick in the next draft, has put the immaturity that he displayed earlier in his career behind him. Livingston Chatman and Dwayne Davis, both at 6′7″, make nice book ends to the 7′2″ Schintzius.

Alabama won 23 games last year, including a victory over Florida for the S.E.C. tournament crown, only to fall to South Alabama in the first round of the N.C.A.A. tourney. Coach Wimp Sanderson expects this year's team to go further, despite the departure of Michael Ansley, the Tide's sixth all-time leading scorer. Gary Waites, last year's S.E.C. assist leader, returns, as does 6′8″ center David Benoit.

Mississippi has a blue-chip player in Playboy All-America Gerald Glass. The 6′6″ forward showed his mettle last season in a game against LSU when he negated Chris Jackson's 55 points by scoring 53 of his own. Ole Miss won the game in overtime 113–112. Glass will get help this season from guard Tim Jumper, who underwent successful off-season knee surgery.

What else could **Georgia's** Alec Kessler want? He's a 6′11″ Tom Cruise look-alike who averaged 19.2 p.p.g., led the S.E.C. in rebounding and sports a nifty 3.9 grade-point average in microbiology. Kessler, our Anson Mount Scholar/Athlete, would settle for a chance to play in at least a couple of rounds in the N.C.A.A. tournament,

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and the Bulldogs, with depth and experience, just might oblige him.

Mississippi State is an improved team that will have trouble moving up, because other teams in the conference have also improved. Coach Richard Williams' squad returns four starters from last year, including Cameron "Smoke" Burns (15.1 p.p.g.) and guard Tony Watts, the son of former N.B.A. standout Donald "Slick" Watts.

Auburn, Vanderbilt, Tennessee and Kentucky all have new coaches who are facing rebuilding jobs. At **Auburn,** coach Tommy Joe Eagles, formerly at Louisiana Tech, inherits only two returning starters from a team that managed just two conference wins. Eddie Fogler takes over at **Vanderbilt** after C. M. Newton resigned to become athletic director at Kentucky. Fogler, former head coach at Wichita State, also has just two starters and a thin bench to start the season. **Tennessee** has hired Wade Houston, the S.E.C.'s first black coach in either basketball or football. Houston took over in time to recruit his son, Allan, away from Louisville, where coach Denny Crum released him from a signed commitment. Crum's son, Steve, is an assistant for Houston at Tennessee.

At **Kentucky,** things can only improve. Long considered the bastion of college basketball, Kentucky suffered an embarrassing series of improprieties that ultimately led to N.C.A.A. sanctions and the resignation of coach Eddie Sutton. New coach Rick Pitino, who made the trip from Providence to Lexington by way of the New York Knicks, takes over a team whose top two players, LeRon Ellis and Chris Mills, have transferred; there's no player on the roster over 6'7", and Pitino has only three scholarships to offer each of the next two years. Let's hope he loves a challenge.

SOUTHERN

East Tennessee State will be out for another shot at the big time this year. Last season, the Buccaneers bowled over the competition in its conference post-season tourney and came within a single point of upsetting Oklahoma in the N.C.A.A. Southeast Regional. All five starters return, including big man Greg Dennis (6'11") and spark plug Keith Jennings (5'7"). Coach Les Robinson has also added forward Avery Marshall, a transfer from Louisville.

Appalachian State was cruising (16–4) last year until all-conference point guard Kemp Phillips broke his ankle. The Mountaineers then lost four of their last eight games. Phillips is back and ready to play, as are three other starters from last season.

SOUTHLAND

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that **McNeese State,** last season's conference-tourney champ, is likely to repeat because of two imposing post players: 6'10" Anthony Pullard and 6'9" Mark Thompson. **North Texas,** which plays in the nation's best-named arena, the Fabulous Super Pit, will challenge McNeese State, as will **Northeast Louisiana** and **Sam Houston State.**

SOUTHWEST

How did the **Arkansas** Razorbacks ever get into the Southwest Conference, anyway? They aren't from Texas, they don't eat chili or wear cowboy boots and their football program isn't on probation. But as long as coach Nolan Richardson and his crew of praise-the-Lord-and-pass-me-the-basketball Razorbacks have to hang out with Texans, they might as well be the best roundball team in the conference and one of the best teams in the nation.

Nobody believed us at the beginning of last season when we predicted a top-25 finish for **Texas.** Our optimism was based on coach Tom Penders, who promised the students at Austin that he'd bring excitement back to Texas basketball. He did exactly that, as attendance more than doubled and the Longhorns finished 25–9, including a first-round N.C.A.A. win over Georgia Tech. Penders has a bunch of talented players back this season, the best being guard Travis Mays, the S.W.C. Player of the Year last season.

Houston got off to a rough start last year when center Kelvin Smith went down with a knee injury in the first exhibition game, then limped to a disappointing 17–14 finish. Coach Pat Foster has recruited well, picking up 6'9" Carl Herrara, generally rated as the second-best junior college recruit this season (behind UNLV's Larry Johnson) and Houston Baptist transfer Alvaro Teheran. This is the most talented Cougars team since Akeem Olajuwon and Clyde Drexler led Houston to three consecutive Final Four appearances from 1982 to 1984.

SOUTHWESTERN

The Southwestern Conference will be a four-team race this year. **Texas Southern** returns the best big man in the conference in Fred West, a 6'9" forward who averaged more than 18 p.p.g. and almost ten r.p.g., as well as Charles Price (18.4 p.p.g.) and Darrion Applewhite, who finished third in the nation in steals. **Southern University,** last year's conference-tourney winner, also returns several starters but not graduated Daryl Battles, the number-four rebounder in the nation last year. **Grambling State** should improve on last season's 15-win total because of Louisiana high school M.V.P. Felonta Evans and 6'8" junior college transfer Kelly Love, the son of former N.B.A. star Bob Love. **Alabama State** will look to incoming transfer Steve Rogers, a 6'5" guard, to replace the scoring punch of graduated conference Player of the Year Terry Brooks.

SUN BELT

Just about every team in the Sun Belt has a shot at the conference crown, the conference-tourney crown and a trip to the N.C.A.A. tournament. **Alabama-Birmingham** gets the nod because of 7'2" center Alan Ogg, third in the nation last season in blocked shots (3.8 per game), and three-point shooter Andy Kennedy. Coach Gene Bartow must find a good rebounding combination at the forward spots.

Old Dominion's Chris Gatling, a 6'9" junior center, is a prolific scorer (22.4 p.p.g.) and forward Anthony Carver isn't far behind (20.2 p.p.g.). The Monarchs' potential Achilles' heel is at point guard. **Jacksonville** returns four starters, including guard Dee Brown (19.6 p.p.g.); the Dolphins also have a stronger bench than last year, when they won 14 games. **South Florida** is the conference dark horse. Last year, the Bulls won only two conference games but should dramatically improve this season, as all five starters return. They've also added sophomore forward Fred Lewis, coach Bobby Paschal's top prospect. **Virginia Commonwealth,** distracted by the death of player Mike Brown in January from a rare heart ailment and the midseason resignation of coach Mike Pollio, was better than its 13–15 record. Sonny Smith, formerly at Auburn, takes over as coach. **South Alabama** will be without the dynamite guard duo of Junie Lewis and Jeff Hodge, who helped the Jaguars to a 23–9 record and an N.C.A.A. tournament berth last season. Karl "Boobie" James, a transfer from UNLV, should start. **North Carolina–Charlotte,** coached by Jeff Mullins, will be in the hunt for the conference title, even though we've listed six teams in front of it. Mullins' best player is sophomore guard Henry Williams.

TRANS AMERICA

It will be interesting to see if the team with the talented backcourt, **Arkansas–Little Rock,** can prevail over **Georgia Southern,** the squad with lots of power up front. ALR, last year's Trans America tournament winner, has an abundance of super guards. At 5'10", Carl Brown (15.3 p.p.g.) is a leading contender for the Naismith Award for the best player under six feet. Junior James Scott (14.3 p.p.g.) could become the school's leading career scorer. Despite the loss of 6'9" Jeff Sanders to the N.B.A., Georgia Southern has size to spare with seven-foot Emmett Smith and 6'10" Calvester Ferguson, both juniors.

Centenary should finish a strong third in the conference with Larry Robinson (18.6 p.p.g.), last year's conference Newcomer of the Year. **Stetson's** chances for a league title were hurt when 6'9" forward Bjorn Gehrke elected to play for the

"God brings Christmas and we take it away."

Swedish National Team instead of returning to school. **Houston Baptist** elected to drop Division I basketball for at least a year because of financial difficulties.

WEST COAST

If you like scoring, **Loyola-Marymount** is your team. The Lions led the nation for the second consecutive year last season, averaging 112.5 p.p.g. They also set the record for points scored in a game when they beat U.S. International by the unbelievable score of 181–150.

The secret of LMU's scoring prowess is coach Paul Westhead's "run the system" offense, which dictates a shot within five seconds of possession. Another facet of the system is to sometimes give the opponent an easy lay-up so that the Lions can come back and bag a three-pointer (they scored an average of 9.3 per game). Playboy All-America Hank Gathers, who has a chance to lead the nation in scoring and rebounding for a second straight year, is the big bullet in Westhead's gun.

Pepperdine, the school down the street from Johnny Carson's beach house, seems an unlikely spot for solid Division I basketball. Yet year after year, the Waves are strong West Coast Conference contenders. The key for Pepperdine this season will be the inside play of 6'10" center Mark Georgeson, a transfer from Arizona.

Santa Clara, which has trouble getting respect and more than two lines of attention by the media despite several 20-win seasons the past ten years, has enough talent in forward Jeffty Connelly and power forward Nils Becker to get another shot in the N.I.T.

WESTERN ATHLETIC

Coach Don Haskins of **Texas–El Paso** starts his 29th season with 542 wins and seven Western Athletic Conference titles under his belt. Without guard Tim Hardaway, last year's Naismith Award winner, he'll rely on three other players to grab another conference championship: Antonio Davis, a power forward who averaged 14.3 points and eight rebounds a game last season, seven-foot center Greg Foster and a flashy little guard, Prince Stewart.

UTEP's stiffest competition in the conference will come from **New Mexico,** a team built around 7'2" Luc Longley. The Lobos were 22–11 last season under first-year coach Dave Bliss. With the loss of only one starter from last year, Bliss figures his team can only improve.

Colorado State, last year's conference winner, lost its three offensive starters to graduation: CSU all-time scoring and rebounding leader Pat Durham and three-point wizard Joel Triblehorn. Mike Mitchell, a three-year starter at Fresno State before transferring to Colorado State, will be coach Boyd Grant's main man.

Hawaii was the nation's most improved Division I team last year, finishing 17–13 after a 4–25 mark in the 1987–1988 season. The main reason for that improvement, guard Chris Gaines (16.6 p.p.g.), is back for one more season.

Brigham Young's best player, forward Michael Smith, graduated to the Boston Celtics and coach Ladell Andersen has retired. Assistant Roger Reid took over in time to recruit his son Randy, one of the top scorers in Utah high school history.

INDEPENDENTS

With 30 N.C.A.A. tournament bids awarded automatically to regular-season or conference-tournament champions and with powerhouse conferences such as the Big Ten and the Big East sucking up four and five extra bids each, it becomes harder and harder for independents to find their way into N.C.A.A. post-season play. That's why Maryland–Baltimore County, Central Connecticut, Akron and Northern Illinois are all headed to conference affiliations next year and why more independents will go the same way in years to come.

Notre Dame and **DePaul,** however, are two programs that have been too successful to change their independent ways. Last season was supposed to be coach Digger Phelps's rebuilding year, his time to teach an extremely young but talented team. Teach it he did—to 21 wins and into the N.C.A.A. tournament second round before the Irish fell to Georgetown. Notre Dame's best player, LaPhonso Ellis (13.5 p.p.g., 9.4 r.p.g.), will have to sit out the first few games of the season because of academic problems. However, Phelps expects Ellis to rejoin the four other returning starters in December.

DePaul will be short on experience but long on talent this season. Gone are mainstays Terence Greene and Stanley Brundy, last season's team leaders. But coach Joey Meyer has four super sophomores ready to establish a new DePaul basketball dynasty. David Booth and Stephen Howard started last season as the Blue Demons' freshmen sensations. But by season's end, Chuckie Murphy and Curtis Price, already described as the greatest leaper in school history, had pushed them from the starting line-up. Deryl Cunningham, a 6'7" freshman forward, should sparkle.

Jim Molinari, the guy credited with recruiting most of DePaul's basketball talent over the past several seasons while serving as an assistant to the Meyer clan, is now the head coach at **Northern Illinois.** Molinari inherits a solid returning five from former coach Jim Rosborough. Donnell Thomas (18 p.p.g., 9.6 r.p.g.) will be the Huskies' leader on the floor.

Miami, which reinstated its basketball program only four years ago, is faced with a rebuilding job. Without a true center, the Hurricanes will play a hurry-up offense this season.

U.S. International plays an offense-heavy game similar to UNLV's and Loyola-Marymount's. The Gulls averaged 89.3 p.p.g. last year, but the opposition cranked out an average of 96.1.

Akron and **Wright State** will be hard-pressed to repeat their winning seasons because of graduation losses. **Southeastern Louisiana** has suspended its basketball program for this season because of financial difficulties.

Here's hoping your team wins.

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PRESENTS THE
ANSON MOUNT SCHOLAR/ATHLETE

The Anson Mount Scholar/Athlete Award recognizes achievement both in the classroom and on the basketball court. Nominated by their universities, the candidates are judged by the editors of *Playboy* on their scholastic and athletic accomplishments. The award winner attends *Playboy*'s pre-season All-America Weekend—this year held at the Sheraton World Resort in Orlando, Florida—receives a bronzed commemorative medallion and is included in the team photograph published in the magazine. In addition, *Playboy* awards $5000 to the general scholarship fund of the winner's university.

This year's Anson Mount Scholar/Athlete Award in basketball goes to Alec Kessler from the University of Georgia. Kessler is a 6'11" center who led the Southeastern Conference in rebounding and was sixth in scoring, with a 19.2-points-per-game average. He has a good chance to become Georgia's all-time career scoring leader by the end of this season. The top vote getter for the GTE/CoSida (College Sports Information Directors) Academic All-American Award this past year, Kessler carries a 3.9 grade-point average in microbiology.

Honorable mentions: Chris Stange (Southwest Missouri State); Jody Littrell (Butler); John Hilvert (St. Francis–Pennsylvania); Ryan Nesbit (The Citadel); Bill Wood (Detroit); Mike Sterner (U.S. International); Paul Guffrovich (Wichita State); Jack Hurd (La Salle); Sean Murphy (Mississippi); Steve Rathert (Army); Stephen Howard (DePaul); Matt Steigenga (Michigan State); Shann Ferch (Pepperdine); Ken Leeks (Central Florida); Matt Muehlebach (Arizona); Joseph Gottschalk (Navy); Kevin McNamara (George Mason); Andrew Vlahav (Stanford); Beau Reid (Nebraska); Tyrane Mitchell (Long Beach State); Scott Bailey (Mercer); David Jamerson (Ohio); Dave Calloway (Monmouth); Walker Lambiotte (Northwestern).

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PLAYBOY
ON·THE·SCENE
WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

PENS ULTIMATE

Every man should leave his mark. Some just do it better than others. So your first resolution for the new year should be to treat yourself to the proper writing instrument for jotting down a list of resolutions. The substance of the classic fountain pen has remained the same, only the business end has improved. If you're not the fountain-pen type, ballpoints and roller balls are worthy options. Pens, remember, are an excellent investment. Don't you wish that you'd picked up a Montblanc Diplomat back in 1961, when it sold for $33? Today it sells for $295. When you do find the pen with the right feel, pull out your checkbook or credit card and sign on the dotted line. It'll be a stroke of genius.

Left to right below: The Solitaire Pinstripe ballpoint in sterling silver with gold accents and pinstripe finish, from Montblanc, $375. Sheaffer's Grey Marble Laqué fountain pen with gold-inlaid nib and humidor cap, $95. Rhodoide ballpoint that's made from a Forties plastic but has modern works, from Abercrombie & Fitch, $45. Pasha fountain pen in 18-kt. micron gold with a gold nib, from Cartier, Chicago, $750. French-made briarwood Waterman fountain pen with gold-plated accents and 18-kt.-gold-and-rhodium nib, from Rosenthal-Truitt, Los Angeles, $400.

STEVE CONWAY

Ripped to the Ribs

Can actress LESLIE HORAN fill a T-shirt? We'll give you ten seconds to decide. Even if you saw her at the movies in *Big Sky* or *East L.A. Warriors*, we guarantee you didn't see her like this. Don't thank us, thank Leslie.

© MARK LEIVDAL

Basic Black, Part One

Singer NENEH CHERRY showed off her best form last fall at the MTV Awards after showing off her singing on her debut album *Raw like Sushi*. Cherry's blossomed.

© NICK CHARLES

A Little Zap'll Do Ya

Could these ZAPPA boys escape being zany? Not likely. That's AHMET on the right giving big brother DWEEZIL the business at the Third Annual T. J. Martell Rock and Roll Celebrity Softball Game in Los Angeles, which raised money for charity the old-fashioned way, by asking the public to come and watch celebrities act silly. The boys obliged.

© NICK CHARLES

© JOHN PASCHAL/CELEBRITY PHOTO

Basic Black, Part Two

Actress HOLLY HUNTER picked up her Emmy for *Roe vs. Wade* wearing less than meets the eye. Hunter can next be seen at your local theater in *Always*, co-starring Richard Dreyfuss, directed by Steven Spielberg.

The Bare Facts

You say you don't have a copy of *Reform School Girls*, but you think actress NINA ALEXANDER is perfect? You can buy the *Soft Bodies, Invitational* video and rewind Nina all day.

PAUL NATKIN/PHOTO RESERVE INC.

The Lang Twang

If you were lucky enough to catch singer K. D. LANG in concert, you know she's on the verge of a major breakthrough. Lang's incredible vocal range, a first-rate band—the Reclines—and an album—*Absolute Torch and Twang*—are making big waves. Look for another LP in 1990, but hear her live, if you can. She's hot.

Gift Wrapped

Singer ROLAND GIFT of Fine Young Cannibals is also actor Roland Gift of *Scandal* and *Sammy and Rosie Get Laid*. He says, "I'm really happy doing what I'm doing, making music and . . . films. . . . I wanna see where that takes me."

PAUL NATKIN/PHOTO RESERVE INC.

© STEVEN GABRIELLE

WHERE THE BUOYS ARE

When the cold wind blows, you can hear the clang of New England buoy bells even if you live in Des Moines. Jim Davidson of Pemaquid Point, Maine, has created North Country Wind Bells, which duplicate the sounds of famous nautical buoys. Postpaid prices range from $37 for a Boothbay Harbor model to $80 for the deep, rich Nantucket. Harborview Shops, 551 Worcester Road, Framingham, Massachusetts 01701, stocks the wind bells, which are guaranteed to rust—beautifully.

GATHERING MOSS

Back in 1955, Stirling Moss accomplished the impossible—winning the Mille Miglia in about ten hours. To commemorate the event, Miscellaneous Man, P.O. Box 1000, New Freedom, Pennsylvania 17349, is offering a 24" x 30" limited-edition (300) color poster signed and numbered by Stirling Moss and artist Dennis Simon—all for $100, postpaid. And they also have signed posters for Moss's 1987 Grand Bahama Vintage Grand Prix.

DOING THE CONTINENTAL—CHEAPLY

Everybody loves a bargain, and one of the biggest we've come upon is *Half-Price Europe 1990*, a huge coupon book that offers amazing discounts in European countries from Austria to the United Kingdom, plus Turkey, Israel, Cyprus and Egypt. Sample bargains: A free second bottle of champagne at The Crazy Horse Saloon in Paris, a 50 percent discount on a one-hour balloon ride at the Champagne Air Show in Reims, France, plus dozens of discounts on hotels, restaurants, rental cars, guided tours, drinks, clothing, jewelry and who knows what else, all for just $65 sent to Travel Avenue, 130 South Jefferson Street, Chicago 60606-3691. Our favorite? A discount on a hotel in London alone is worth the price of the book.

SPURS OF THE MOMENT

Now that everybody's into dude style, with its painted-on jeans, exotic leather Western boots, lean and lanky tailored shirts, bolo ties and fancy metal collar tips, it figures that somebody would come up with a line of spurs that jingle yet don't poke you when you dismount from a bar stool, drive a car or saunter down the street. The U.S. Spur Company, 860 Valley View Road, Flourtown, Pennsylvania 19031, sells a variety of steel spurs plated to a jewelry finish in nickel, brass and a nickel/brass combination. (Painted versions in black and red are also available.) The price—$55—includes straps and chains. A call to 215-233-3628 will sort jingle from jangle.

GREAT MAGIC ACT TO FOLLOW

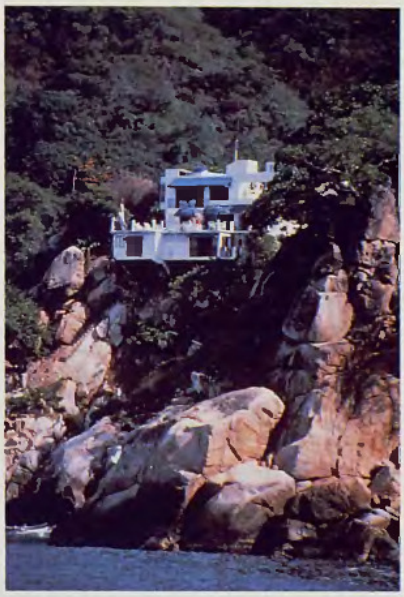
There's more than a little magic in The Executive Magic Set, a hand-crafted walnut-and-maple case that houses a dozen clever illusions from Wall Street Prediction (a newspaper is used to read someone's thoughts) to an Executive Deck of Cards—plus you get an instructional video tape that includes business-oriented patter. Hammacher Schlemmer and Ingenuities stock the set. Or order it by mail or phone for $100 from Magical Concepts Plus, 330 Georgetown Square, Suite 208, Wood Dale, Illinois 60191; phone, 708-864-4971.

LOOK, MA! NO NEEDLES!

If you have always wanted to be tattooed but don't like needles or the idea of growing old with a flying skull, a coiled snake or a red rose permanently pictured on your posterior, then contact Creative Fantasies, 311 Gruenther Avenue, Rockville, Maryland 20851. For $10, you can choose from a skull, an assortment of snakes or an eagle, while $5 gets you a rose, a bat or a red Devil. Each tattoo will stay on for about four to ten days despite washings. Baby oil, cold cream or rubbing alcohol removes it. That's a rub!

PARADISE FOUND

To get away to it all this winter, consider giving Travel Resources, Inc., in Miami a call. Its specialty is giving great villa and condo-resort rentals, and the firm's current portfolio includes more than 5000 guest units in 75 resorts and 450 private villas. Pictured here is the Villa Delfin in Puerta Vallarta, one of the hottest properties, a three-bedroom villa with seasonal rates that vary from $250 per night in the summer to $600 per night during the holiday season. (Rates include servants.) A call to 800-327-5039 (in Florida, 800-523-5534) will get you more information.



MR. MICHENER MAKES HIS MOVE

"Bestsell'r, The James A. Michener Game is the first literary game that does not require players to have read the books to win," says Novel Ideas, Inc., the game's Miami-based manufacturer. And while Michener might wish that players had a more complete knowledge of his books, anyone who has ever wanted to visit exotic places and write a best seller about them will have fun attempting to answer fact or fiction questions drawn from the locations and incidents Michener has immortalized over the years. The price: $44.95.

SECRET OF THE GLEN

In keeping with today's trend of drinking less but drinking better, The Glenmorangie Distillery Company has recently introduced a rare vintage bottling of Glenmorangie 1963 single-malt Scotch that was aged for 22 years in American oak barrels and finished for an additional 18 months in Spanish oloroso-sherry butts. Never one to pass up a single malt, we sampled the 1963 Glenmorangie at a special tasting and found it to be superb whisky, full and mellow for its age—like an older woman with a great body. The price is about $150 a bottle—and worth it. Cheers!

NEXT MONTH

SEXY YEAR

HOT SKY

MICROWAVE MAGIC

RUSSIAN BEAUTIES

"HOT SKY"—IT'S GREENHOUSE DAYS ON THE HIGH SEAS IN THE HEAT-PLAGUED YEAR 2133 AND THERE HAS JUST BEEN A MUTINY ON THE SQUID SHIP CALAMARI MARU. LIFE ON THE BOUNTY WAS NEVER LIKE THIS—FICTION BY **ROBERT SILVERBERG**

"JISM"—ONE WOMAN'S CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE STICKY KIND—NOSTALGIA BY **PATRICIA VOLK**

DWIGHT YOAKAM TAKES OFF HIS COWBOY HAT AND IMPARTS HIS WISDOM ON HOW TO HANDLE A CHEATING LOVER, TURN SOMEONE INTO A COUNTRY-MUSIC LOVER AND MAKE THE MOST OF A GOOD POUT IN A DOWN-HOME **"20 QUESTIONS"**

"THE YEAR IN SEX"—A JUICY REVIEW OF 1989, SEEN FROM WELL BELOW THE BELT

"THE KISS"—A NOTED WRITER DELIVERS A VALENTINE ON THE HISTORICAL SIGNIFICANCE OF SMOOCHING—BY **TOM ROBBINS**

RICHARD DREYFUSS IS ON A ROLL. WE CAUGHT UP WITH HIM AND FOUND OUT EXACTLY WHAT FIRES UP THIS INTENSE, PERPLEXING GUY AND HOW HE FITS INTO KINDRED SPIRIT **CARRIE FISHER'S** NEW BOOK—A *PLAYBOY* PROFILE BY **STEVE POND**

"THE NIGHT OF 1000 RATINGS POINTS"—IMAGINE **DR. HUXTABLE** GIVING **ROSEANNE** A PHYSICAL . . . DURING HALF TIME AT THE SUPER BOWL. THAT'S JUST A HINT OF THE ULTIMATE TV BONANZA DREAMED UP BY *LATE NIGHT* WRITER **FRED GRAVER**

"WOMEN OF RUSSIA"—COMRADES, BREAK OUT THE VODKA AND CAVIAR AND PREPARE YOURSELVES TO CELEBRATE *PLAYBOY'S* OWN *GLASNOST* GIRLS. PLUS: **"AN AMERICAN IN MOSCOW"**—GET THE LOW-DOWN ON WHAT IT'S LIKE TO LIVE IN THE LAND OF **GORBACHEV** FROM MANAGING PHOTO EDITOR **JEFF COHEN**

EDDIE MURPHY GIVES US A PERSONAL TOUR OF HIS "ELVIS ROOM," RATES THE COMICS FROM **ARSENIO** TO **COSBY** TO **LETTERMAN** AND DEFENDS HIS CLAIM TO BE THE GUY WHO CAN WHIP ANYONE'S ASS IN HOLLYWOOD IN AN EPOCHAL **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

"THE BREEZE IN BELIZE"—METAPHYSICAL MUSINGS BY WILD WINDSURFERS ON AN ADVENTURE IN CENTRAL AMERICA—BY **JAMES R. PETERSEN**

PLUS: "TWO MINUTES TO WITHDRAWAL," QUICKIE GOURMET COOKING IN A MICROWAVE; **"EYE SPY,"** SPECTACLES FOR MORE THAN YOUR EYES ONLY; AND MUCH, MUCH MORE

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